McCALL'S

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

Buy WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR VICTORY

Our Biggest July Fiction Issue

RUTH LYONS • BARBARA ALDRICH • FAITH BALDWIN

ELIZABETH GREGG PATTERSON • ELIZABETH SEIFERT

JUL[illegible] 942

FIFTEEN CENTS

The First Name in Ham...
the Last Word in Flavor—*Armour's* STAR!
TRADE MARK

ARMOUR'S 75th ANNIVERSARY

You, too, will prefer America's most delicious ham! It's tested for tenderness before it comes to you!

Tender, luscious Star Ham slices!...There's nothing better for a week-end supper...or for *any* summer-time meal! If you like eager faces and delighted compliments, just put this dish on your table!

For this is Armour's Star Ham...famous for its superb rich flavor... its unsurpassed tenderness! Sugar-cured . . . mellowed in the fragrant smoke from slow-burning hickory and hardwood fires... Star Ham is scientifically *tested for tenderness* before it comes to you!

Armour's Tender Test. During the smoking process, a ham from every batch is diathermically tested — individually checked by thermometer to make sure it has reached the internal temperature that gives the *extra* tenderness and quicker cooking quality American women want!

Isn't that just what you want in ham? And you're sure of getting it if you ask for Armour's Star Ham! Try the delicious Tender Cooked type . . . just slice it as it comes and serve with this enticing fresh vegetable garnish.

Recipe for garnish...Mix together: 1 cup grated carrot, 1 cup grated cabbage, ½ cup diced green pepper, ¼ cup minced parsley, ¼ cup minced pimiento. To ½ cup vinegar add 2 teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, bring to a boil, then add 1 tablespoon horseradish and pour over vegetables. Mix well and chill.

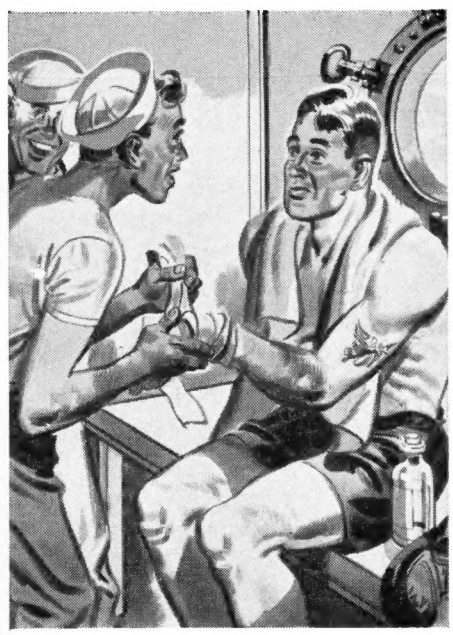
COPYRIGHT 1942, ARMOUR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO

Armour's STAR TRADE MARK Ham

Tender Cooked, in Yellow Wrapper
Ready to Cook, in White Wrapper

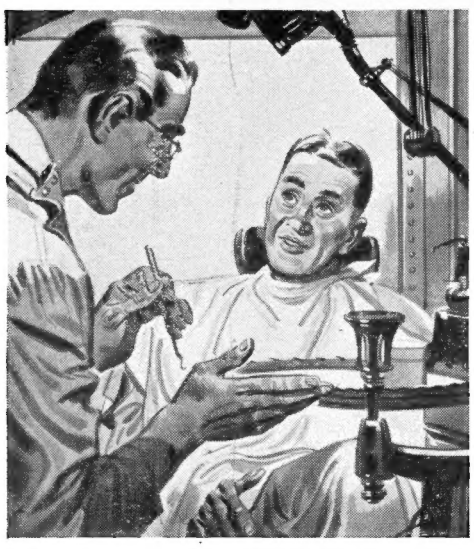
"O.K.! Big Boy—you're the Champ—

but I spell it C-h-u-m-p!"

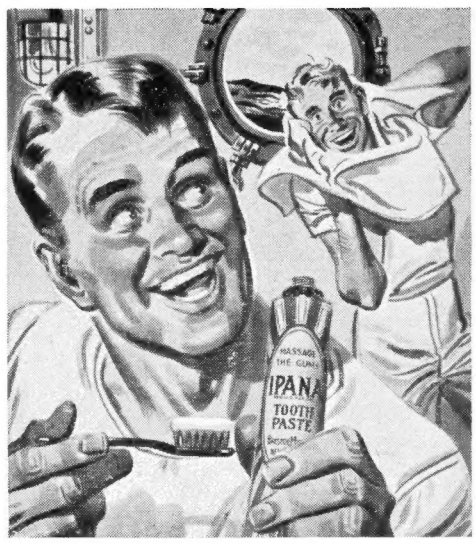


"Yes, I said 'Chump.' You may be the pride of the Squadron—but you're nobody's hero ashore! Champ, it's like I said. You'll never get a hand from the girls with that smile. Big boy, you lose out—and all because you ignore 'pink tooth brush.' Remember—

"There was that cute trick in Honolulu. She left early—and didn't say 'aloha!' Champ, sparkling molars don't team up with sensitive gums. Gums need workouts which they don't get from soft foods. If I were you, I'd see the ship's dentist."



"Young man, our soft, modern foods just can't give gums the work and stimulation they need for health. They need extra stimulation—daily massage." (N.B. Recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"Shorty, you and the ship's dentist called the turn. I'm shaping my course with Ipana and massage. When I feel that tingle as I massage my gums with Ipana, I say to myself—'Sailor, you're sure giving yourself the 'all clear' for a sparkling smile!' "

And later—When the Squadron dropped Anchor at home Port

(Reverie of a sailor) "Here's one sailor that's learned more than gunnery in the Navy. I thought a brawn and muscle man had just about everything. But I know better now. Yes, when it comes to making a hit with the ladies a sparkling smile is a sailor's best friend. Cut me down and call me 'Pigmy' if I ever give up Ipana and massage!"

Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter, your smile more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

WHEN you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist right away*. It may not mean that you are in for any serious trouble, but let your dentist make the decision.

He may tell you that our modern, delectable foods are to blame. Being soft and creamy, they rob gums of vigorous chewing—tend to make them sensitive and weak. And your dentist, like many dentists, may very likely suggest "the extra healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed to do two important things: (1) it cleans the teeth thoroughly and (2) with massage, it promotes better health of the gums. So each time you brush your teeth, be sure to massage a little Ipana onto your gums.

So get yourself a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage be a regular, daily routine. Start now, with the help of Ipana and massage, toward firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier and more attractive smile!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Picture OF THE MONTH

WILLIAM POWELL • HEDY LAMARR
in
"CROSSROADS"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

This is strong wine in a slightly old-world bottle. William Powell is somewhat untrue to his established role as a comedian and here gives the most forthright dramatic portrayal of his ingratiating career.

"Crossroads" is a story with a powerful undercurrent of clever villainy. The forces of darkness operate with a suavity that makes the extortion scheme all the more sinister. The background is the Paris we knew, the love motif stimulating and adult.

And then, of course, and on account of and why not and so forth, there is the utterly indescribable vision known as Hedy Lamarr.

Frankly we didn't think she was the world's greatest actress at first but then she was so beautiful. Now this same torturing lovely has learned to emote heavy and light and none can explain why she should not become America's Number One Star. Certainly "Crossroads" rides her swiftly in that direction. Her performance is charm itself and convincing in situations requiring extreme finish.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's standby director, Jack Conway, is to be congratulated on the way he has handled his players. We think you will agree that "Crossroads" deserves this month's selection. The plot dealing with mental lapses has never been handled better.

CAST RATING: Honorable mention to Claire Trevor, Basil Rathbone and Margaret Wycherly, Felix Bressart, Sig Rumann, H. B. Warner, Philip Merivale and Vladimir Sokoloff.

BEHIND-THE-SCENES-MENTION: Director Jack Conway, Producer Edwin Knopf, Screen playwright Guy Trosper, and original storyists John Kafka, Howard Emmett Rogers.

ALSO SONG: There is a tune in the film entitled "Til You Return" which is a part of the plot. The words and music were fashioned by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz.

NOTES ABOUT FILMS TO COME: The current and future *Mrs. Miniver* (The last word); *Random Harvest* (Worth waiting for).

McCALL'S

JULY, 1942

OTIS L. WIESE
EDITOR

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✪ McCall's has a limited supply of reprints of the magnificent picture and text of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address appearing on pages 18-19. If you would like a copy on heavy coated paper—suitable for framing—send 25c with your name and address to McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

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DON'T MISS THIS

SEND FOR McCALL'S VICTORY LIBRARY—25c

A loose-leaf file containing five leaflets: Three Meals A Day And How To Plan Them; A Block Party; How To Remove Stains; Easy, Inexpensive Decorating Tricks; Here's How—For Good Looks

NOW ADD THESE

More Penny Savers—5c. Make the most of your wartime budget and at the same time add variety to your food.

A Mess Kit Picnic—5c. A gay, outdoor party. Timely games and an inexpensive menu. Lots of fun with little effort.

How to Launder Rayons—5c. All about the care and the washing and ironing of these important fabrics.

Fixings for the Camp House—5c. Tricks for brightening up your vacation cabin. Be your own wartime decorator.

For the Victory Library and additional leaflets send stamps to the Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio. Canadian residents write 50 York Street, Toronto, Ontario.

"It's from Edna . . .

She and Bob have Broken Up"

"The poor darling! I thought they were as good as engaged. What's the trouble?"

"She doesn't give any specific reason. Just says that he'd been acting indifferent for some time—then last week he up and married somebody else. But that isn't the worst of it! She lost her job again."

Aunt Vi's face fell. "It doesn't sound possible! Every letter told how well she was doing. Getting such a nice position seemed our reward for all the sacrifices we made to put her through college."

Mrs. Black's hand trembled: "Well, there it is. You can read the letter yourself. Poor dear."

"But doesn't she give any reason?"

"No, just says that Mr. Brownley told her they wanted an older woman."

"Well, one thing I'm certain of," said Aunt Vi, with finality, "it wasn't Edna's fault. It simply couldn't be!"

You May Not Know

But it *was* Edna's fault . . . just as it can be the fault of countless other women. And like so many of these women, Edna was the last to suspect it.

Halitosis (bad breath) may endanger every social charm, every business talent. The insidious thing about it is that the victim may not be aware of its presence. Who would blame a man for losing interest in a woman, or an employer for "easing out" an employee with that kind of a breath?

Don't Risk Offending

Isn't it foolish to run the risk of offending this way when there is an easy and delightful precaution against it?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, notable for its amazing antiseptic power. Almost immediately the breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, it is the opinion of some authorities that *most* cases are caused by bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth and gum surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic, because it is liquid, spreads far and quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. If you want to put your best foot forward, never, *never* omit the Listerine Antiseptic precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

MOVIES

TAKE A LETTER, DARLING

In time, Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray do quite a good deal about romance in advertising, which they discuss here

WHEN Hollywood types a star, the hunt and peck system is dispensed with. Take, "Take A Letter, Darling," for instance. Here is a screen play Claude Binyon undoubtedly wrote with Rosalind Russell's histrionic measurements spread before him, and Mitchell Leisen directed without a single pied line. For once again, this beauteous actress shows up as a lady with a mind of her own and a heart that belongs not even to Daddy. This time, Miss Russell presides presidentially over an advertising agency from which are launched campaigns of proportions gigantic enough to make be-whiskered tycoons quail. Yet these goings-on leave Miss Russell's high and mighty pompadour unruffled. Her facade begins to crumble only when Fred MacMurray, an artist of sorts, is put on the payroll as her secretary. Having dunked his brushes, Mr. MacMurray takes up his new duties with a verve undisplayed by his many predecessors. For reasons best known to Miss Russell, Mr. MacMurray becomes her fiancé in name only; and in sequences of pure delight, she tries to lead him around by the nose. In the process, her own piquant proboscis is put out of joint through a head-on collision with a tobacco heiress who finds king-sized Mr. MacMurray to her liking. In pique, Miss Russell comes close to marrying the heiress' brother, but runs out in time to catch up with Mr. MacMurray when, shorn of both job and Goldilocks, he lams it for Mexico. Throughout the film, Mr. MacMurray proves his prowess as a farceur, which may surprise you, having seen him, heretofore, in parts conspicuously baked without yeast. And Robert Benchley, Constance Moore and MacDonald Carey lend dash to "Take A Letter, Darling," which—if you are willing to take advice, you'll give immediate perusal.

IN THIS OUR LIFE

Olivia de Havilland's words are cold comfort to Bette Davis after the man who has been husband to them both, kills himself

ABOUT the time Ellen Glasgow was notified that her novel, "In This Our Life" had walked away with the 1942 Pulitzer fiction prize, Hal B. Wallis had only just walked off the lot where the photoplay, under his direction, had been completed. Which was nimble timing on the part of Mr. Wallis, since it is likely almost everyone who has read Miss Glasgow's best-seller will want to see how her famed Timberlakes look and sound. And let it here be said, in credit to all, the way they do is grand. For, to tell the story which revolves around two sisters, parts played by Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland, the production has not been rationed in any of its departments—including the amount of poison gas Miss Davis sprays from her personal atomizer or the sugar Miss de Havilland ladles out. With generous allotments of same on hand, the film takes off with Miss Davis snitching Miss de Havilland's husband (Dennis Morgan) just as she, herself, is to be married to a lawyer (George Brent). In Baltimore, Mr. Morgan finds life with Miss Davis a fate worse than death and calls it a day. Back home, Miss de Havilland and Mr. Brent take solace in each other's company and, in time, comes love. But none too soon. For Miss Davis pops up again and puts the evil eye on Mr. Brent. Somewhere, it appears, she has mislaid her rabbit's foot, for Mr. Brent fails to succumb to Miss Davis' hydrochloric lure. And in a fury, she drives her car too fast, kills a child, blames a young Negro, is forced to confess, and ends it all by crashing to her death. While Miss Glasgow's downtrodden senior Timberlakes (Billie Burke and Frank Craven) have been cinematically dwarfed, none of her story's basic value has been lost. If you want to see what makes a worm tick, step right this way, neighbor.

MRS. MINIVER

The welcome Greer Garson gives Walter Pidgeon, home from Dunkirk, is without fanfare but is no less warm on that account

THAT England can take it has already been pictorially proved in a series of documentary films. But none has made the point more vividly nor with half so much grace as "Mrs. Miniver," a motion picture suggested by Jan Struther's slender volume of the same name. By salvaging the title, capturing the essential character of Mrs. M., and preserving the general atmosphere of the book, four writers have created a miracle. How, from so frail a literary acorn so great an oak could flourish, baffles this department. Yet here it is—through the magic of Arthur Wimperis, George Froeschel, James Hilton and Claudine West—the tragic story of all England at war, told by reducing the world's holocaust into terms of its effect upon a single family; namely, the Minivers. At first glance, it strikes you that the Minivers are very nice people, being extremely good looking and well mannered. Right away, you know they are correctly served at table and their linens are redolent of lemon verbena. As Mrs. Miniver, Greer Garson sees to that; and as tweedy, pipe-smoking and architecturally successful Mr. Miniver, Walter Pidgeon graciously supplies the wherewithal. Their three children, charmingly portrayed by Richard Ney, Clare Sanders and Christopher Severn, are credits to their parents. In short, the Minivers are a happy family engaged in pleasant pursuits when war comes to their quiet township. At the outset, their tranquility is rippled only by the joy of son Ney coming down from Oxford for a holiday and by other good-humored trivia, such as whether the station master (Henry Travers) will have the temerity to compete for the Beldon Cup in the village's annual flower show. With a single rose, which he has named the "Mrs. Miniver," lowly Mr. Travers seems to be [*Turn to page 100*]

BY FRANKIE McKEE ROBINS

FOR BIKE...FOR BEACH
Cool American Cottons

Designed by Joset Walker—

"In these days of hard work,

I appreciate a mild cigarette more than ever;

so I stick to Camels.

Milder and so good-tasting!"

At right, Joset Walker's 1942 version of the Gay Nineties bloomers... snug at waist, ballooning at knee. Also for biking—the camel-colored shirt and shorts, wrap-around skirt. An ingenious American designer, Joset Walker is at work on a new collection emphasizing the slim, untrimmed silhouette. "Fashion work these days calls for steady nerves," she says. "I keep my smoking *mild*—with Camels!"

JOSET WALKER... *Fashion designer*

For town, country, beach... Joset Walker styles cotton. At right, ballet-length beach robe, belted in gold kid. Bright green swim-suit—two-piece, with soft surplice neckline, wrap-around midriff. For relaxation, this energetic young designer spends week-ends on her farm—planting, hoeing, driving a tractor. "And you'll usually see me with a Camel in my hand," she remarks. "I never tire of smoking Camels. They're so cool and mild and have the most delightful flavor I could ask for in a cigarette!"

CAMEL

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

IMPORTANT TO STEADY SMOKERS:

The *smoke* of slow-burning Camels contains

LESS NICOTINE

than that of the four other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself!*

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

She said, "Remember me? I'm Judy Barclay," and her heart pounded so she could scarcely breathe. He looked at her blankly for a moment; then he said, "Well, well, if it isn't Small. Little Judy"

"You tell him that I send him my love and for him to call me tomorrow morning." "I won't do it," Judy said. Millie turned around, wide-eyed. "You wouldn't want the poor boy to be broken-hearted, would you?"

Jay said, "I'll take her home, if you're in a hurry." Pete stood in indecision for a moment, and Judy thought, goodbye, Pete. You'll find out how it is some day, too. And I can't feel really sorry for you . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER, DECORATIONS BY MILLY HOGUE

Yesterday you kissed me

SHE had been having a good time until she looked up and saw the blond man at the bar. And then while some old awareness beat in her, she tried to disregard it, tried to get back into the mood that had been so abruptly shattered by the sight of that man.

She said, "But, Pete, darling, I don't care if she is fifty, she's a divine actress. And when she gives them the bumps there's no one like her."

Will he see me? Will he recognize me?

Pete said, "Maybe you're right, Sugar," and smiled at her; and whereas a minute before she had been feeling a little romantic about Pete, suddenly he was revealed to her in all his youth and his uninteresting niceness. She thought, If he tries to hold my hand his fingers will feel a little damp, and if he tries to kiss me he'll do it awkwardly. And she hated herself for thinking that, because he was a nice young man whom any girl in her right senses should appreciate.

It was strange how it could vanish as quickly as that; how just a minute before she could have looked at him and liked him enormously, have even felt that exciting thrill of suspense that he might become important, like tracking down the murderer in a mystery story, and then just the sudden sight of a big blond man, and it was all torn apart.

Pete said, "Shall we push on? If your sister's expecting us—"

She reached for her bag, inspecting her face in the small mirror, reddening her lips. She stood up and let Pete help her into the fur jacket, smiling at him, not realizing that her smile was provocative, because she was thinking that it would take a little maneuvering to make her steps take her past that man at the bar.

When she walked in that direction, Pete said, "Hey, where you going?" and she waited until she was past the blond man before she turned, wide-eyed, and said, "How stupe of me," and started back, stopping suddenly beside the blond man, and hoping that her expression was one of innocent surprise.

She said, "Well, hello, there," and the man turned toward her, frowning a little.

She added, "Remember me? I'm Judy Barclay," and her heart pounded so she could scarcely breathe.

He looked at her blankly for a moment, and then his eyebrows went up and his face went out of shape into a grin, and he said, "Well, well, if it isn't Small. Little Judy. Sister of Millie."

And suddenly she was back in that world of seven years ago, that incredible other world that now seemed so remote and unreal, but which could tear at her throat with painful nostalgia.

If only she could look at him and think, "Yes, I love you. I've always loved you," and not feel so guilty. It was that horrible feeling of guilt that caught at her throat and beat through her veins.

He said, "Tarry a while, Small. Have one with the old master."

She said, "Pete Ferris, Jay Hammond," and she saw Pete's eyes widen because he was realizing who Jay Hammond was, and probably remembering pictures of him in a football outfit that made him look like a rather terrifying creature from Mars.

Pete said, "Say, you're the Jay Hammond who—" and Jay said, "Yes, my friend, that very one, and now I lie in the gutter with the swine. . . . Have one with me, Small. You're like a little voice out of my past."

She said bravely, "We were on our way to Millie's. Why don't you come with us?" and held her breath tight in her throat, wondering what he would say.

He didn't say anything for a moment, and then, "Well, why not? Let the dead past bring up its ghosts. It was a nice past, though, wasn't it, Small? Although you probably wouldn't remember."

She was remembering it all so vividly. It was the only important part of her life. And she had been so young. Only sixteen. Too young to be taken seriously, but old enough to know that terrible anguish of first love.

SHE had fallen in love with Jay the first time she saw him. Not because he was the football hero of the moment, not because he was big and blond and handsome, and certainly not because he was one of Millie's beaus—the house was always cluttered up with Millie's young men and Judy usually shied away from them because they made her uncomfortable.

It was simply and ridiculously because she had happened to see him as he came in that first day to call on Millie. She had come upon him standing nervously before the hall mirror, adjusting his tie, smoothing anxiously at his hair, and seeing her over his shoulder he had turned and said, "Gosh you're small. Listen, do I look all right?" And the oddest thing had happened to her. She had wanted to go to him and put his head on her thin little shoulder and stroke his light hair and tell him that he was wonderful.

She had said, "Yes," bashfully, and scurried away, and came back a little later to listen at the door of the living room where court was being held by Millie and her bosom friend of the hour, Gloria, who was trustworthy, but none-the-less attractive, as Millie was no fool and knew it was to her advantage to have around her a girl the boys liked.

That afternoon always remained in Judy's mind very vividly, and was the beginning of her guilt complex, because [*Turn to page 32*]

She was alone with Jay, after all the years, in a taxi with him, and she had to hold her breath to keep from crying out his name. He was looking at her, and smiling. She said, "Are you still in love with Millie?"

"I'll bet you have never been kissed either, have you?" He took her small face in his hands and kissed her, and the world rocked about her. "There's a kiss for you, Judy," he said. "Little Judy, sister of Millie." Then he got up very gravely and bowed. "Good night, Small," he said. "And thank you for showing an old man the way on a stormy night"

by Ruth Lyons

Invite Romance with a Skin that's Lovely!
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists— praised by charming brides!

HAVE YOU EVER heard a man say of another woman, "Her skin is lovely"—and wondered what he was thinking of yours? Wonder no longer—be sure your skin enchants... invites romance! Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!

Let this exciting beauty treatment help bring out all the real, hidden loveliness of your skin. For, without knowing it, you may be cleansing your skin improperly . . . or using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Thorsen's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "Not a morning...not a night would I let go by without following my Mild-Soap Diet routine," says Mrs. Thorsen. "I'm faithful to Camay always."

Milder than other famous beauty soaps!

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not only *mild* . . . it is provably milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we urge you to go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet.

Thousands of Camay brides have been helped to loveliness by the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Follow their example. For at least 30 days use Camay faithfully night and morning. From the very first treatment, your skin will feel fresher—more alive. And in a few short weeks greater loveliness may be your reward.

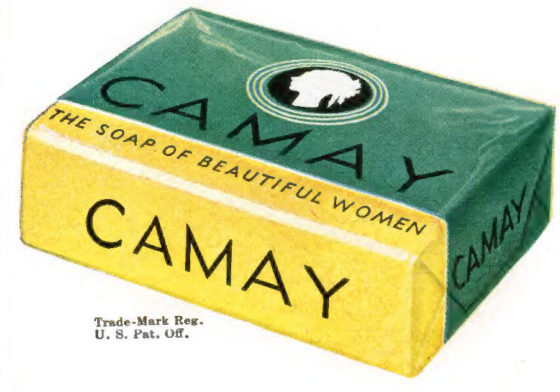
This lovely bride is Mrs. Robert M. Thorsen of Evanston, Ill., who says: "I've found the Camay Mild-Soap Diet to be a beauty treatment that really works for greater loveliness. I'm so pleased with what it has done for my complexion! And what a lovely perfume Camay has! It just seems to last and last! I tell all my friends about Camay!"

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Get 3 cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings. Then while you sleep, the tiny pore openings can function for natural beauty.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this every single day—twice a day—for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing—the day to day care —that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. Be faithful—new loveliness may be your reward.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!



Trade-Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

WASHINGTON BUREAU

WASHINGTON *Newsletter*

As we go to press this information is factually correct and has been checked with Government departments. It is subject only to such changes as may be caused by last-minute developments in the War and in the nation.

A new service - your guide to daily living

BLOCK THAT GAP

From now on, more and more emphasis will be placed on curtailing consumption — all consumption. The War Production Board has limited production of civilian goods drastically, and the Office of Price Administration now figures that there will be an extra $21,000,000,000 of purchasing power in consumers' hands for which there will be no goods at all. Buy War Savings Bonds and thus reduce this $21,000,000,000 inflationary gap.

EXTRA TIRES

If you have any extra tires around, chances are you won't be allowed to keep them long. There's serious talk in Washington of registering tires and forcing consumers to sell all they own over five per car — one for each wheel plus one spare.

SUGAR FOR CANNING

There'll undoubtedly be some sugar allowed for canning but the amount will depend on changes in the sugar situation. Now is a good time to study up on canning methods which use smaller amounts of sugar or no sugar at all. Fruits canned in water instead of sugar syrup tend to lose their shape and color, but they are edible — especially in pies and other cooked dishes. One way to stretch sugar is to can fruits in fruit juices, and the juices may later be used as drinks or as the base for jellies. Further directions are contained in a booklet published by the Bureau of Home Economics, Home Canning of Fruits, Vegetables and Meats, Farmer's Bulletin 1762, which may be obtained for ten cents from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

QUILTS

If you know how to make a quilt this is the time to organize a class and teach a few others the art. With wool and cotton blankets both scarce, the home-made quilt is a fine substitute. And it's an excellent way to use up every scrap of material.

RAYON

Further advice about rayon hosiery: although it looks as glamorous as silk or nylon it must be cared for differently. Be sure to let your rayon hosiery get bone-dry before wearing. A clever trick is to buy 3 identical pairs, and rotate in a 'skip-a-day' plan. This way a pair will have two full days to dry. You may not need all this time in dry weather, but on humid days drying is slow. Rayon hosiery will not give good wear if put on damp.

DEHYDRATED FOODS

Dehydrated foods are getting a lot of attention in Washington. The Army and Navy are already big customers. Dehydrated fruits and vegetables for the civilian population, however, are being held up because things to pack them in are becoming almost as scarce as the cans for canned fruits and vegetables. Dehydrated sweet potatoes are already on order for the boys at camp and abroad. Each 50 tons of raw potatoes weighs only 15 tons after drying. The Vitamin A in the sweet potato, is preserved in the process.

ADDITIONAL RATIONING

The War Production Board has a list of over 100 commodities that are likely candidates for rationing. Different ways probably will be developed for rationing different things. There'll be quantity rationing for certain essential foods — rationing like the sugar plan. On the other hand, there'll probably be price rationing for things like meat — that is, you can spend so much for meat a week, spend it all on an expensive steak or buy cheaper cuts several times. And for most clothing the plan will most likely be a point system. You'll get so many clothing points and can decide for yourself what things to buy with the points.

DYES

Don't let anyone blame poor dyes on the war. Along with good dyes we've always had poor dyes on the market and we'll probably continue to have them but the war isn't the reason. Although chemicals are scarce, the ones available can make good dyes as well as poor. So shop around for your dyes. With goods as scarce as they are, you can't afford the luxury of poor dyes.

RICE

There is no longer any Japanese rice in America. California rice which used to be called "California-Japan" is now "Southern Pearl" or "California Pearl." The Department of Agriculture made the name official. But for the Japanese beetle — a destructive insect — the name "Japanese" will stick.

Continued on next Page.

Continued from Page 9.

HEATING PLANTS

Your household heating plant is precious. It is important to your family's health. And, because it is made of metals, the one you have has to do for the duration. Summer is the time to check up on it. Get it repaired now. Paint, grease, or oil any parts of it that might rust. Clean it thoroughly, and if your basement is damp build a fire in it occasionally during the Summer months.

PILLS

How important is the sugar-coating on the pill for you? Drug manufacturers, whose sugar is rationed like everybody else's, are wondering how pill swallowers and soothing syrup takers will like it with the sugar content reduced.

BANANAS

If you're having to pay fancy prices for bananas it might help to remember that they sold for ten cents a piece when they were first introduced into this country over a hundred years ago. They were a rare, exotic luxury then; today they are a victim of the shipping shortage.

RUBBER

The Army now takes not only all crude rubber but all first-grade reclaimed rubber as well. Even finding rubber for heel caps is becoming a problem. The Office of Price Administration has put test rubber heels on Washington, D. C.'s postmen to get some accurate data on how well heels from second-grade reclaimed rubber will stand up.

SHOES

Not only men's shoes, but everyone's, are on the list for careful conservation. Civilian shoe production next year may be only a little more than half of what it was in 1941.

DIAPERS

Diapers will probably be standardized. The cotton shortage has made it necessary to save all the material that can be saved and in order to assure an adequate supply of this vital commodity, standardization and simplification are on the way.

DRESSES

When you buy a dress, look for these things: ample and clean seams, deep enough hem (two inches) to allow for adjusting skirt length, comfortable fit through shoulders and across bust, because strain at these points shortens the life of the garment; labels that tell how the garment should be cared for, a color that will harmonize with accessories and coats already in your wardrobe.

EGGS

When medals are handed out for war-production records, one of them should go to the hen. So far this year, egg production is up 16%. The goal that the Department of Agriculture set for eggs was only a 13% increase.

CANNERS

If you own a pressure canner consider yourself fortunate. Few more will be made for the duration. As a good citizen you should look upon that canner as in your trust and see to it that others use it when you do not.

CONSUMER'S PLEDGE

A few statistics show how important it is to help win the war by living up to your Consumer's Pledge: cotton in two mattresses makes an Army shelter tent; 60,000 aluminum quart pans make a Flying Fortress; eight electric toasters make a 75-mm shell; wool in a woman's sport suit makes thirteen overseas caps.

NICKEL NICKEL

There's going to be a new war-time five-cent piece. It will be made from a combination of manganese and copper and will give us a considerable saving in nickel. The new coins will look like the old ones until they've been around a while; then they'll have a yellowish cast.

NAILS

There will be an increase in this item. Because wood will be used in place of both metals and fibers — wooden furniture for steel, and wooden boxes instead of jute and burlap bags — we'll need lots more nails and the War Production Board has requested increased production.

HANDBAGS

Because of leather and textile shortages, the new handbags will be smaller.

SHOWERS VS. TUBS

In the new houses — and there won't be any except for defense workers — there will be showers but no tubs. The War Production Board banned bath tubs along with 400 other items in civilian use in a recent iron and steel order.

ZIPPERS

When your housecoat wears out, save the long slide fastener because no more neck-to-hem zippers will be made for the duration.

MILK

There are adequate and ample supplies of evaporated milk in the country.

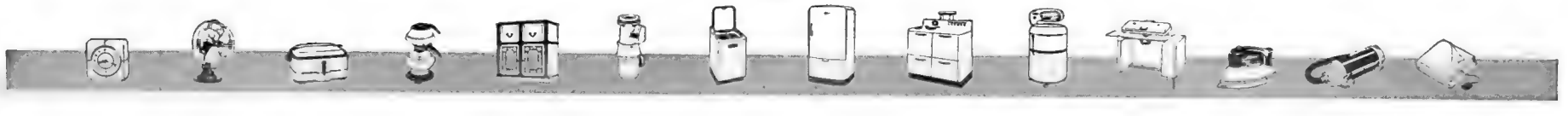
She Knows What Freedom Really Means

. . . And she has the time and youthful energy to fight for it. Mrs. America is stepping out *for Victory!* You may catch a glimpse of her dressed in the trim attire of the Red Cross Motor Corps—or handing out sandwiches down at the Canteen—or doing any of a dozen "extra duty" jobs. And meanwhile the daily routine of her home runs on with perfect smoothness, for tiring, time-taking tasks of housework were turned over long ago to efficient, dependable electric servants.

Until Tomorrow!

YOUR G-E appliances are now priceless possessions. For the duration they will be difficult or even impossible to replace because General Electric men and factories are on war work. With proper use and care, however, they should serve you well for a long time to come. General Electric and the thousands of G-E dealers also will give you every possible help to keep them operating with the utmost efficiency. Then, when Victory has been won, you may expect even better G-E electric servants. For advanced methods and materials will make possible still greater miracles of convenience, thrift and dependability tomorrow.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



How will Summer affect *Your* Skin?

Do as Doctors advise...use Ivory!

IF YOU'RE A BABY, you're blessed with the World's Loveliest Complexion and the world's best beauty advice . . . Doctor's! Yes, doctors have made Ivory-for-baby one of their standing orders.

And today, New "Velvet-suds" Ivory is more than ever baby's beauty soap . . . as well as mother's. For New Ivory is *milder* than ever . . . *faster-lathering* than ever!

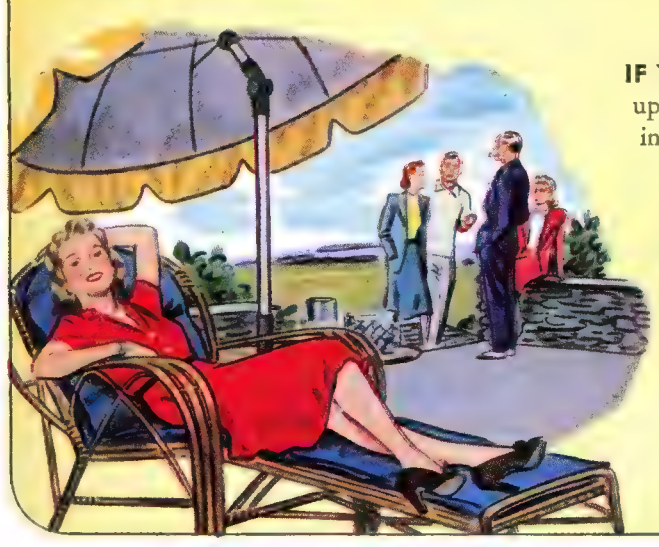
IF YOU'RE ACTIVE in the athletic younger set, summer can imperil your beauty.

Your oil glands and pores work harder, your skin gathers more grime.

Doctors say that this New Ivory cleansing is an important beauty rule for you:

Don't use hot water. With a washcloth and lots of *lukewarm* Ivory lather, *scrub* your face upward and outward. Rinse and repeat. Do this 3 times a day.

Let Ivory's quick, luxurious lather help keep *your* beauty radiant and fresh!



IF YOU LIKE TO LOAF, nearing the age of easing up on sports, your skin tends to be drier than ever in summer's sun and heat.

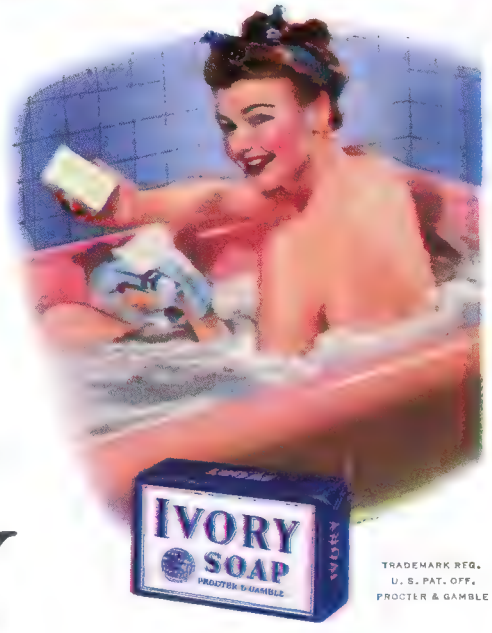
So protect your skin with a sun-tan cream or lotion.

And doctors recommend for your sensitive skin the *extreme* mildness of New Ivory Soap. Use *lukewarm* water only . . . never hot or icy.

Each night lightly apply Ivory's quick, gentle lather. Rinse and pat dry.

Then, since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

IF YOU GO "ALL-OUT" FOR SUN, you'll want New Ivory's complexion care *all over*. After exposure to sun, water, sand, your skin responds gratefully to a bath in gentle Ivory's soothing lather with its fresh, clean "Ivory" smell. *Faster-lathering* than any other leading bath soap, Ivory contains no medication, dye, or strong perfume that might be irritating. Get regular summer beauty care in a "Velvet-suds" Ivory Bath! . . . 99⁴⁴⁄₁₀₀ % pure . . . It floats.



"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use

New Velvet-suds IVORY

TRADEMARK REG.
U. S. PAT. OFF.
PROCTER & GAMBLE

He went over to where Anne stood. "I wouldn't take it so seriously," he said. "It's not worth it." She did not look up from the earrings. "It's the best job I've ever had"

NO CLOCKS ON *Sunday*

AT DELAFIELD'S there was one unvarying sign that the Christmas season was about to begin. Before the bursting red Santa Claus went into the corner window, with the cotton snow at his feet, and the stiff wide-eyed dolls and the teddy bears and the glittering toy soldiers all around him. Before the main floor was festooned in paper icicles and red oil cloth bows and giant wreaths. Long before the Salvation Army girl took up her post on the corner, standing by her iron pot, moving her feet against the cold, and forever filling the air with the thin sharp ring of her bell. Before any of this happened, the new sales girls began to come down from the Training School, by twos and threes at first and, later, when things got under way, almost by the dozen.

Jerry Fisk knew all about it—he had been at Delafield's through three seasons now and, during the last two, he'd been a section manager in the inexpensive jewelry department, main floor, corner. Right where the cold air from the revolving doors got you and the terrazzo floors were hardest on your feet.

"Good morning, Mr. Fisk."

"Will you sign this, Mr. Fisk?"

"Charge, take, Mr. Fisk."

"Over here please, Mr. Fisk. The customer's waiting."

He was a young man with a narrow intense face and dark, straight hair that grew in a straight line across his forehead—a blue, almost, where it stretched tightly across his temples. He stood, now, with his arms on the top of his chiffonier, leaning a little toward his image in the glass and wrinkling his forehead until it stood up in white ridges. He knew all about the Christmas season. He knew the crawling, endless days, the confusion, the mistakes, the

BY ELIZABETH GREGG PATTERSON

"Go on," Jerry said. "And then you came," she continued. "I wouldn't have minded losing my job after that. Because you helped me. Do you see how it was? I wasn't alone any more..."

pain that began to form in his insteps long before his lunch hour and that, by mid-afternoon, had mounted to the calves of his legs, making each step he took an exquisite agony.

He leaned nearer the mirror and began to think again about giving up his job. He had thought about it before—as long ago as last December it had been in his mind. He could find another job all right. He'd had enough experience, and Conroy would give him a recommendation. But, when he came right down to it, he knew it wouldn't help. It wasn't the job, really. That was only part of it—something he could put his finger on and say, "This is what's wrong. And this. And this." But it was more than any of those things. It was the way he felt in the mornings when he first woke up, and the look on the girl's face behind the lunch counter, and the close, airless smell in the hallway of his rooming house. It was being with people all day long, pushing against them on the elevated, watching them read their newspapers—*and never knowing anyone.* It was the hard, distrustful, lonely feeling he carried inside him.

IT WAS a Wednesday in November and he'd had to button his overcoat that morning against the cold. The long sandy beaches of Lake Michigan lay deserted. The newsboy, standing at the side entrance to Delafield's, blew his breath before him in a small, white cloud. Joe, the doorman, had his collar turned up around his ears; and it was sometime before noon that the first new girls were sent down from the Training School.

Jerry had been at the ring counter, watching Miss Remer clean the velvet cases, listening to her querulous voice describe the unwholesome manifestations of her mother's kidney disease.

"She's fat," she was saying, "but it's not healthy flesh. It's bloat. I said to the doctor last night, I said. . . ."

It was just then that he turned his head and saw two girls coming down the aisle. They were dressed in black. Their heels struck sharply against the floor, and beneath their arms they carried new red salesbooks. They were coming directly toward him, past the evening bags, past the bank of elevators, and their eyes were fixed uncertainly on his face.

"Oh, my . . ." said Jerry, in despair, right in the middle of what Miss Remer had told the doctor.

He showed them to their counters; he told them what their lunch hours would be; he introduced them to the buyer and to the head of stock. And then he left them, peering at the merchandise and smiling anxiously at the cus-

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

There's a girl in this story. But it's mainly about a man to whom being alone was a privilege he never had time to enjoy. Yet there was never a time when he was not lonely

tomers who stopped to finger the costume jewelry. He returned now and then to scrawl a blue-penciled signature over their sales checks.

"No tax on out of state," he would say. "Don't try to erase through your carbon." "Error in addition here." "Error in price." "Error."

His face looked back at him now from the mirror over his chiffonier; and the single bulb, hanging from the ceiling behind him, cast a dim light around his head. He put his forehead down against his hands and stood without moving, his shoulders hunched forward, his back tense. After a moment he sat down in the straight chair beside his bed and began to unlace his shoes, but he continued to keep his face averted until he had switched off the light and lay motionless in his bed.

HE DIDN'T remember when Anne came. It must have been after they were well into the season; and the crowds in the aisles, and on the streets, and even on the early morning buses had grown so that at night he dreamt of the stream of hurrying people. Her name, Anne Brenner, was on his record sheet and he checked her in and out with the rest and wished she'd write her sales checks more plainly so that he wouldn't have to puzzle them out before he put his signature to them.

"Print your addresses, Miss Brenner," he said to her one day. "Didn't they teach you that in the Training School?"

He looked at her small, claw-like hand holding her pencil, the knuckles standing up in sharp peaks. For a moment his eyes rested on her narrow wrist. Her watch, with the strap fastened too loosely, had slipped around so that its face was hidden, and the thin black ribbon seemed to increase the pallor of her skin.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I should have remembered."

Her mouth curved up a little as though she were going to smile, but Jerry held his features rigid and, without answering her, started toward the rings where his call light showed green.

She was selling clips and earrings and he noticed her cleaning and dusting the trays in the mornings, rearranging the colored stones until they lined up to her satisfaction. She couldn't be more than twenty, he thought—less, probably. She wore her dark hair in a straight, even bob and the thin column of her neck looked almost child-like. When she bent over the counter he could see her shoulder blades jutting sharply through her black dress. Why would they hire a half-starved looking kid like that, he wondered. How could they expect her to get through a Christmas season on the main floor? She'd fold up in a week—he'd lay a bet on it.

But she didn't. She was as punctual as Miss Remer in the mornings and she never took her full lunch hour.

"You're entitled to an hour," he told her. "You're back fifteen minutes before time."

Her eyes slanted away from him. "I'd finished my lunch—I thought I'd come on back."

He grunted. "You'll get over that."

It wasn't much of a life, Jerry decided, not any way you took it. It just didn't add up to much of anything. He worked all day, and at night he went home to his rooming house and got into bed and pulled the hard blankets up under his chin in an effort to shut out the cold. Occasionally he spent a week-end with his cousin in La Grange, and on his two weeks vacation he went down to the southern part of the state and stayed on his father's farm. That was about all there was to it. He'd wanted to get away from the farm. Well, he'd done it all right. He'd started in at Delafield's selling ties and handkerchiefs and then he'd been promoted to a section manager. Mr. Conroy had congratulated him. He'd said he'd been watching him—that he was sure to get on.

Jerry had been excited about it at first—eager. He'd written long, enthusiastic letters home. And then, little by little, things had changed. He was lonely. One day followed another in swift, monotonous succession and he'd begun to dry up, somehow. Just as though somebody had put a glass over him and gone off and left him. He could see through it, he could press his face against it and see, but he couldn't touch anything. Or anybody. He'd tried at first. "Why don't you take one of the girls in the store out for dinner?" his cousin had asked him. He'd tried that. He'd leaned across the table and talked to them. He'd tried to tell them what he was thinking about. But it hadn't worked. They hadn't heard him or, if they heard his words, they hadn't understood what he meant. And, afterwards, he'd felt more alone than ever—more firmly shut away in the solitary, bitter vacuum of his life.

One or two Saturday nights he got drunk, sometimes alone, sometimes with one of the boys from the rooming house. They'd sit and complain about their jobs and the landlady and the cold winter. The whiskey would feel hot and comforting inside them and, occasionally, they'd talk to one of the girls who sat at the long bar. She'd have something to complain about, too. She'd look as though she were going to spill over and cry, and they'd buy her a drink. On the Sundays following these nights he slept late and woke with a dry, bitter taste in his mouth and an ache in the back of his eyes.

He didn't think about Anne Brenner much—he didn't think about anyone. He saw her a few times at night when he was leaving the store. She'd be huddled in the Macon Street entrance, pulling her coat around her, waiting for her bus. She always spoke to him, and he put his hand to his hat without tipping it. Once he saw her standing by the news stand on the corner. She was peering into her pocket book and, as he passed, he heard the newsboy say, "I give you your change, lady. Look again."

After he turned the corner he wondered if she had enough money for her bus fare. He stopped for a moment and looked into the brilliant window. A model, wearing a long white velvet dress, held her stiff, wax arms out to him. A red bag hung from her fingers. He buttoned the top button of his coat and leaned again into the wind.

"Oh, the devil with her," he said.

SHE didn't make many mistakes in the store, not more than average. After she started printing the addresses he didn't have any trouble reading her sales checks. She kept her section of the counter in good order, and she had a careful, interested manner with the customers. But he didn't pay much attention to her; he didn't really look at her until one day, when he had signed a charge-take for her and the customer had started toward the elevator. He was leaning a little against the show case and he felt her watching him.

"That was a pretty big sale I made—wasn't it?" she said.

"To that woman?" His voice was hard. "Don't worry—she'll bring it all back. She's an old hand at that." He stopped, suddenly, and looked directly at her. "What's wrong?" he said. "You're trembling."

She put her hands behind her back. She had a small, round chin and her skin looked very clear and firm. He could see the pulse in her neck just above her collar.

"Nothing," she said. "Nothing's wrong."

"This your first job?"

She smiled at him but, even when she smiled, her face did not lose its earnest look. "Oh, no. I've worked for a long time. But never here before. I'm anxious to get on—that was the most I'd sold at one time."

"Where do you live?" he asked.

"In Maywood. With my sister. She's married—she lets me have a room there."

He was only half-listening to what she said, but there was an urgent, [*Turn to page 30*]

Hallie . . . reckless, unhappy . . . to whom marriage had given everything but love. Still beautiful at forty, still feverishly searching for glamor

Jim . . . successful . . . unwaveringly dependable . . . thoughtful of those he loved, and greatly loved by all those who were permitted to know him

Hope . . . living from day to day a frightened existence with Jeff, her artist-husband . . . hating having no money; sometimes hating life, itself

Letty Vail was afraid of no one but the mother of the man she loved—who was afraid of her

LETTY VAIL was afraid and she didn't know of what. She had never been afraid before in her life except of firecrackers. And it wasn't the war, for war or no war, Letty Vail was at the top and would go on. Everybody wanted Letty Vail.

This is sheer nonsense, thought Letty Vail whose every breath was news, of whom in years to come men would say on an opening night, "Yes, she's all right, but remember Letty Vail?" Letty Vail who talked with presidents and joked with a king, and had taken her choice of most things the world over, for whom a theater would be named and for whom Chanel created a new era in clothes and Careaux his loveliest perfume. Letty, who drew you like a magnet, who could do the bumps and stand an audience on its ear, who could look like an angel and break your heart and make you wild to get out of your common clay.

Yes, everybody wanted Letty Vail these days, at least nearly everybody.

Letty Vail sat in her dressing room brushing her pale gold hair, the best shade she'd had yet, wishing Link Johnson, her manager, would stop talking. Berta her maid, hovered around.

"Lay off Jim Prescott, I tell you, Letty," Link Johnson went on. "You'll just take on a load of grief. In two weeks, you'll be bored. He's a fine guy, but not for you. I know Jim, went to school with him. I know the family, old Mrs. Prescott. I tell you again, let him go."

"And what does Mrs. Prescott say about me, my lamb?" said Letty and she began to sing softly, "My mammy don' tol' me. . . ."

"Say? Probably she's never heard of you. How do you like that?" He snapped his fingers. "And if she has, she doesn't like strange actresses. You couldn't breathe in that altitude, baby. Let this marriage alone."

Letty Vail laughed. It was almost humorous how everyone wanted her, crowded her, touched her, everyone except a woman she didn't know in some place she'd never heard of. "This is 1942, Link, there's a war. Where is there anyone like that? You're making things up. She couldn't stop him, Link."

"No," said Link, "she couldn't, but she's his mother. When's he coming back?"

"Monday," said Letty Vail in her third act voice, "at ten minutes after five o'clock, Eastern War Time." But then her face lit up brilliantly. This was no stage set now and Link Johnson threw up his hands.

JIM PRESCOTT picked up a magazine on the west-bound plane. On the cover was a picture of Letty Vail, but he barely looked at it. When he thought of her he didn't much remember the way she looked. He thought of her moving so quickly every minute of the day. You do too much, Letty. He felt the marriage license in his pocket, next to his heart. It was odd for a Prescott to think of things in terms like this . . . next to his heart. There was that Prescott grandfather who had left a letter to his wife after his death saying that he loved her. He had never told her through the long years. Then James Prescott thought of his mother. He took out his pen. He would mail her a letter at the next landing. But when he thought of his mother, somehow the marriage, Letty Vail, the plane and the sunset seemed a fantastic dream. Dear mother, he began. He could see his mother taking the letter from Miss Flora and opening it neatly, reading slowly. *Dear mother, I am marrying Letty Vail.* He put down his pen.

HALLIE PRESCOTT FANE stood in the faded hotel room, this old red brick hotel where she had come with her mother and father when she was a child. Perhaps this was the exact room she had slept in then, and where she had fled now that she had left her husband, Stephen Fane.

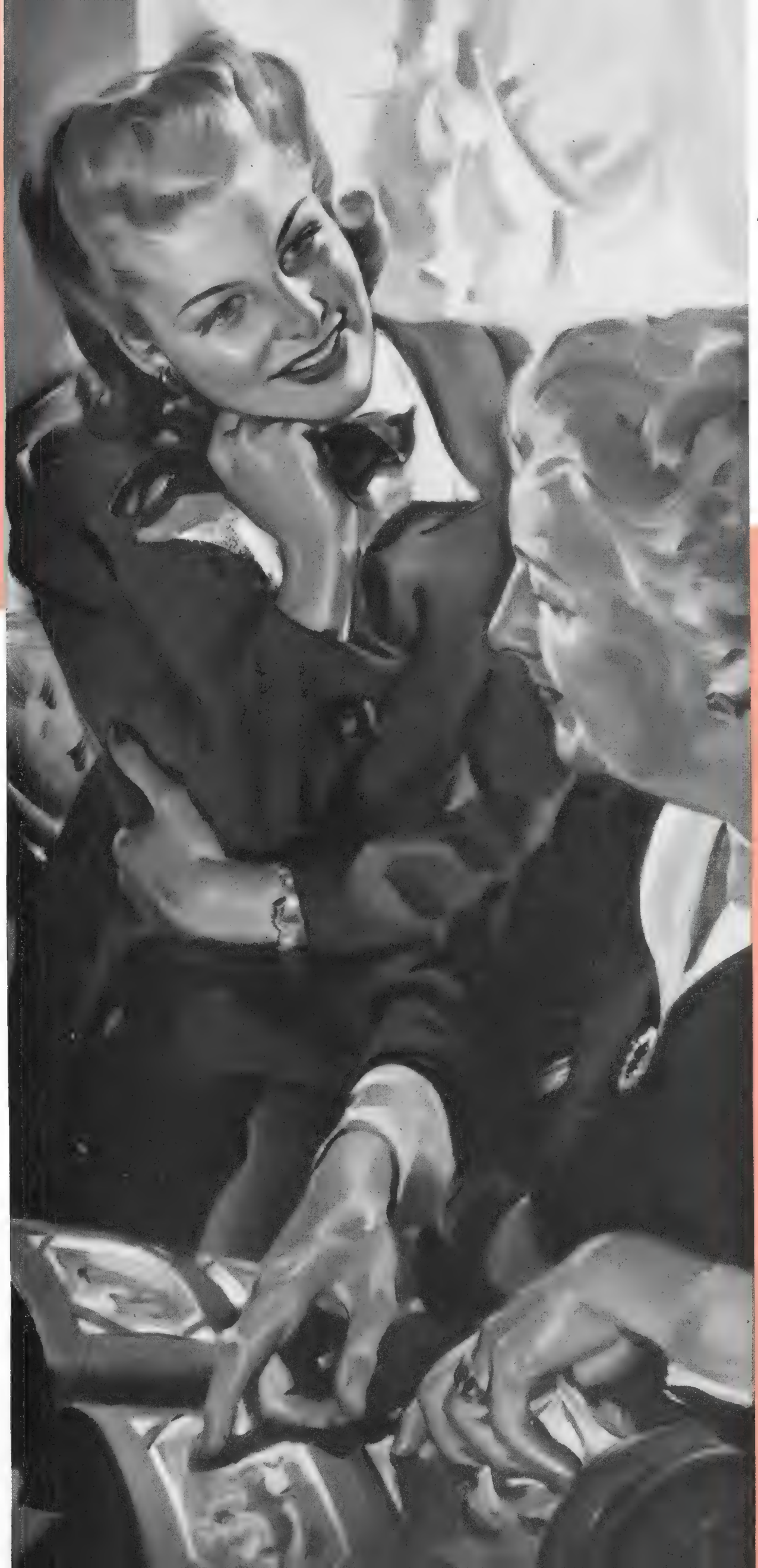
She stared at the carpet, the bureau. Nothing had changed except Hallie herself and the air raid warning on the door. There's still time to go back, she thought. This can't be true. I haven't really told him, I haven't said the words, left everything, my security, my children, my husband, my home, I, a woman, forty years old, leaving a husband whom I like for someone who may not even want me, who will be grabbed by the army any moment now. I'm crazy. I'll get left in the end, but I can't help it. What's the matter with me?

She couldn't have done this thing, couldn't. As a child, when they came to this hotel she couldn't wait to get out into the city. But now she wanted to hide. She must write her mother quickly, her mother who was so good, so different from this Hallie who had never really been good at all. She could see her mother reading, hurt, shocked, unbelieving, my children are ducklings, putting the letter down; no, there's no special news about Hallie. She could hear Uncle Fred, Cousin Laura saying, "Hallie never did know her own mind . . . another divorce in the family." She could see her mother in the chair by the window with the letter in her hand. Her mother was old now. Hallie gritted her teeth. *Dear mamma. . . .*

HOPE PRESCOTT listened to the doorbell. She sat motionless. It's just someone coming for something I haven't got. Money. Oh, make it stop. She wished her mother were here in her black dress with her pearl earrings looking lovely, talking about the Prescotts, about a wedding present for Cousin Lydia, about Aunt Cushing's funeral and what a nice one it was, fixing Hope's dress. When she was there, Hope Prescott felt that everything was fine, that this skulking, helter-skelter life that had gone on too long was a myth. If we can only stay till the end of the month, dear landlord. Please wait. Jeff might sell a picture. I'll get a job. The doorbell stopped ringing. Hope stood up shaking and then she took a drink of whisky; she was drinking too much lately. What a fool. Well, there was no more time left, she had to get some money now. Hope went to the desk and took up her pen. Oh, she couldn't do it, simply couldn't. Then she buried her head in her arms. . . .

LETTY VAIL rode home alone that night from the theater in her town car. What's the matter with me tonight? There's nothing different. I am *the* Letty Vail and I deserve to be. I've done it myself and it's been no picnic either. I'm in love again, but it's differ- [*Turn to page 57*]

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



She hardly glanced at the pictures. "That's Jim on the end," said Mrs. Prescott. "Those were the little boys he used to play with... There were a great many nice children on our street," she went on. There weren't on mine, thought Letty Vail

THE FRONT ROW

BY BARBARA ALDRICH

Norman Rockwell

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Abraham Lincoln

So unexpectedly brief was Lincoln's immortal Address at Gettysburg that the President had sat down before the official photographer could focus his camera on the scene. McCall's herewith presents Norman Rockwell's original conception of Abraham Lincoln's historic expression of faith in the destiny of our people.

DOCTORS' HONEYMOONS ARE BRIEF

BY ELIZABETH SEIFERT

"YOU'RE splashing a good bit of that plaster around," Dr. Mason said.

The other doctor was fitting a body cast to the Negro child supported in a halter. "It shows up on her brunette complexion." Josef Boehner spoke English precisely; as if he held each word delicately between two fingers and considered it.

Peter Mason chuckled. "I will say you make a pretty cast."

Dr. Boehner smoothed the stiffening gauze under the armpits. "My mother taught me to embroider, too." A note of authority came into his voice as he addressed the two nurses: "You will bake this dry with electric light bulbs. And do not leave the child until it is firm. Amuse her, keep her quiet."

Then he walked down the hall with Dr. Mason, rubbing dry plaster from his bare arms.

"Do you think that will do it?" Mason asked.

"It will help. We can, perhaps, operate later. One thing I like about our hospital, Doctor Mason, is that we do not have to hurry. There is time in which to correct a curvature."

Peter Mason nodded. "I'm going round. Do you want to take me?"

"Certainly," Josef said. "You have not made rounds here in some days."

"I'll be able to do so more often when I get my assistant."

"You will get him soon. Directors' meeting is less than a week."

Peter perched on the window-sill of Josef's office and watched Josef get into a clean coverall, comb his thick brown hair into a crest. Josef was a handsome man, tall, graceful as a fencing master. He had red-brown eyes, a full-lipped, sensuous mouth. What was more to the point, Josef Boehner was a great doctor.

Peter Mason himself was a great surgeon, but he had none of Josef's grace. Infantile paralysis in youth had left him with a faint limp and the necessity of always wearing a steel knee brace. That and the hard struggle against poverty had robbed him of the chance to cultivate Josef's ready humor and charm. Dr. Boehner's patients adored him. On the doctor's walk, the children greeted Josef with shouts, with grins.

"You should have six kids of your own," said Peter idly, letting the nurse tie his mask before he went into the contagious ward.

Josef looked at him with sober eyes. "I did have a son, you know. Lisa, my wife, would not risk having another child to lose."

He pushed through the swinging door, spoke to the attendant nurse, bent over the boy in the railed bed. "How does it go, Sammie?" Sammie Bracken, son of a director, was one of the few village boys ever treated at the hospital.

"I'm fine, Doc. Look, my spots are almost gone. Hello, Doctor Mason."

"Hi, Sammie. Wasn't a broken knee cap enough for you? Did you have to get the measles, too?"

"Aw, gee—I guess somebody made me a present of 'em."

"I guess. You don't get lonesome in here alone, do you, Sammie?"

The boy shook his head. Freckles and measles fought for place on his round cheeks. Josef and Peter grinned at each other. "Miss Stevenson lets me use the telephone," Sammie informed them. "I talk to Mom, and to my pal. Johnnie says Doctor Boehner is a Nazi. I told him it was a dirty lie. I guess I know more about Doc'n he does. He's not a German Nazi, is he, Doctor Mason?"

Peter did not look at Josef. He leaned across the foot of the bed to speak to Sammie. "Doctor Boehner is an Austrian, Sammie. And he has been right here in Fairfax since 1934. If you know your geography and your history, you know what that means. You also know that Doctor Boehner is good to you, that he has fixed your leg much better than I could have fixed it. You tell your friends all that if they mention this again."

Sammie's eyes were wide. "Yes, Doctor Mason. I guess you'd 'a' been glad to of had a doctor like Doc Boehner when you were a kid, huh?"

"I would have been glad," Peter assured him gravely.

At the door the doctors shucked their outer robes, their masks. They turned into the small lavatory to wash their hands. "Thank you, Doctor," said Josef carefully.

"The narrow-minded prigs!" Peter snorted. "Didn't you set old lady Johnson's hip last winter? Did you get a penny for doing it?"

Josef laughed. "I did not get a penny. And the old lady complained that she could not understand a word I said." His voice was gay.

Peter growled something about the brass on Mid-western tongues.

AMY FLEMING was not the sort of woman to arrange a midday rendezvous. She was as surprised as she appeared, to have Josef take her market basket from her arm as she walked past the hospital. "You look so domestic," he rallied her. "Are you sure you bought the best quality of—let me see—oranges, lettuce? What is this?"

"Corn beef," she said.

"How romantic! You, who look as if you fed upon moonbeams."

Peter kissed the hollow of her white throat. "I hate all other men who have ever touched you," he murmured

A Complete Novel

Here you will meet Amy Fleming, a woman of flaming beauty, one man loved without hope, another possessively—and still a third did not love at all. Her story is a stirring romance that could happen only in a town like Fairfax, in times like these

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAY-O'REILLY

"I am going with you," Josef said. "Shall we cut across the lawn?" "Yes, and make Dr. Mason frown at us . . ."

She smiled. "I don't, as you very well know. I make delicious corn beef hash—and love it! Lots of onions."

Josef nodded, smiling back at her. They skirted the path around Women's. Amy held out her hand for the basket. He raised his eyebrows.

"Aren't you going in here?" she asked.

"I am going with you."

"But—"

"I had started home for my luncheon. I met you— shall we cut across the lawn?"

"Yes, and make Doctor Mason frown at us."

"He walks on the grass himself."

"He does, but not with a woman."

"He misses a great deal, my friend Peter."

"You *are* friends, aren't you?"

Josef set the basket down, took out a cigarette and lit it. Amy shook her head when he offered to give it to her. "I'm succumbing to popular disapproval, Josef. I don't smoke in public."

"So! I trust you are confining yourself only to smoking—I mean, that you do not stop doing all the things people disapprove of?"

AMY felt her pulse quicken. A practiced philanderer, Josef Boehner. He could make even Amy Fleming feel like a high school girl. It wasn't just that he was European; Amy had lived six years herself in Europe, from the time she'd finished college until war had started and she'd come home to a cottage left her on the grounds of the hospital her grandfather had endowed.

"Disapproval does one of two things to me," she said. "It either bores me, or makes me increase my bad behavior."

They rounded the syringa bushes. Josef dropped the basket to the grass again, put his hand on Amy's arm. "Do the things people are saying about you—and me—bore you, Amy?"

She smiled, stepped closer to him. "No, Josef," she whispered.

He bent his head. "My lovely, lovely Amy," he murmured.

She drew away. "This isn't the place, Josef . . ."

"*Ach,* there is never the place! Moonlight by the river, and Peter's big horse, *clop, clop, clop!* down the road. Firelight in your living room, and your Sally. 'Do you want me any more tonight, Miss Amy?' Where, my darling, where *is* the place for me to kiss you, to tell you I love you, to ask you if you love me?"

He put his hand on her smooth brown hair, stroked it. Then he shook her a little—not too gently. She looked up, her green-gray eyes startled.

"Why do you not answer me?" he said. "Why do you not tell me if you love me?"

"You are very lovable, Doctor Boehner," Amy said demurely.

He swore in his throat, bent and picked up the basket, spilling oranges across the grass, which made him swear still more. Amy laughed aloud, and he glared at her. "Always a woman thinks she must tease a man."

"I don't, Josef. I—well, for one thing, Doctor Mason can see this clump of bushes very plainly from his rooms."

"What of it? What is there to see? A man crawling around picking up oranges—and a woman laughing at him. Even the estimable Peter can find no wrong in such a situation."

"He might feel you had no right to be here with me—that you should be in your own home, eating the food your wife Lisa is keeping hot for you."

Josef sat back on his heels. "Amy, how long are you going to keep this up?"

"Keep what up, Josef?"

"Driving me crazy with your beauty, your coolness—and then sending me back to Lisa."

"But, Josef, what else is there . . .?"

He sprang to his feet, stood close to her, over her. "Do you want me to tell you what else there is? Do you want me to show you?"

Amy drew away from him. "Josef, you must not. Doctor Mason—every time I see him lately—I expect him to give me a lecture on morals. He does not approve of you and me, Josef. He may even make trouble for you—although I think before he'd risk losing a good doctor, he would try to get rid of me."

"I do not think Peter will say anything to anger you just at this time." His voice was icy.

"He enjoys nothing more than to anger me. He hates the very shadow I cast on the ground."

"Women, to Peter, must work, or bear children, do something useful. He mistrusts your beauty, your idleness. But, until after next Tuesday, he

"Doc Boehner's not a German Nazi, is he, Doctor Mason?" Peter did not look at Josef. He leaned forward. "Doctor Boehner is an Austrian, Sammie," he said

...ill not scold you. He wants you to support the ...lection of his nephew, you see."

They had arrived at the dooryard of Amy's little brown cottage, and she again held out her hand for her basket. "I think if Peter Mason thought anyone or anything were discrediting his Hospitals, he would speak. Whenever the occasion arose."

"Do you think *we* discredit the Hospitals?" Josef asked wickedly.

Amy shook her head. "I don't think it makes any difference—to the Hospitals—how we act!"

TOWARD five o'clock that summer afternoon, little Connie Cronin brought a sheaf of histories into the library at Women's and found Dr. Mason there, his cheek on his fist, absorbed in the book he was reading. Connie moved quietly about, her crêpe-soled shoes whispering against the tiled floor, the papers she handled rustling softly. Now and then she would glance at Peter; the afternoon sunlight fell through the uncurtained window behind him, gleamed on his copper hair.

Connie worshipped Dr. Mason. It had been he who had encouraged her to study chemistry at high school, to take her technician's training and earn her certificate so that she could work in the Hospitals, and still live with her parents. She smiled gently at the big man's bent head.

He looked up, caught the smile, answered it with his own particular gay one. "Histories?"

"Yes, Doctor. And charts. They've piled up since Doctor Wenzel left."

"You like things neat and tidy, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I work better if they're that way."

Peter slammed the heavy book shut, got up to put it away. Connie watched him go, stiff-legged, up the ladder to the balcony. But she knew better than to offer to make the trip herself. No one recognized Dr. Mason's infirmity.

Connie turned back to the files. Every one who had ever been a patient in the Hospitals had a complete record here. Dr. Mason was finicky about records, used them as text books. "I hope your nephew keeps better histories than Doctor Wenzel did," she said. "And more legible."

"You know, of course, that Michael may not get the appointment," Peter said.

"You mean, Miss Fleming might . . ."

Peter smiled at her. "Exactly. Does it strike you as just that a doctor should be selected—or rejected—at the whim of a woman who knows nothing about doctors?"

"Well . . ." Connie grinned. "If the talk is true, she knows *something* about doctors."

Peter frowned. "There's a lot of talk, isn't there?"

Connie shrugged. "In the town, in the hospital. It's too bad."

"They're calling Doctor Boehner a Nazi, too, I understand."

"Oh, well—the town knows better—he is really very popular."

"Yes, people like Boehner. That's the trouble. What I can't see is—well, we won't discuss it."

"You're worried, though, aren't you?"

"Yes. I need an assistant. Michael is a good man for the job. And somehow that simple situation has been complicated by the fact that my colleague, married, and not conventionally free to do so, has nevertheless fallen in love with the most important of our directors. Maybe I shouldn't worry. No doubt Miss Fleming will not let personal considerations influence her."

"But you can't count on it."

"No, I can't. You women . . ."

"Don't call me 'you women'!"

Peter laughed. "You don't want to be called a woman, Connie?"

"Not in that tone, I don't. I—I'm an entirely different type from Miss Fleming. If I were she, I'd see very plainly the mess things were in here, and I'd do something about it."

Peter looked down at her, amused. "What would you do—about the mess, Connie?"

"Well, first, if I were Amy Fleming—Miss Fleming—and needed a man to amuse myself with, I wouldn't have picked out a married man. I'd have concentrated on you. That way—"

"Good Lord!" said Peter Mason.

"What's the matter?"

"I was just thinking how glad I should be that you are *not* Amy Fleming," he said, smiling.

"But—why? You *could* marry her. You could marry any woman you wanted to."

Peter fished for his handkerchief, wiped his face. "Connie, what a suggestion!"

"It's the truth."

"It certainly is nothing of the sort. And especially not in the case of Miss Fleming. Why, child, she and I fight over everything."

"Yes, I know you fight," said Connie. "Still, you could have avoided this mess by letting her fall in love with you."

Peter walked to the door. "I trust you don't say things of this sort to anyone but me?" he asked stiffly. "And I'm not sure I care to hear them."

Connie bent her head over the papers in her hands. Tears stung her eyes, her hair fell forward against her hot cheeks. She shouldn't have . . . Not to Dr. Mason. But, just the same—

PETER strode out of the library, turned toward the river. There was a bench where high water had cut a curve into the bank. Trees hung their branches down into the stream. In their shade you could see no house, not get even a glimpse of the Hospitals. It was a fine place for a bothered man to sit and think.

Peter was bothered. He did not need Connie or anyone else to tell him that things were in a mess. That he, Peter Mason, stood prominently in the middle of that mess.

He wanted his nephew to come to the Hospitals. That had been his dream ever since he himself had become Chief, and ever since Michael had chosen gynecology as his specialty. It would be fine, having the boy with him, he thought warmly. Peter's had been a lonely life. He had not dared make human attachments because he feared the intrusion those relationships would make on his scientific impersonality.

Mike's teachers, his associates, all said the boy was a fine surgeon. Peter had seen him work. . . . A little yellow leaf sailed down the current. Peter's eyes watched it, unseeing. The hospital needed another surgeon. Of course, there were other young doctors. Peter had read the letters of application that waited for the directors' meeting. Michael's letter lay in the folder with the rest. Next Tuesday, at the meeting, all those letters would be read. When Michael's letter was read all eyes would turn on Dr. Mason, expecting him to rise and speak a word in behalf of his nephew, to ask for his appointment. [*Turn to page 65*]

He was asking questions but Irene shook her head and sat up. "I'm fine," she said calmly, "and for heaven's sake, stop. You needn't worry about a diagnosis. I'll tell *you* . . . we're going to have a baby"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

Once long ago, he had kissed her, carelessly—and she had forgotten him. Now when his heart was not free to give, there was no one else she could remember...

In her gracious New York living room on a breathless Summer evening,* MARY NORMAN *had sat at the piano, her fingers running delicately over the keys.* LYNN MORTIMER*—a lawyer, in love with Mary, now for twenty years, but hopelessly tied to a witless wife—had listened, contentedly. They had dined together and, save for that fact, Mary would have been alone when the wire that told of the marriage of* DOCTOR MATHEW NORMAN*, the only child of her own brief marriage, was delivered. Lynn had exclaimed, "Ungrateful young cub. I could wring his neck!" And Mary had countered, "Oh, hush. I'm not upset. . . . I know the girl. She's* IRENE MURRAY *and she's a nurse at the hospital." Lynn had said, not unsympathetically, "I suppose you'll go on supporting two, as you have one. . . ." Which was exactly what had happened. For Mathew was not to complete his internship for another year.

As the months passed, Mary and Irene had grown devoted, one to the other. They were never in conflict, for Mary's decorating shop was enjoying brisk seasons; and Irene had gone on with her work first, in the hospital and later, in Mathew's office. Mary had rejoiced in her son's happiness, but she had been worried lest Irene —never too robust—should become overtaxed. Irene's frailness was pointed up acutely one night when* JUDITH LAMBERT *had come to dinner. For Judith, whom the Normans had known for years, possessed a radiance and vitality that were dazzling. Guiltily, Irene had thought, "Judy would have made Mathew a perfect wife."

Part 2

ON THEIR third wedding anniversary, Irene and Mathew Norman gave a party. It was entirely Mathew's idea, for Irene did not share Mathew's gregariousness, his love of excitement and good times. Not that he went to many parties. He couldn't. His practice was increasing rapidly, he was extraordinarily busy. Irene knew that his patients were never sacrificed to his pleasures: his passion for poker, a really keen game of contract, the theater, spectator sports. Once however she had commented, a little sharply, because of fatigue following a long day, "You shouldn't have been a doctor, Mathew."

"In God's name why, and if so, what should I have been?" he had demanded.

She answered hesitantly, "A broker?" and when he burst out laughing, she tried to smile. She could not explain, there wasn't anything *to* explain; because he was a good doctor, one who loved his profession. Yet there was, she felt, something lacking in him even though she couldn't put her finger on it.

The anniversary party was a great success. It was small but, as Mathew boasted, hideously select. Sam Morley and his vivid, pretty bride, Bill Taylor and his fiancée, Barbara Pennington. She was a plain girl with money but even Mathew, who called himself a realist, could not convince himself that Bill was marrying her for her income. Because, if ever a man were in love, it was Bill.

Mary Norman was there, and Lynn Mortimer. Mary had lost weight, she was working very hard but her slenderness was not yet angular and became her, and her serene face was not drawn or haggard. In the last six months her hair had started to turn gray in little silvery streaks. Tonight, wearing thin, cool green in deference to the midsummer heat, she looked very lovely. Lynn Mortimer could not take his eyes from her. But then, he rarely could.

Kate had come to serve and Nellie's buffet supper was a masterpiece. Sam contributed the champagne, Bill brought cartons of cigarettes, and everyone was very gay.

Mary sat in a deep chair after supper and watched Irene. She looked, Mary thought, wretched. How wise, Mary told herself, that I persuaded her not to try to take over the X-ray work. Carrying a technician along wasn't much more and now, of course, everything is paying for itself. But Irene couldn't have done it, she isn't strong enough.

Mathew had the rugs rolled back, and presently he danced with his mother. She said, quietly, as he guided her deftly about the little room, "Irene's doing too much."

"She's never ill," he said, startled.

"I didn't mean that she was ill."

"You two," he said laughing. "She fusses over you, you fuss over her. What's wrong with you women? As if you had anything to worry about with me to look after you both."

Nevertheless when, a little later, Sam was called out on an emergency and left, taking Hilda with him, and the party broke up, Mary lingered, beckoning Irene into the bedroom.

"Irene."

"Yes. . . ."

"You're not well, are you?"

Irene sat down on the edge of her bed. She looked very white. She said, reluctantly, "I suppose not. It's natural enough, Mary, as I've started a baby."

"My dear." Mary sat down beside her and put her arm around the younger woman. "How wonderful. It's what I've hoped for, of course. But Mathew?" She thought with a quick tightening of her heart, *Why didn't he tell me?* "What does he say?"

"He doesn't know. I wasn't sure myself until today. I slipped away at the lunch hour, when Mathew was making calls, and saw Doctor Leming. You know, Mathew's old Chief of Obstetrics, mine too when I worked in the D.R."

"Well, tell him for Heaven's sake," said Mary impatiently, "how can you bear not to—?"

"I didn't want to upset him, he was so busy all day, so like a kid about this party. You know how he is, Mary."

"I know. He'll be delighted, of course, and you can afford it now."

"Can we? It seems to me that we spend a good deal." She looked at her mother-in-law, her blue eyes direct and troubled. "I would have liked another year in the office. Of course I can go on, for quite a while."

"That's nonsense," said Mary firmly; "you mustn't even consider it."

"I'll be all right. This preliminary business will pass," Irene prophesied definitely, "and I'm so small perhaps I won't show much. . . . I mean there are always smocks and things," she went on vaguely. "But Mathew must have a competent office nurse, and that means more expense."

"You aren't to worry about that."

"But I do." She added, "Anyway, when we get someone else I'll want to be there to train her." She regarded Mary soberly. "Mathew likes things just so. He's very meticulous."

"I know," said Mathew's mother, "if ever a man loved order and was utterly incapable of creating it, himself, you married him."

SHE drew Irene toward her and kissed her forehead. She said, "My dear, do tell him, tonight. How you have kept it from him . . . how you *could* keep it, even from a layman," she added.

"It wasn't hard," said Irene; "he's always so preoccupied, when he's working." She smiled wanly. "And as this," she added, "is Mathew's baby, I suppose he'll be strong as an ox and impatient and rebellious. . . ."

Lynn, outside, raised his voice. He demanded, "When are you coming Mary? I have to be in court tomorrow at, practically, the crack of dawn." [*Turn to page 45*]

THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH YOU

BY FAITH BALDWIN

BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN

BY
ELIZABETH INSKIP WYE

Robert was very much like every other man. He considered a baby was a woman's business until it interfered with his own

A REPROACHFUL cry broke the early Sunday morning quiet which lay upon the abode of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Keith. The cry belonged to a certain bundle from heaven, Master Robert Keith, Junior, who four weeks and two days ago had joined the family circle. Although it was only 5:45 A.M. he was suggesting that it was none too soon for his 6 A.M. feeding.

In one twin bed of the master bedroom, the wage-earner of the Keiths stirred slightly but his subconscious whispered that this was Sunday, day of rest. In the other twin bed, the subconscious of Mrs. Keith was whispering something quite different.

This was Sunday, true, but not a day of rest for Alicia Keith. Not for years and years would she be able to turn over on a Sunday morning and sleep as her spouse was doing now. Discarding envy as one of the baser emotions, Alicia extended her bare feet to the icy floor and located her slippers.

This was the day Miss Smithins, the practical nurse, was leaving. To the accomplishments of charming wife, perfect housekeeper and boon companion, Alicia was about to add the role of capable mother. A faint qualm assailed her but she dismissed it as unworthy of an intelligent young woman, A.B. cum laude.

Millions of people had babies. Thousands of babies were being born this minute from Canton to Capetown. Esquimaux and Ubangis had babies and furthermore raised them, so naturally there couldn't be much to it. Alicia smoothed the rumpled brown head of her husband and confidently pattered into the nursery where Miss Smithins and Robert Keith Jr., were waiting.

The sun was flooding the bedroom and the hands of the clock pointed to 10:45 when the unflagging cantata in the nursery finally brought Robert Keith, Senior, to a waking state. He opened his eyes lazily and listened with paternal pride. What lungs, he thought, what vigor! And only four weeks and two days old. Why the little codger could practically hold up his head already. His son!

Robert yawned and prepared to slide back into blissful oblivion when an uneasy feeling wrapped itself around his midriff like a boa constrictor. Darn it, that report to the Managing Editor. Reluctantly, he pulled himself out of bed.

Now where were the notes he had made? In his pants' pockets? No. On the bureau? No. Wasn't that just like Alicia to put them where he couldn't find them. How often, and how futilely, he had tried to get it through her sweet blonde head that sweeping bills and memos into drawers with undarned socks was not efficiency!

Come to think of it, Robert reflected bitterly, Alicia hadn't even bothered to put away his notes. She had probably thrown them out altogether. And that brought him face to face with the basic problem. His rights were in jeopardy. They had been walking a tight rope for the last four weeks and two days.

It was highly commendable that Alicia was prepared to take her new responsibilities seriously. In fact, Robert encouraged this. He had gone to a great deal of trouble to make up a schedule for her against the time when the fate of his new son would be in her lovely but inexperienced hands. Evidently this wasn't enough. There were things going on which, frankly, he didn't approve of.

Firstly—he had become aware of an insidious campaign to initiate him into the mysteries of baby care. Perhaps he *would* be more dexterous at certain mechanical feats such as diaper changing. But who was going to teach Junior to swim, play golf, play tennis? Who was going to do his arithmetic [*Turn to page 93*]

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

"This is my day of rest," Robert said. "When," inquired Alicia, "is my day of rest?" "You can take naps in the afternoon which is more than I can do." A pity women didn't know what a snap they had, he thought...

THIS SUMMER...MORE THAN EVER...

Soup Makes the Meal!

ONE HOT DISH for summer meals is the rule. And soup as your one hot dish is delicious, and satisfying, and easy to serve. Good nourishment counts more than ever now, so busy mothers often turn to Campbell's Soups. Any of these three will do wonders for your summer meals.

"Let's have quick, easy meals" says Mother

Build them round a soup that's thick, hearty, and satisfying, like Campbell's Scotch Broth. This robust Scottish dish has a rich stock with tender pieces of meat, and nourishing vegetables, and barley. A soup to try soon!

Campbell's SCOTCH BROTH

"Swell food at our house!" say the family

Here is an excitingly different chicken soup that they praise—Campbell's Chicken Gumbo. It's borrowed from the kitchens of old New Orleans. Campbell's make its chicken stock rich, add okra, rice, pieces of chicken and savory seasonings.

Campbell's CHICKEN GUMBO SOUP

"Eat simple nourishing foods" says Uncle Sam

CREAM OF TOMATO: extra-delicious, and extra-nutritious. Easy to make by adding milk—instead of water—to Campbell's Tomato Soup. Either way, the family like the wonderful flavor that comes from those luscious sun-ripened Campbell tomatoes.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THEY SAY HE JUST WALKED OUT

"I'll teach you," Laura promised. "I'll make you over into everything you want to be." "But what have we in common, sweet?" "We have each other," she said confidentially

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

You couldn't imagine how any man could leave a woman like Laura. Neither could Laura, until she saw the morning papers. MARGARET LEE RUNBECK tells her story

IT WASN'T until Laura saw the description which the police put in the newspaper after Derek had disappeared, that she quite understood their life together.

Her father tried to keep her from seeing the newspaper, but she got up from her bed and went downstairs and through the house, looking for it from room to room. She found it in the kitchen, with the page folded out, so that Derek's picture—not a good one at all, but an old passport picture—was staring at her, glum and serious as Derek never really looked.

Cook at first pretended that she didn't know what Mrs. Steele was doing, but the whole room was holding its breath as Laura stood there in her green negligee with her beautiful red hair coiling down her back. The very pots and pans were listening, and the light outside the yellow window curtains which made sunshine even on a cloudy day. Even now, holding the newspaper, Laura thought of what her friends always said when she explained the curtains. ("You're so clever . . . and so thoughtful, dear . . . even to servants . . . . Imagine your taking all that trouble in their kitchen!")

Laura could feel Cook listening and watching, probably blaming her because Derek had disappeared. Cook had liked Derek so much, as servants always did. She knew she could mould Cook's feelings according to the pattern of her own. But for a moment she couldn't think, she could only stare at the inky blots which were supposed to be Derek's eyes, and wonder how the police had happened to get hold of that old photograph.

Then a sob oozed up out of the silence, a big, sniffly, untidy sob almost like a visible bubble out of the tallowy depths of Cook's body.

"Oh, Mrs. Steele, he was such a *good* man. He ain't done no wrong that I know." Her voice was as ragged as if it were a strip of muslin torn from her petticoat to bind up this ugly wound in the air.

Cook's buffalo shoulders were pushing against her grief as if it were a load she must shove aside. Laura looked at her, then said distastefully to herself, "She is enjoying this, it gives her some importance."

But she went over, still holding the hateful newspaper, and gently touched Cook's laboring shoulder.

"No. He's done nothing wrong. We're all sure of that. We're only afraid that someone has . . . that something has . . . happened to him."

She took the newspaper back upstairs, closing her door, and standing a moment with her back against it. She held the hideous column as far from her eyes as possible, as though it might leave a mark if it came too close to her, as she read the dull words the police had written.

"Five feet, eleven and one-half; weight 154 pounds. Blue eyes, blond hair, age 31. When he disappeared Derek Steele was wearing a gray topcoat, gray tweed suit and brown shoes. He wore no hat . . ." Her eyes went down through the whole shameful six inches of print, then stopped dead still on the very last line.

[*Turn to page 54*]

"Feels as if you were Smoothing Beauty in—

LUX
TOILET SOAP
EVERY DAY I TAKE AN ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL WITH LUX SOAP. FIRST PAT THE CREAMY LATHER LIGHTLY IN—
THEN RINSE WITH WARM WATER, A DASH OF COOL— PAT GENTLY WITH A TOWEL TO DRY!
PARAMOUNT STAR
NOW SKIN FEELS EXQUISITELY SMOOTH, SOFT—LOOKS SO FRESH!

when you use this soap with ACTIVE lather"

Satin-smooth Lux Toilet Soap is such a joy to use! The lather is so creamy, caresses the skin so gently. And yet, because it is ACTIVE, it carries away dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—gives exquisite skin the protection it needs. You'll find Active-Lather Facials a wonderful help in keeping your complexion *smooth,* lovely.

Claudette Colbert

Try Hollywood's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

How to serve better meals—and help Uncle Sam

FRUITS—Every part of the body needs vitamin C. Oranges, grapefruit and tomatoes—fresh or canned—are rich in this vitamin. Nutritious menus may include one or more of these, or their juices, every day. Tomatoes may be added to soups, stews and gravies. Serve one other fruit daily—fresh fruits in season, canned fruits or cooked dried fruits. Canned and quick-frozen fruits retain their vitamins.

VEGETABLES—Plan your menus to include one or more servings daily of potatoes and two servings of other vegetables—a leafy, green one frequently. It is suggested that some vegetables be served raw. Chefs advise cooking all vegetables in small amounts of water, in covered vessels, and only until tender. Use the juices, too. Canned and quick-frozen vegetables retain their vitamins.

MILK—The best source of calcium is milk. Calcium is the mineral most used by nature in building our bodies. Use milk, fresh, evaporated, dried, or in the form of cheese and ice cream. Five ounces of American cheese equal a quart of milk. Adults require the equivalent of a pint of milk daily, children a quart. Count the milk used in cooking, too.

An interesting 10-minute Technicolor movie on food and health—"PROOF OF THE PUDDING—" *has been produced by Metropolitan in co-operation with the United States Public Health Service. It is a contribution to national nutrition education. See it when it comes to your neighborhood.*

ONE OF the most effective ways to co-operate with the wartime nutrition program is to increase your use of fruits, vegetables, milk and its products.

Governmental and private health agencies have two good reasons for wanting every family to eat more of these foods in addition to the meats, breads, cereals and other elements which should continue to be a substantial part of a good American diet.

First, *your health.* Fruits, vegetables and milk contain an abundance of the elements which help to protect us from disease, and also to attain that robust good health which enables us to do our work more effectively.

Second, *our war effort.* Responsible officials tell us that using more fresh fruits, vegetables and milk, especially those produced locally, will release shipping facilities. It will also help provide larger reserves of easily transported foods such as meats and various dehydrated foods, for shipment to our armed forces and to our allies.

Even though you think that your family is already well fed, *make sure* that they are eating enough fruits, vegetables and milk, along with the other essential foods. There are some suggestions on this page for getting more of them into your family's diet. Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, "Three Meals a Day." It contains much information about planning nutritious meals.

This advertisement is published in the interest of the National Nutrition Program of the Federal Security Administration

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 72-M, "Three Meals a Day."

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NO CLOCKS ON SUNDAY

[Beginning on page 13]

faithful quality to her voice that stirred suddenly in his mind and he continued to look at her without speaking, hoping that she would say something more.

"Bracelets!" Miss Remer was calling to him from the next counter. "Someone wants you in Bracelets."

As he turned, his shoulder brushed against a customer laden with packages.

"Watch where you're going, young man," she said.

He flushed. "I'm sorry, Madam."

Damned old hag, he thought. Barging down the aisle as though she owned it, lording it over him for having come near her. What he'd really like to do would be to put a foot in that ample back and push for all he was worth.

He reached the bracelet counter and scribbled his signature fiercely, illegibly.

"Certainly we'll put it in a gift box," he said.

"And I want it well wrapped." The woman spoke firmly, pushing up the fingers of her kid gloves. "It's going to California and I want to be sure it gets there without being broken. Last year I sent a vase from here and it was cracked when it arrived."

Jerry thought, I'll take it out there myself—if only you'll get out of here and let me alone. The light was on again at the ring counter and he threaded his way back through the aisle.

Later in the afternoon the crowd thinned out a little and he went over to where Anne stood replacing earrings in one of the trays.

"I wouldn't take it so seriously," he said. "It's not worth it."

She did not look up from the earrings. "It's the best job I've ever had."

"Where'd you work before?"

"In a store on the West Side. But the owner's daughter came in to help and they didn't need me any more."

"And before that?"

"In a drug store. I helped in the lending library." She put the tray back in the show case. "But it's different here. The people are nice—and it's pretty."

"Wait till you've been here a while," he said.

"Don't try and frighten me. It's no good, really. And I know you don't mean it."

He looked away from her, feeling again her voice begin to kindle inside him. "You don't know anything about it."

"I do though. Really I do."

THAT night he wondered why he had bothered to say anything to her, to ask her any questions. Let her think what she liked. What business was it of his? She was only another one of the girls who came and went with the Christmas season. He'd seen a lot of them. At first he'd wondered about them, what they thought about, what they did when they went home at night. But that was at first. He didn't care now. They left the store and the city swallowed them up. He watched them go off by twos and threes, losing themselves in the crowd. And he went home and climbed the stairs to his room. It only made it worse to think about anyone but himself—it only increased the glasslike shell that enclosed him.

He sat now and stared down at the sputtering radiator, and Anne's voice and the things she had said echoed in his mind. "It's pretty here." He got up and stretched himself out on his bed and looked up at the ceiling. The paper was stained and torn, coming away along the molding and, in the center, a frayed electric light cord hung down into the room.

"It's pretty here," he said aloud. "It's just beautiful."

He didn't talk to her the next day. Even if he had wanted to he wouldn't have had time, for they were in the thick of it. The soft thud of the revolving doors sounded endlessly. The aisles were packed with customers, concentrated, worried looks on their faces.

"Do you think Sadie would like this?" one of them asked. "Or would she rather have a deck of cards?"

McPHAIL, from the Special Service, came down to watch the merchandise that lay on top of the counters; and the Delafield choristers assembled on the mezzanine floor and began to sing *Holy Night* just as Jerry was helping one of the sales girls to the elevator. She'd turned white and said she thought she was going to faint and that she felt sick. He wondered what he'd do if she vomited, but he turned her over to the elevator starter and told him to see that she got to the infirmary. Quick. It was his lookout after that. He found himself thinking about Anne and he tried to catch a glimpse of her, but someone called to him and he turned and dived into the crowd.

By three o'clock his head had begun to ache and his toes were curled in pain against the soles of his shoes. The day ended, finally. The closing bell rang and the revolving doors swung round once more and were still. Back in his rooming house Jerry crawled into his bed, stretched his legs down toward the foot, and was asleep. Almost immediately, it seemed to him, the alarm clock began to peal in his ear.

That was the way it went. He began to eat soft-boiled eggs at noon, for his stomach turned over when he looked at the thick meat stew on the warming table. He didn't even wish the season were over. He'd stopped thinking about it. He didn't wish things were any different for him. When he was called to Anne's counter he stabbed his blue pencil at her sales check, took one look at the customer, and was off. He didn't think about her. She wasn't in his world. Nobody was. Nobody but himself. Jerry Fisk. Two hands. Two feet. And a mouth.

It was on Friday that he saw something going on at Anne's counter. It was around three o'clock and he'd been helping Miss Bigelow make out a Special Order. As he turned away from her he heard someone say, "I was looking at it I tell you. You took it right out of my hand. What's your name, Miss?"

The woman was talking to Anne. He could see the angry set of her shoulders, the firm, relentless line of her jaw; and he reached her side just as she started to leave the counter.

"Is there something I can do for you?" he asked.

Her eyes swept over him. "You can tell me where Mr. Conroy's office is. I am Mrs. Albert Forsythe."

"Mr. Conroy's very busy, Mrs. Forsythe. Perhaps I could help you out."

"Mr. Conroy's business is to see that customers are satisfied," she

said. Her voice was icy. "I imagine he will see me."

He told her where Conroy's office was. There wasn't much else to do. She didn't give him an opportunity to stop her and he probably couldn't have pacified her anyway. When he looked back at Anne she was showing a clip to a young girl who stood at the counter.

"It's a nice color for you," she said.

He wondered what the devil she'd done. The blood had come up in her cheeks a little and her eyes were bright; but, when he went back a bit later to find out what had happened, she was gone.

"Where's Miss Brenner?" he asked.

The cashier leaned down from her desk. "Conroy sent for her. The old gal must have meant business."

He didn't say anything, but he looked at his watch. And three minutes later he looked at it again. He couldn't believe she'd deliberately done anything to offend the woman. She wasn't the sort. And why hadn't he been standing nearer, anyway, so he could have seen what happened? Well, why hadn't he? Because there were twenty other places he had to be at the same time. He put a Rush sticker on a check. He told a customer the bracelets were triple-plated silver. No, they wouldn't rub off. They never rubbed off. What difference did it make to him what happened to her? Let her take care of herself. He had troubles enough running his own life.

Nelson, from the evening bags, tapped him on the arm and he jumped.

Nelson laughed. "Hold everything," he said. "They want you in Conroy's office. I'll take over for you."

He took the elevator to the eighth floor and knocked on one of the frosted glass doors.

IT WAS quiet inside—quiet, at least, after the hum of the main floor. He could hear the noise of the traffic drifting faintly up from the street and somewhere a newsboy was bawling the headlines. Anne was sitting near Conroy's desk. She was leaning forward in her chair and her fingers were curled tightly around the wooden knobs on the arms. She didn't say anything when Jerry came in, but she looked for a moment as though she were going to. And then she must have changed her mind for her mouth, which she had opened a little, closed and she was silent.

"Sit down, Fisk," Conroy motioned to a chair. "Sorry to get you off the floor when you're busy." He began to arrange the papers on his desk as he continued. "Mrs. Albert Forsythe came up here considerably upset. She was shopping on the main floor in your department. She was looking at clips—had one in her hand, in fact, that she was considering buying when Miss—" he hesitated, "Miss Brenner, according to Mrs. Forsythe, jerked it away from her with no explanation and gave it to another customer. Mrs. Forsythe came up and reported the incident to me and, when she had gone, I called Miss Brenner in."

Jerry heard Conroy's voice stop for a moment and he wondered what he was supposed to say. What had they asked him to come up here for, anyway? It wasn't his affair.

"Miss Brenner's account differs a good deal from Mrs. Forsythe's," Conroy went on. "She says that when she asked Mrs. Forsythe to give her the clip, she explained that another customer had been looking at it first—and wanted it. Is that right, Miss Brenner?"

"Yes," said Anne. "That's the way it was. I didn't know she was going to get mad. I—"

"I told Miss Brenner," Conroy interrupted her, "that girls who get mixed up in things of this sort are of no value to us. I know a situation like this can come up without the girl's deliberate intention, but Mrs. Forsythe is a good customer—has been for a long time. And offending her does the store an injury." He picked up a pencil and began to examine its point. "Before I made a decision, however, Miss Brenner urged me to call you in and see what light you could throw on it."

So that was it. She'd sent for him to get her out of a jam, to save her job for her. Well, what the hell did she think he could do? He hadn't even seen what happened. And what made her think he'd be willing to do anything anyway? He wasn't her guardian. He wasn't anybody's guardian.

"I just thought you might have seen it," Anne said.

He felt the odd, impelling quality of her voice again, and he heard her words trail out at the end. She knew he hadn't seen it, and she was asking him to lie for her. He looked at her and her eyes held on to him as though she were trying to say something to him, but he turned his head away from her and glanced toward the window where a square patch of sky showed between the buildings.

"It's a mad house down there," he said.

"We're having a big season," Conroy answered him, "bigger even than last year. And, of course, the main floor gets the crowd."

"You need about three pairs of eyes and six hands."

"To say nothing of some extra feet," Conroy laughed. "I know what it's like. I did it myself."

The girl wasn't saying anything now. She was just sitting there looking scared. She had taken her hands off the chair arms and locked them together on her knees. And she wasn't watching Jerry any more.

"It's a bad situation—things like this," Conroy said. "The customers are keyed up and the girls are new and inexperienced. Some of them, anyway. And then this sort of thing happens—and we can't have it, you know. It won't do. We want to be fair, though. That's why I called you up. Miss Brenner seemed to think you'd have something to say about it."

In a few moments now it would be too late. Jerry knew that. Too late to do her any good at all. He glanced at Anne but she did not raise her eyes to him. He wished he were out of it, back on the floor with the press of people around him. Or in his room. He wished he were in his room, alone, lying on his back and gazing up at the stained ceiling. He drew in his breath suddenly, and held it a moment. And then he started speaking. He looked directly at Conroy and his words came so easily that he wondered if he had not had them in his mind all along.

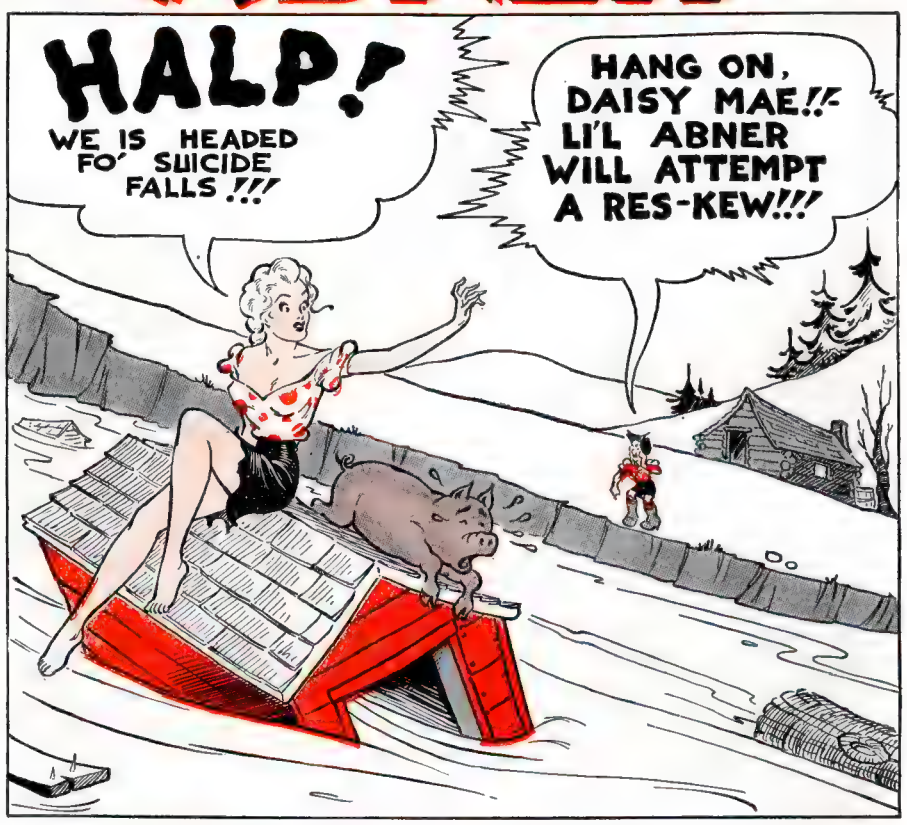
"She's right, Mr. Conroy. I do—I do have something to say about it. I saw the whole thing and it happened exactly as Miss Brenner told you. The other customer had been looking at the clip and she explained it to Mrs. Forsythe as well as anyone could have. I heard her and I think she handled it all right."

"Well," said Conroy. "I—"

But Jerry hadn't finished. "Miss Brenner has been under me for over

[*Continued on page 32*]

LI'L ABNER Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by AL CAPP


HALP!
WE IS HEADED FO' SUICIDE FALLS!!!
HANG ON, DAISY MAE!!- LI'L ABNER WILL ATTEMPT A RES-KEW!!!
GIT ANOTHER BOWL O' CREAM OF WHEAT, SON!!- YO' IS GONNA NEED THEM EXTRY MINERALS AN' VITAMINS!!- YO' GOTTA JOB T' DO!
DON'T CARE WHUT KINDA SPESHUL JOB YO' HAS IN MIND FO' ME SO LONG AS AH KIN HAVE SECOND HELPIN'S!!
G-GOSH!!-DIDN'T REELIZE TH' JOB WAS SO IMPAWTINT!!- THET PIG'S LIFE WAS IN DANGER!!!
AH WAS THAR TOO-EF YO' REMEMBERS!- YO' SAVED BOTH OUR LIFES!!
WAL-AH HAIN'T GONNA SAVE THIS CREAM OF WHEAT!-IT'S SO DEE-LISHUS!!
al Capp
KEEP FIT FOR DEFENSE!! ENRICHED 5-MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT GIVES YOU VITAMIN B, AND MINERALS EVERYONE NEEDS... COSTS LESS THAN ¼ A SERVING!
VITAMIN B,
CALCIUM
IRON
PHOSPHORUS
DELICIOUS
NUTRITIOUS
QUICK COOKING
5 MINUTE
CREAM OF WHEAT
REGULAR
CREAM OF WHEAT

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Enriched 5 MINUTE" and "REGULAR"
CREAM OF WHEAT
DELICIOUS—NUTRITIOUS
"CREAM OF WHEAT" AND CHEF TRADEMARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

[*Continued from page 31*]

two weeks now and I've never had a better girl in the department. Her sales are up, she has a good manner with the customers. But it's more than that. She's interested. She's interested in the store and the merchandise and the people. And she thinks the store is pretty. How long since you've heard anyone say that, Mr. Conroy? How long since you've thought it yourself?"

Conroy was smiling. "All right," he said. "All right. I'll take your word for it. But next time see if you can convince Mrs. Forsythe. Or, better than that, see to it that there isn't a next time."

Jerry didn't take the elevator down with Anne. He stopped in the men's room and looked at himself in the mirror. His face was flushed and he could feel his breath coming up sharply in his chest.

"Nice going, Rover Boy," he said. "The girl still has her job—and what's it to you?"

Back on the floor he plunged into his work again and the afternoon wore away. When the five-thirty bell rang he didn't look at Anne, but she was waiting for him in the Macon Street entrance. He saw her before he reached the door and he pulled his hat down over his eyes and tried to get past her. She ran along beside him.

"Mr. Fisk," she kept saying. "Mr. Fisk. Wait—I want to tell you something."

He stopped.

"I want to thank you," she said, "for what you did for me."

"That's all right." He looked away from her. "Forget it."

"You don't understand—you're not listening."

THE wind blew around them and Jerry saw that she was shivering. He pushed her into a doorway and stood in front of her, his back to the sidewalk, sheltering her a little from the cold.

"I'm listening," he said. "You're glad you've still got your job."

"It's not only that—it's you. You were good to me. No one has ever done anything like that for me before. I didn't think you were going to do it—and then you did."

"I didn't think I was going to either. I didn't mean to, really. I didn't mean to say anything."

"But you did. You helped me."

He didn't answer, but he could see her face with the street lights shining on it and the urgent look in her eyes.

"Didn't you ever feel the way I felt up there in his office?" she went on. "I was scared about my job, all right—but it was more than that. I was alone. I needed somebody . . . That's why I asked him to call you."

"Well," he said. "I came—and you've got your job."

"But I wasn't frightened so much about my job—though it was that, too, of course. I was frightened by the way I felt. Inside. A kind of a lost feeling."

Jerry leaned a little toward her. What was she saying? What was she trying to tell him?

"Go on," he said.

"And then you came," she continued. "I couldn't tell anything from your face. I didn't know what you were going to do—but when you started to talk—I tell you I wouldn't have minded losing my job after that. Because you helped me. Do you see how it was? I wasn't alone any more."

Her voice came over him again and her words seemed to release a sudden, drenching wave of sympathy inside him, flooding against his ribs, sweeping down his arms. He tried to dam it back, to think of the store, of the nine more days until Christmas, of his own hard, separate life. But the tears stung against his eyes as he looked at her and he found himself wondering what it would be like to touch her. He didn't say anything to her. He didn't hear the people surging by at his back, or feel the wind blowing cold against his neck, as he put his hands toward her.

For a moment he hesitated, uncertain—and then, through her gloves, he could feel the secure, sweet warmth of her flesh.

• • •

YESTERDAY YOU KISSED ME

[Beginning on page 6]

never before had she listened at a door while Millie entertained. She had a slight form of worship for Millie, the glamorous beautiful older sister whose style and manner one tried to imitate in secret.

There had never been any envy before. Until suddenly that day she had wished desperately to be in there with her sister, to be on an equal footing with her, so she could be in the same room with Jay Hammond and have long precious hours in which to observe him and memorize each detail of his features.

She went back up to her room where her chum Connie was waiting for her and painting her toenails with Millie's newest polish.

Connie said, "Say this stuff is the nuts. Beautifully gory. Have you tried it yet?"

Judy said absently, "After you," and went to the window and looked out upon the bleak day. Perhaps soon Millie and her gang would be going out to a tea dance and she would be able to see him once more.

Connie jerked her head toward the stairs while she fanned her toes with a magazine. "Anything new down there, or just the same moldy crowd?" They both always pretended a supreme indifference to the goings and comings of the glamorous Millie and her friends.

Judy said, not looking around, "Oh, the usual ones. Except for Jay Hammond. He hasn't been here before."

Connie gave a squeak. "Really? But he's gorgeous! I've seen pictures of him, and I've heard my sister rave about him."

She got up in her excitement, walking on the heels of her bare feet to preserve the nail polish, and went to crouch at the head of the stairs, and Judy followed her, and together they waited, listening, giggling a little in excited guilty suspense, until finally they heard the chatter of voices, and Millie's crowd surged into the hall below on their way out.

Judy nudged Connie. "There he is," she whispered. And Connie craned her neck and heaved a great sigh.

"He's beautiful," she breathed. They ran back into Judy's room, Connie still on her heels, and pressed close to the window, looking down at the stoop, and they stood there in respectful envious silence, watching that gay group separate into two taxicabs. And Judy was thinking, "You're so wonderful. You don't belong with them. You and I should be together somewhere, quietly, and I'd listen to anything you might want to tell me, and I wouldn't flirt or be light with you, the way Millie will. I'd show you how much I love you just by the light in my eyes. . . ."

Slipping up onto a stool beside him now at a bar, she remembered sitting one day in the crisp cold air at a stadium, watching him play, listening to the crowd yell, "Jay Hammond! Yea, Hammond!" his name and the awareness of him pounding through her with each fast beat of her heart.

By that time he had become one of Millie's regulars.

She had heard Millie confiding to Gloria, "Oh, he's *sweet*, darling. I love him, actually. But I don't want to be serious for ages. And there's Jerry. I like him too-too, also." Running a powder puff over her lovely smooth face, deepening the red of her lips. And Judy standing nearby, practically unnoticed by the two older girls, thinking fiercely, "You mustn't treat him that way. He's wonderful. If he loves you you ought to do everything you can to make him happy."

Millie, turning so that her glance fell upon Judy, had said, "Sweetie-pie, what are you doing standing there so solemnly? Look, Angel, you can have my pink satin for your school dance. It won't need much altering. It will look divine on you." Millie, always so sweet and generous. But then, Judy had thought a little bitterly, it wasn't difficult to be sweet and generous when you had everything.

But that was what had hurt so afterward. That she could have been so disloyal to Millie when Millie had always been so sweet to her.

Pete said, "We'd better be pushing on, Judy."

Judy slid down from the stool, smiling with a bright blind smile at Jay. "Let's whizz, Jay. If you're really coming with us—"

SITTING between the two men in the taxi she found herself somewhat cold, and shivering unaccountably. Jay made no effort to talk, looking past her out of the taxi window, whistling between his teeth.

Is he still in love with Millie? she wondered. Is he feeling all torn to pieces inside at the thought of seeing her again, as I feel just being near him?

Jay said, "What is it, four years, five, since Millie's been married? Has she any young?"

"It's five," Judy said. "And she has two. One just five months ago."

"Well, well," he said. "It's hard to picture Millie married, somehow. Is she still beautiful?"

"Oh, yes. She's just the same as ever." It was incredible, when she came to think of it, how little Millie had changed. And considering how little she had to go on—four of them on that small income of Mac's.

I did it to her, she thought wretchedly. It's my fault she's not married to Jay. Jay who is everything she should have had for a husband. It's my fault she married Mac. . . .

HER guilt was heavy and painful upon her. She hadn't thought of it for a long time. Gradually she had put it out of her mind, with the reassuring sight of Millie the wife, beautiful and placid and seemingly happy. If she hadn't met Jay tonight she might eventually have forgotten her part in the affair, have forgotten it when the memory of Jay had faded too from her consciousness. But now it was all crowding back upon her, all those long ago lost years, all that beautiful rapturous torture.

Pete talked football for a while with Jay, and Judy's eyes clung to Jay's face, searching it for some sign of what the years had done to him. He had lost the bright vividness of his youth, and in his eyes was a cloudy look of defeat.

Did I do that to him? she wondered. Did I ruin his life? Would he be happy now if he and Millie—?

She jerked herself out of her thoughts to find his eyes upon her, thoughtful and appraising. "You've grown up, Small." He smiled at her a little mockingly. "And right, cute, too."

But I'll never have that something Millie has. I'm popular enough, and the boys like me, but they don't flock around and moon at me the way they did with Millie. I used to feel so mousey and colorless beside her, and hopeless. And I used to try so hard to attract your attention, even though I knew that was hopeless too. And then Millie began to show me how to make the most of myself. But why must I think of that now?

Jay said, "You're still small enough to be worn on a watch chain, but there's the look of a woman about you now. How old are you, Small—twenty?"

"Twenty-three last month."

Don't you remember? Was that how little it meant to you? I told you that long time ago that I was sixteen, and you kissed me because you said I looked as if I'd never been kissed. But you were hurt and angry about Millie then, and you probably didn't even know what you were doing. Only I vowed then I would never let another man kiss me. And I didn't—not for years.

She was suddenly stricken with compassion for Pete, sitting quiet and neglected in his corner. She patted his arm. "Hello, Petey. You know, Jay, Pete's off to camp next week. We're going to give a party for him on Saturday. I hope you can come."

Jay said, "Congratulations, son. And good luck. They won't take me. Hammond, the great athlete, unable to pass his physical because of a tricky heart. It's kind of funny when you think of it, isn't it?"

Oh, Jay, my darling, it's not funny at all. That's why you've lost your brightness, isn't it?

She said breathlessly, "Do you take care of yourself, Jay? Should you drink—?"

He turned to look at her, and there was a touch of surprise in his face, and something else which she couldn't read. He said gently, "Now don't you worry about me, Small. It's nothing gravely serious, I'm just not supposed to overdo. And I don't drink much. Except now and then—"

She said bluntly then, because she had to know, "Are you married, Jay?"

"Good Lord, no. Tie some nice girl down to a rotting hulk like me?"

She said angrily, blinded suddenly by tears, "Don't be an ass!"

He patted her hand. "Yes, I know that's silly. It's just that now and then it strikes me as being a bit ironical. Anyway I'm pretty certain of getting a desk job in Washington. There are things I can do. You're sweet, Judy. You always were gentle and kind."

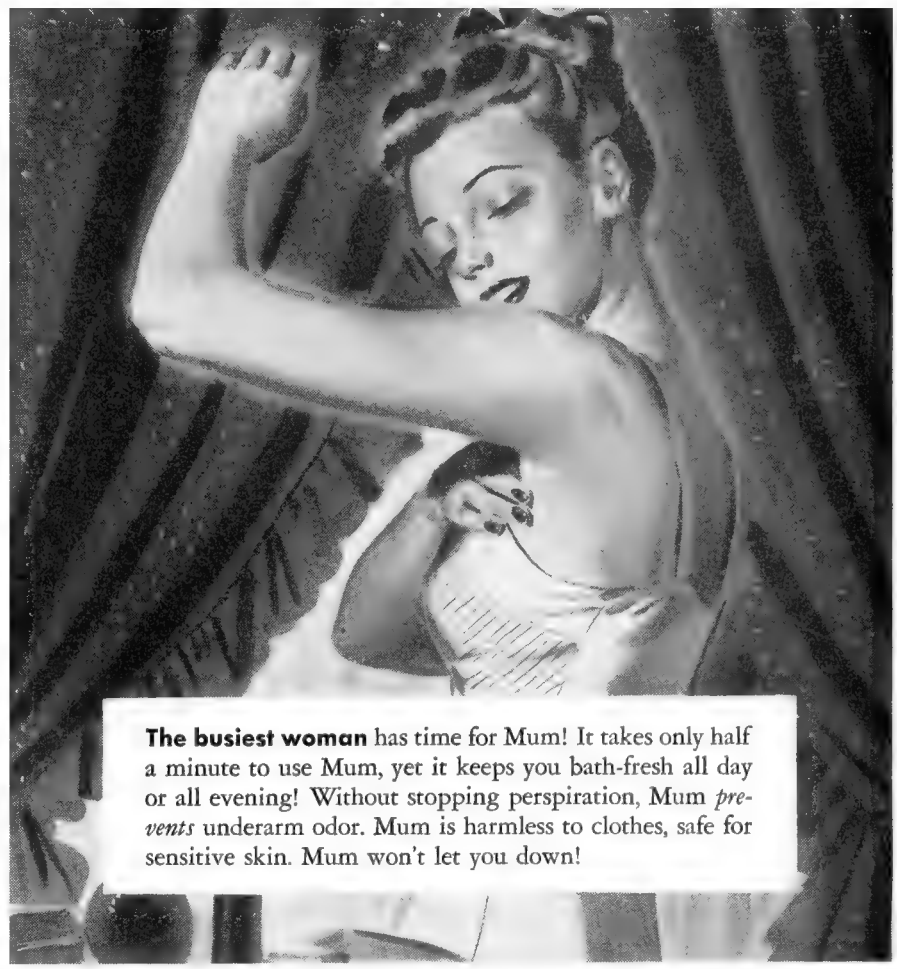
Except that time when I stuck a knife in Millie's back. Or have you forgotten that?

[*Continued on page 34*]

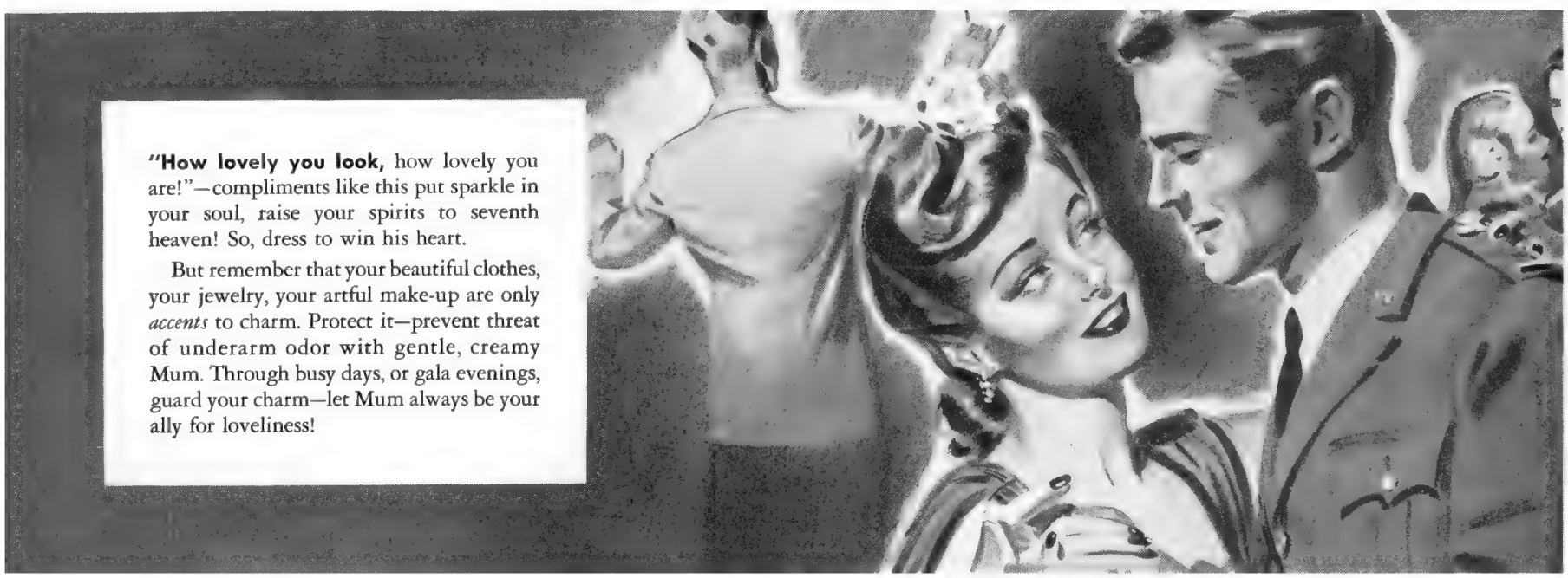
CAMP HOUSE FIXINGS—5c
Inexpensive, easy ideas for making your vacation house gay and comfortable. Add this leaflet to your Victory Library (25c). Send stamps for either to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O. Canadian residents write: 50 York St., Toronto, Ont.

To a Lovely Lady—who wants to stay Lovable!

Thank your bath for the new lease it gives you on loveliness, on charm! But remember, shortly after you step from your tub, underarm perspiration can start. Sooner than you think, odor can form, unless you *prevent* it. To guard their charm, millions of women rely on Mum!



The busiest woman has time for Mum! It takes only half a minute to use Mum, yet it keeps you bath-fresh all day or all evening! Without stopping perspiration, Mum *prevents* underarm odor. Mum is harmless to clothes, safe for sensitive skin. Mum won't let you down!



"How lovely you look, how lovely you are!"—compliments like this put sparkle in your soul, raise your spirits to seventh heaven! So, dress to win his heart.

But remember that your beautiful clothes, your jewelry, your artful make-up are only *accents* to charm. Protect it—prevent threat of underarm odor with gentle, creamy Mum. Through busy days, or gala evenings, guard your charm—let Mum always be your ally for loveliness!

After every Bath, before every Date, guard Charm with MUM

Don't risk offending! Quickly, safely, surely, Mum prevents underarm odor for a whole day or evening

ISN'T IT A SHAME when a woman, attractive in other ways, lets underarm odor spoil her appeal? So often, those who offend are the last to know. That's why it's wise to always play safe—to use *dependable* Mum every day—after every bath and before every date!

Mum is so easy to use . . . but that's only one of the things you'll like about Mum! *It's speedy:* Mum takes only half a minute to apply. *It's sure:* Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. *It's safe:* Creamy Mum won't irritate sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving. Mum won't harm your clothes, says the American Institute of Laundering.

Protect your charm. Make Mum a daily habit. Get Mum from your druggist today!

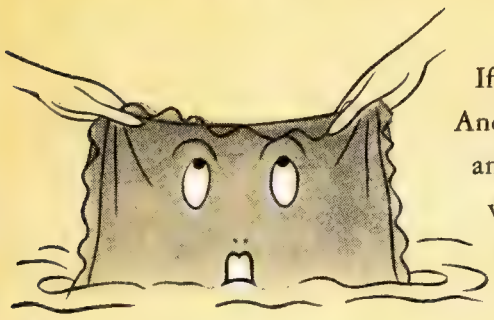
• • •

For Sanitary Napkins – Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don't risk embarrassment! Use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

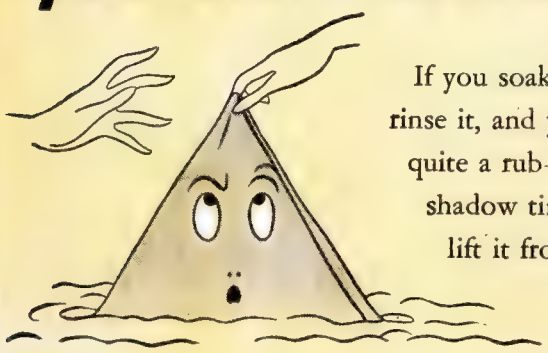
A Product of Bristol-Myers

If at first...



If you have a dainty hanky
And it's soiled and stained
and gray—And you
wash your little hanky
in the or-di-nary way . . .

you don't succeed...



If you soak it and you
rinse it, and you give it
quite a rub—Yet that ghostly
shadow tints it when you
lift it from the tub . . .

try Fels-Naptha Soap!

Don't be peevish, cross or cranky—Just remember, there is Hope! For you'll have a clean white hanky if you use FELS-NAPTHA SOAP.
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA
GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS—
FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"!

[*Continued from page 32*]

It had seemed then to her so cruelly unfair to Millie to lead Jay on when she wasn't serious about him. And everybody knew that Jay was mad about Millie.

Judy had heard Millie confide to Gloria, "But, darling, he wants me to *marry* him. Right away. And I don't know what to say because I do love him, desperately, in fact. But there's Jerry, too. And he's rather divine. I'm afraid I've let them both think I might say yes. But what else can I *do?*"

Indignation had blazed through the young Judy. She had stalked stiffly out of the room because she couldn't bear to hear them discuss Jay so callously. It was incomprehensible to her how any woman could hesitate where Jay was concerned, how Millie could be so heartless, playing with him. . . . And that moment, in addition to her new-born envy of Millie there was a shade of dislike.

SHE would hide behind the curtain in her room, watching for him, her heart pounding in her throat when she saw him come striding down the street in all his vibrant handsomeness, and watch him take the steps two at a time to jab happily at the bell. And then she would lie on the bed with her arm over her eyes and wonder what he and Millie were saying to each other.

Sometimes she would be downstairs to greet him when she knew Millie was going to be late, and he never treated her as a child, the way most of Millie's young men did. He would talk with her seriously about what was going on in the world, or about football if she started it, and sometimes he would tease her a little, asking her what she did for excitement, and drawing her out about her small doings. And when Millie came in he would continue to include Judy in the conversation and not get that glassy look in his eyes that Jerry always did.

That was the year Judy wrote in her diary, "I am terribly in love with a man who can never love me and I am destined to be an old maid because I will never love another."

That was also the year that Jay stopped coming to see Millie.

It started with Millie getting herself into a jam by making two dates for the same evening. At six o'clock on a fine cold afternoon during the Christmas holidays Millie called Judy into her room. Judy could see instantly that Millie was upset about something although she sat before her dressing table mirror applying her make-up as if that were the most important problem of her life.

Millie said, "Look, Sweetie-pie, I'm in a bit of a jam. I forgot Jay was coming tonight and I made a date with Jerry. It was imperative, I couldn't help it. And Jay wouldn't understand, he's so intense. So you've got to help me to get out of the Jay business."

Judy said, "I think that's pretty foul of you."

"Of course it is, Angel. And I wouldn't do it if it weren't imperative. And I loathe hurting Jay. He's such a darling, but I'm afraid he thinks I'm going to marry him."

"You shouldn't let him think so," Judy said. How cold and uncompromising she had been then. How she had hated Millie that moment for being unfair to Jay.

Millie had said, rubbing green eyeshadow on her white lids, "But he shouldn't be so serious, Baby. He's not out of college yet. Look, darling, you talk to him when he comes. Tell him that I'm ill, and don't let Mother get there first or she's apt to say I've gone out. You can say that I'm in bed, but not ill enough so that he'll be alarmed, and that I sent him my love and for him to call me tomorrow morning."

"I won't do it," Judy said.

Millie turned around, wide-eyed. "But you wouldn't want the poor boy to be broken-hearted, would you? You fix everything up, and I'll buy you something pretty tomorrow."

"I think you're a fool," Judy said. "Jay's worth a million Jerries." She got up and started out of the room.

"But you'll do it, won't you Angel?" Millie called after her.

She did it, all right. She sat uncomfortably in the living room with Jay, loving him so much it hurt all through her. He kept saying, between trips to the fireplace where he'd poke around among the logs until sparks crackled and flew out in all directions, "Are you sure she's all right, Small? Nothing serious?"

He said, "She's wonderful, isn't she? It's incredible that a girl could be so beautiful and be so sweet and fine, too."

Judy said, "She's wonderful, but she's not so fine. She's practically engaged to another man right now."

He looked at her searchingly for a long moment, and silence hung between them, solid as a sword.

She wanted to cry, she wanted to rush out of the room, away from him, away from life. It was suddenly too much for her, and the enormity of her crime pressed upon her, weighing her down. But it was too late to back down.

He said, "Sure of that?"

She nodded dumbly, feeling the sting of tears in her eyes. "She's not sick at all," she blurted out. "She had another date tonight, that's all." She had looked at him then pleadingly, begging him to understand and forgive her. "That's a scurvy thing for me to do, isn't it? Millie's wonderful, but she doesn't want to be serious. There are so many other girls, and Millie might break your heart, and you're so—"

He came and sat beside her and put his arm around her. "All right, Sugar, I get it. You stop worrying about me. How old are you anyway?"

"Sixteen." *But I'm not a child. I love you.*

"I'll bet you've never been kissed either, have you?"

He took her small face in his hands and kissed her, and the world rocked about her. "There's a kiss for you, Judy," he said. "Little Judy, sister of Millie."

Then he got up very gravely and said, "Good night, Small. And thank you for showing an old man the way on a stormy night."

SITTING now beside him in a taxi on the way to Millie's apartment, she thought achingly, "Oh, darling, it was because I loved you so much, and I was so terribly young. I didn't want Millie to hurt you. Or was it a little because I was jealous and didn't want her to have you? It's eaten into me for years."

Millie never knew why Jay didn't call her again. She didn't talk about it because she had too much pride. Judy heard her once saying to Gloria, "But, really, he was just *too* serious. I couldn't stand for that sort of thing."

But Millie looked a little pale and uncertain those days, her gaiety dimmed somewhat. And Judy wept in her bed at night, and prayed for forgiveness, and wondered how she could atone. Perhaps Millie really loved

[*Continued on page 44*]

McCALL'S HOMEMAKING

Who ever dreamed

Who ever dreamed
a baby-gentle floatin' soap could be a sudsin' whiz, too?

Well, here it is! Swan—as mild as the finest imported castiles! There is no purer soap! And how it suds!

Who ever dreamed
a mild-as-May floatin' soap could suds to beat the band—even in hard water?

That's Swan for you! It gives billows of baby-gentle suds that whisk away grease in the dishpan —and are they good to your hands!

Who ever dreamed
of a thrifty floatin' soap that would pamper silks 'n woolies?

Yes'm—here are suds that help colors and fabrics stay fresh! No need for strong, easy-to-waste packaged soaps now. Swan up and see!

Who ever dreamed
a floatin' soap could give more real soap per penny than any leading toilet soap?

Well, I Swan! This baby-gentle floatin' soap is saving, too! Swell for complexion and bath.

Who ever dreamed
that one floatin' soap could be two —half for kitchen, half for bath!

Swan is twins! It breaks smoothly so you get 2 grand cakes. Now you can Swan everything! Get Swan and start now!

Two convenient sizes —Large and Regular

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Swan

THE BABY-GENTLE FLOATING SOAP THAT'S A SUDSIN' WHIZ.

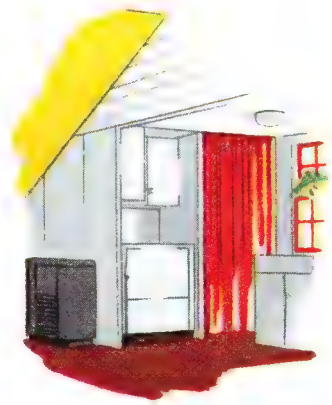
LEVER BROTHERS COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

This complete one-room apartment can be inexpensively installed even in a space as small as the attic over a 2-car garage—note the outside stairs

Need extra room? Use the attic

Are you faced with a housing shortage? Would you like to rent a little apartment to a defense worker? To a young married couple? Are you doubling up with your in-laws? Do your growing children need an extra room? Then look to your attic. You'll be surprised to see that even in small space there is . . .

. . . room for bathing. The little alcove under the eaves contains all the facilities of bathroom and kitchen, with a curtained shower in one corner, and next to it a small range. The lavatory serves as basin and sink.



. . . room for cooking. In the alcove opposite the range is a counter-height refrigerator. There are cabinets over both range and refrigerator and under the sink—a space-saving arrangement that is easy to keep.

. . . room for dining. Under the two sunny windows of the large dormer is the dining table; in its base are drawers for silver and napkins. There is an electric outlet here for table appliances; and built-in benches on each side.

. . . room for relaxation. Back of the easy chair a heater keeps the little apartment snug. The chest has desk space. And bread boards covered with pictures let down from the doors for extra shelf space for parties.

. . . room for sleeping. The couch pulls out at night into two beds. There are two closets opposite the beds and storage space in the wall behind the beds. Materials are available for remodeling of this nature.

By MARY DAVIS GILLIES and WILLIAM HAMBY

WIN and wear your star
I've enlisted
. . . if you put unused space to good use, you keep your pledge to waste nothing. Have you enlisted? See page 60

"Your first job in wartime

is to feed your family well..."

...And here are your Government's 8 simple rules to guide you →

About MILK...You don't have to drink all of it. Cook with milk. Custards, puddings, cream soups, sauces. Know what you can do with evaporated milk, condensed milk. Eat more cheese. Enjoy the new milk drinks.

About ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT...Fruit juice for breakfast. Yes--of course! But don't stop there. Try big, crisp, welcoming first-course salads. Make a happy habit of time-saving fruit desserts.

About GREEN OR YELLOW VEGETABLES...Be an adventurer. Hunt around for new ones. Celtuce, beet tops, zucchini, sliced young turnips, Chinese cabbage, sorrel, summer mustard, cultivated dandelion. Good cooked. Better RAW!

About OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT...Be original, spring surprises. Serve your old standbys new ways--buttered, baked, broiled, topped with crumbs. Serve fruit soups, salads, desserts.

About BREAD AND CEREAL ..."Enriched" flour, and bread...whole grain or "restored" cereals... that's what to look for. For variety, sweeten cereal with honey, maple sirup, corn sirup, molasses, fruit (raw or canned).

About MEAT, POULTRY OR FISH...Praise be, the less expensive cuts are just as nutritious. And they taste just as good, if you cook them well. Make friends with your meat and fish man. Shop around for specials.

About EGGS...Tired of eggs? Not if you serve them different ways--boiled, scrambled, poached, creamed, stuffed, baked--hard-cooked and sliced in lettuce nests, jelly omelets, western sandwiches, creamed eggs in bread cases.

About BUTTER AND OTHER SPREADS...Husband overworking? Children underweight? To help give them the energy they need for work and play--peanut butter, jelly, corn sirup, vitamin-fortified margarine, jam or cheese do pleasant things to crackers or bread!

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG

EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

Every day, eat this way

MILK and MILK PRODUCTS... at least a pint for everyone—more for children—or cheese or evaporated or dried milk.

BREAD and CEREAL ....whole grain products or enriched white bread and flour.

ORANGES, TOMATOES, GRAPEFRUIT ...or raw cabbage or salad greens—at least one of these.

MEAT, POULTRY or FISH ...dried beans, peas or nuts occasionally.

GREEN or YELLOW VEGETABLES ...one big helping or more—some raw, some cooked.

EGGS...at least 3 or 4 a week cooked any way you choose—or in "made" dishes.

OTHER VEGETABLES, FRUIT ...potatoes, other vegetables or fruits in season.

BUTTER and OTHER SPREADS ....vitamin-rich fats, peanut butter, and similar spreads.

Then eat other foods you also like

OFFICE OF DEFENSE HEALTH AND WELFARE SERVICES
PAUL V. McNUTT, DIRECTOR, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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by

ELIZABETH WOODY
Director of Foods
McCALL'S MAGAZINE

"Now Let's plan meals"

says ELIZABETH WOODY

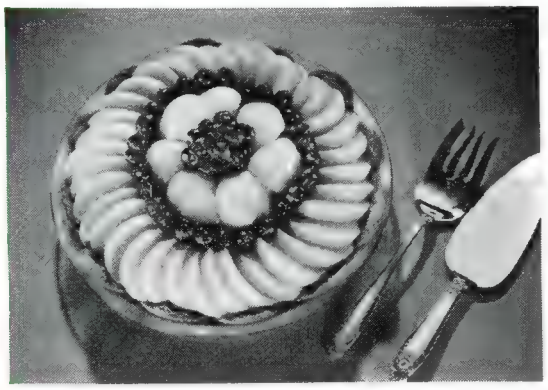
Fifteen-year-old "Pat" Piper O.K.'s Mother's meringue even before it's browned. And I'm proud to report that Mrs. Piper said she'd never made a better pie than our ✶CHOCOLATE CREAM LAYER PIE (see recipe below)

"THE PIPER FAMILY LIKES PIE..."

"And I'm proud of being a prize pie-maker. You needn't talk nutrition to me if it means no more pies for the Pipers!"

She smiled when she said it, but Mrs. Charles Piper, of 173 North Mountain Avenue, Montclair, New Jersey, wasn't fooling!

"Whoa! Calm down and back up...who said pies and good nutrition don't mix?" I asked. "They're a wonderful way to serve fruit and eggs and extra milk. For instance...



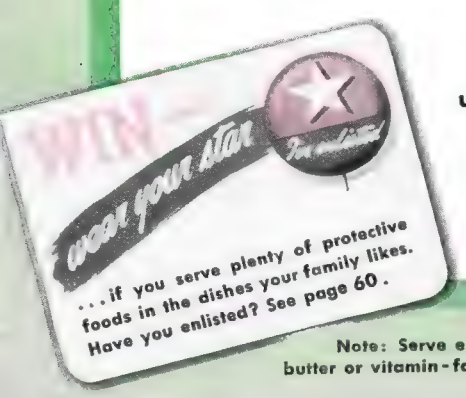
"...there's ✶FRESH CHERRY-PEACH PIE

Dissolve 1 pkg. orange gelatin according to directions; chill until sirupy. To 1½ cups add ½ cup each pitted black cherries, sliced peaches. Pour into 8" ✶Gingersnap Crumb Pie Shell. Chill. Top with additional fruit; add remaining gelatin. Chill.

✶Gingersnap Crumb Pie Shell: Mix ¾ cup gingersnap crumbs, 3 tablespoons sugar. Blend in ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Press into 8" pie pan.

"...and ✶CHOCOLATE CREAM LAYER PIE

Start with a baked shell of your flakiest pastry. Then make a full recipe of your favorite vanilla cream filling, and to half of it add one melted square of unsweetened chocolate. Pour the plain filling into the shell, cover with the chocolate filling and swirl on a good, thick meringue. Bake in a moderate oven (325°F.) 20 minutes.



"And here's how I'd use them in a week's balanced meals!"

Costs

$13.45

to serve four

	BREAKFAST	LUNCH OR SUPPER	DINNER
SUNDAY	Peach Nectar Waffles with Molasses Bacon Curls Coffee Malt-Cocoa	Cheese Rarebit on Toast Watercress and Orange Salad Tea Cocoa	Braised Flank with Bread-and-Onion Stuffing Spinach Browned Potatoes Carrot Strips ✶Chocolate Cream Layer Pie Iced Coffee or Tea Milk
MONDAY	Grapefruit Juice Ready-to-Serve Cereal Jelly Omelet Whole-wheat Toast Coffee Cocoa	Ready-to-Serve Meat Slices Potato and Carrot Salad Raspberry Rennet Custard Iced Tea Malted Milk	Creamed Spaghetti, Chopped Flank and Onion Casserole Mixed Green Salad with Cooked Egg Yolk Garnish Spiced Peach Cup Coffee or Tea Milk
TUESDAY	Cooked Cereal with Prunes Crisp Bacon Strips Drop Biscuits Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Peanut Butter Sandwiches Cottage Cheese and Onion Salad Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Creamed Green Beans Tomato and Cucumber Salad Spiced Apricots Top Milk Iced Coffee or Tea Milk
WEDNESDAY	Orange Juice Mixed Ready-to-Serve Cereal Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Cocoa	Meat Loaf Sandwiches Coleslaw Butterscotch Tapioca Iced Tea Milk	Fried Chicken Pan Gravy Mashed Potatoes Whole Kernel Corn Radish Salad Melon Slices Coffee or Tea Malt-Cocoa
THURSDAY	Grapefruit Sections Cooked Cereal Honey-Cinnamon Toast Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Egg Salad Sandwiches Chocolate Pudding Tea Milk	Liver Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Cabbage and Carrot Salad ✶Fresh Cherry-Peach Pie Iced Coffee or Tea Malted Milk
FRIDAY	Plums Sautéed Sliced Cooked Cereal Sautéed Bologna Slices Whole-wheat Toast Coffee Cocoa	Chopped Chicken and Brown Rice with Chicken Gravy Green Beans Melon Ball Salad Iced Tea Malt-Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Hashed Brown Potatoes Beet Greens Sliced Tomato Salad Orange Milk Sherbet Coffee or Tea Milk
SATURDAY	Orange Slices Ready-to-Serve Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Triangles Coffee Malted Milk	Cream of Asparagus Soup Kidney Bean, Onion and Cabbage Salad Sugar Cookies Tea Milk	Broiled Split Frankfurters Creamed Potatoes and Peas Cherry Gelatine Salad French Dressing Coffee or Tea Milk

Note: Serve enriched or whole-wheat bread and butter or vitamin-fortified margarine with every meal.

EAT AN EGG A DAY
... The Experts Say!

Most of us need more iron—and eggs are rich in it! They are also a good source of vitamin A—and one of the few foods that furnish vitamin D (the sunshine vitamin) so necessary for healthy bones and teeth. Like milk, meat and cheese, eggs supply body-building proteins. To protect your family's health, plan on 3 or 4 eggs a week per person, one a day when possible.

Notes! ON EGG COOKERY

EGGS ARE PERISHABLE. Keep them in the refrigerator—away from strong food odors. But remember, putting a very cold egg into boiling water often cracks the shell.

ADVICE ON HOW to cook eggs: Don't *boil* them—just place eggs in hot water, keep at simmering heat 4 to 6 minutes for "soft-boiled", 25 minutes for "hard-boiled." Always cook eggs with low heat.

FOR CONVALESCENTS eggs are especially important—as builder-uppers.

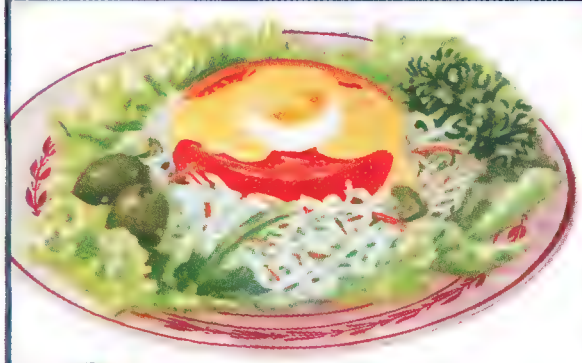
ONLY FRESHEST EGGS should be used for poaching. A half teaspoon of Heinz Vinegar in the water keeps eggs shapely and tender.

A DASH OF HEINZ Worcestershire or 57 Beefsteak Sauce is *inspiration* for scrambled or fried eggs.

SHIRRED EGGS AND SAUSAGES NEW ORLEANS STYLE

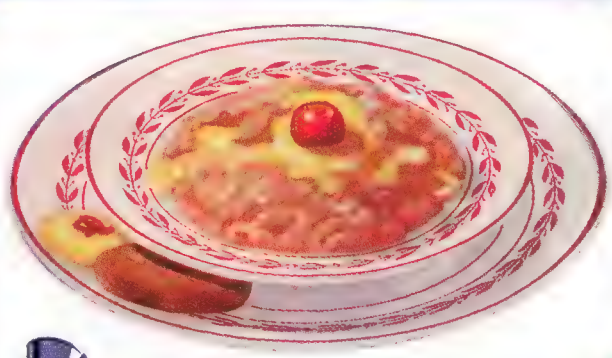
(Lunch or supper "quickie" with a teasing, spicy aroma words can't describe)

● Brown 6 link sausages. Place in shallow oven-proof dish. Cover with ½ cup Heinz Chili Sauce. Break 4 or 6 eggs over Chili Sauce. Season eggs. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 12 to 20 minutes.



EGG RAVIGOTE ***(Easy, "different" first course for company dinner)***

● Place thick slice of tomato over mound of coleslaw. Top with half hard-cooked egg (cut lengthwise). Mask with Ravigote Dressing: ½ cup Heinz Mayonnaise, ¼ cup cream, 1 tsp. chopped parsley, 1 tsp. Heinz Worcestershire Sauce.



SPICY APPLE WHIP ***(Delectable emergency dessert for the whole family)***

● Beat 3 egg whites till stiff but not dry. Fold in ⅔ cup rich, old-fashioned Heinz Apple Butter, 2 tsp. lemon juice. Chill for about ½ hour. Serve plain or with thin custard sauce made from 3 egg yolks. You'll find this one of the *easiest* of all desserts!

GOLD AND GREEN SALAD ***(Delicious new way to combine leafy greens and eggs)***

● Cook 1 lb. spinach (or other greens) just till tender. Drain, cool. Combine with dressing made of ¼ cup Heinz Cider Vinegar, ¼ cup Heinz Olive Oil, dash of salt, pepper and paprika. Mound on plate. Garnish with alternate slices of hard-cooked eggs and tomato wedges.

Heinz 57 Varieties

HEINZ CIDER VINEGAR has a fine, full-bodied zest, for it's patiently mellowed in wood . . . like rare old wine . . . until it's so concentrated and sparkling just a *little* bit points up all the fine hidden flavors of your salads. It's also good for tenderizing meats.

HEINZ CHILI SAUCE is cooked from Heinz own vine-ripened, "aristocrat" tomatoes seasoned to racy, zesty perfection with the rarest of imported spices. This thick, robust condiment is wonderful on left-over meats, egg dishes and fish—grand with ham sandwiches.

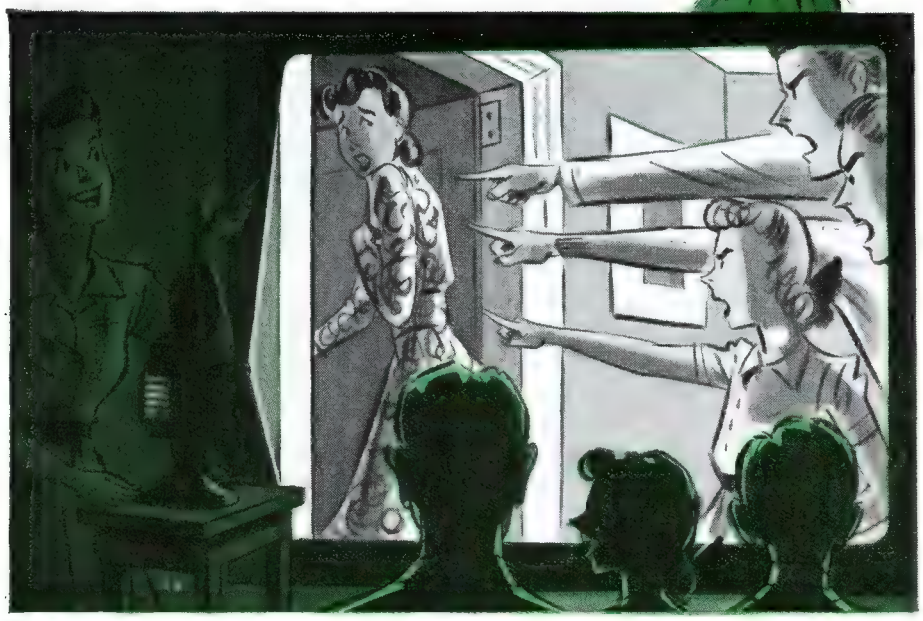
HEINZ SALAD DRESSING is made from genuine Heinz Pure Vinegar and other equally choice ingredients!

HEINZ 57 BEEFSTEAK SAUCE—a blend of choice tropical and domestic fruits, vegetables and spices—peps up meats.

"We call this reel...

A 'ONE-DRESSING' WOMAN REFORMS

...starring the whole family"



"That's me...see...a 'one-dressing' woman...with the whole family turned against me. They're sick and tired of my plopping the same old dressing on our salads. Tell me to go!...go!...never darken the doorway again."

"Now I'm having an idea. I'm remembering the Wesson QUIK-CHANGE Recipe... how, by using the same basic recipe, and making just *one* change of ingredient, you can have DIFFERENT-TASTING homemade dressings in next to no time."

"I've made a Wesson dressing! Ah!... now all is forgiven. Everybody agrees Wesson is wonderful...all agree not to cast me out if I solemnly promise to serve a Wesson dressing every night. I do. And we all live happily ever after."

CUT THIS OUT AND TRY IT!

AVOID "SALAD SAMENESS" *with*

Wesson's "*Quik-Change*" Dressing Recipe

Mix! Shake in jar! 2 minutes!

½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon sugar
Dash white pepper
½ teaspoon dry mustard
¾ cup WESSON OIL
¼ cup vinegar

The recipe above makes a delicious dressing for general use.

For variety, you may add:

4½ tablespoons India Relish for **tossed green salads;**

½ cup strained honey for **fruit salads;**

3 tablespoons horseradish for **combination salads;**

½ cup tomato juice for **sea food salads.**

After addition of the QUIK-CHANGE ingredient shake all dressings until well blended.

Wesson *AMERICA'S NUMBER 1 SALAD OIL...EXCELLENT FOR WAFFLES, FRYING AND ALL COOKING*

ADD SALADS TO YOUR VITAMIN LIST

Penny savers

Workable ways to help you stretch your food dollar

We certainly started something when we suggested swapping Penny Savers! In exchange for the half-dozen hints from our Food Staff members which appeared in the April issue, hundreds of ingenious ideas have come rolling in with every mail!

The Food Staff takes a back seat this month and turns over all our Penny Savers spaces to readers. And, as we promised, we have sent to each reader whose suggestion we've printed a $5 War Savings Stamp. With the stamps go our congratulations and our thanks—and our admiration for our readers' ingenuity.

How many of these

PENNY SAVER NO. 7

Leftover breakfast cereals, oatmeal, farina, corn meal, etc., can be made into casserole dishes with cheese, onion and tomato sauce, or into desserts if sweetening, such as honey, molasses, or brown sugar, and flavoring are added. Mold, and serve with crushed fruit or with cream. I often mold it, slice and fry in deep fat and use it as a garnish for egg or creamed meat dishes.

—MRS. ALBERT R. ELWELL, MEETEETSE, WYOMING

PENNY SAVER NO. 8

Don't throw out that ketchup bottle when there is still a little ketchup sticking to the sides and bottom of the bottle, usually about ¼ cup. Combine the ingredients of your favorite French dressing and pour into the bottle. Shake well before using.

—JEAN M. STREATER,
424 FOUNTAIN ST., MANKATO, MINN.

PENNY SAVER NO. 9

Save even the smallest amounts of leftover meat, vegetables, and the buttery liquid from vegetables served at the table. Later on these bits can be added to plain condensed tomato soup to make a most palatable "Refrigerator Soup." A small bundle of salvaged celery tops tied together and left in the soup while it simmers adds flavor.

—MRS. STEPHEN A. MCCARTHY,
1828 KINGS HIGHWAY, LINCOLN, NEB.

PENNY SAVER NO. 10

When you have finished squeezing the juice from oranges and lemons save the shells and grate them for future use in puddings, biscuits and breads. They can be stored easily in your refrigerator if placed in a covered jar. The flavor adds zest to your meals at no expense.

—MRS. T. H. GUSTAFSON,
33 INWOOD PL., BUFFALO, N. Y.

MORE PENNY SAVERS—5c. Make your food money go further and your menus more interesting. Add this to your McCall Victory Library (25c), a binder of wartime leaflets

are new to you?

PENNY SAVER NO. 11

Several years ago, to get a cake frosting that would not be over-sweet, I began to substitute flour for part of the confectioner's sugar in butter frosting. There was no thought of saving sugar then, but things are different now. I use one-third as much flour as sugar and the frosting is smoother than one made entirely of sugar.

—Annetta E. Schirner,
2029 Ealer Ave., Easton, Penna.

PENNY SAVER NO. 12

Put those fragmentary, not-enough-to-save-for-another-meal bits of meat and vegetables through a meat-grinder together, moisten and season the mixture, and use it for a hearty and delicious sandwich spread. The remnants of a stew are particularly good for this.

—Mrs. Daniel Constant,
General Delivery, Odessa, Tex.

PENNY SAVER NO. 13

If you entertain often or have thirsty children every afternoon, it is handy to have a large jug of vegetable juices on hand for cocktails and afternoon pick-ups. We save all the water from our cooked vegetables and store in the refrigerator. It is fun to experiment with different combinations by adding tomato juice, sauerkraut juice, etc.

—Mrs. H. R. Mustard,
Garfield Rd., Gallipolis, Ohio.

PENNY SAVER NO. 14

To use leftover egg yolks: Poach firm, drain, cool and sieve. Use them as a garnish for salads.

—Wilma Gilchrist,
11 Stoddard Ave.,
Glens Falls, N. Y.

Meet the DESSERT-of-the-MONTH

RECIPE

CHOCOLATE MALTED DELIGHT

Looking for a way to put a scrumptious dessert before your puddin'-pleaders without putting hours in the kitchen? Lady —*you've found it!* Make 'em this luscious, mouth-watering *Chocolate Malted Delight*—a cheer-getting treat in practically no-work form.

1 package Royal Chocolate Pudding
2 cups milk
½ cup cream
2 tablespoons malted milk

Mix pudding with milk. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until mixture thickens and boils up once. Remove from heat. Pour into sherbet glasses; chill. Whip cream until it begins to thicken. Slowly add malted milk and a little sugar to taste. Continue beating until stiff. Use as topping on the chocolate pudding just before serving. Decorate with gay candy "confetti" if desired. 4 servings.

NOTE: Royal Puddings: Chocolate, Butterscotch, and Vanilla, are made with *Arrowroot*—the starch so widely favored for child nutrition! *And* they are so downright delicious just "as is," you can turn them into glorious desserts without using one grain of your precious sugar!!!

Women buy more
ROYAL PUDDINGS
than any other kind!

"SAILFISH ON THE CENTER LINE!"

Captain Harold Andrews, Skipper of the *Riptide*, deep-sea fishing yacht, stalks the Gulf Stream off the coast of Florida coaxing the big ones to rise to the baits skipping along the water off the stern. When a coveted "sail" or blue marlin strikes, Captain Andrews springs into action . . . manoeuvring the boat . . . shouting instructions . . . directing the crew until the prize is safely aboard, and another "catch" pennant goes up on the outrigger.

He's a "Self-Starter" Keeping tackle and gear in first-class condition keeps Captain Andrews busy every minute ashore. He says: "I've got to be wide-awake all the time to get charter business for our boat. For my money, there's nothing to help start you off right like Kellogg's Corn Flakes with fruit and milk. Boy!—there's a dish! Economical, too, because the price of Kellogg's Corn Flakes hasn't gone up."

The "Self-Starter Breakfast" A big bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with some fruit and lots of milk. It gives you **VITAMINS, MINERALS, PROTEINS, FOOD-ENERGY,** plus the famous FLAVOR of Kellogg's Corn Flakes that *tastes so good* it sharpens your appetite, makes you *want* to eat. *Hits the spot for lunch, supper, bedtime, too. Also ask for it in hotels, restaurants, dining cars.*

Every Kellogg cereal is made of *WHOLE GRAIN* or is now being restored to *WHOLE GRAIN VITAMIN B*, value

YESTERDAY YOU KISSED ME

[Continued from page 34]

him after all. Perhaps she had ruined two lives.

Two years after that Millie met Mac, and after her third date with him there was no longer a gang of young people around the house. Only Mac, evening after evening. And Millie had married Mac, against the feeble protests of her parents who couldn't understand why Millie, who could have any man she wanted, should choose one who was barely able to support a wife.

Judy went to the little apartment often, and saw Millie, still incredibly beautiful, being an incredibly good wife to Mac. And although Jay's name was never mentioned, Judy would think, "Perhaps she would have made Jay a good wife, too."

OVER the years Judy had had several tantalizing glimpses of Jay. Once she had seen him on the street ahead of her, and she ran toward him, her heart pounding furiously, only to see him get into a taxi and drive off, and she had stood there, sobbing under her breath, beating her fists impotently together.

Another time, from the dance floor of a night club she had seen him seated at a table with a pretty blonde girl, and the old nervous pounding started in her again and she hadn't heard what her partner was saying; and when the music stopped and she hurried to pass his table, he had gone.

And so she had started seriously about the business of putting him out of her mind. "A kid crush," she would say to herself. "Everyone has them. And if others get over them, I can too." So she had thought and believed, until that moment when she had glanced up and seen him sitting at the bar.

Pete said, "Here we are. Judy, what are you staring into space about?"

They stood in front of Millie's door, and Judy wondered how Jay could look so untouched, so casual about the whole thing. *Is his heart pounding like mine?*

The door opened, and Millie was there, glowing at them, wearing a housecoat in her favorite shade of pale pink that was so striking and unusual with her red hair.

She said, "Sweetie-pie!" and kissed Judy, and then she saw Jay.

Her eyes went wide, and she smiled and said, "Well, blow me down, if it isn't old Yea, Hammond!"

Jay said, "Hello, Melisande," and they both laughed, for there had been a period when Millie thought the name Millicent didn't suit her and tried to change it to Melisande, only it never took.

Millie said, "Pete, you sweet darling. Come in, come in, my friends. Mac is working late and won't be home for hours, poor dear, and it's wonderful to have company. The minimus has been acting up a bit, cutting a tooth or something, but he's finally quieted down. How are Mother and Dad, Judy?"

Judy said, "Fine," and she was thinking, "You are fine, Millie. You've made a good thing of your marriage, even though nobody thought it would work, and you've never taken a cent from Mother and Dad to help you."

She looked at Jay, wondering if he saw that too, wondering if his heart was aching for what he had lost. She looked from him to Millie. But if they were experiencing some deep undercurrent of feeling, it wasn't apparent upon their bland faces. Judy knew only what was in her own heart; she couldn't read into the others.

There was a whimper from the room beyond, and Millie jumped up and left them. Judy followed her slowly, into the nursery where one child slept, while the other stirred restlessly in his crib.

When Millie turned from the baby, Judy said, "Millie, do you ever think of Jay? Do you regret—?"

Millie laughed softly. "Darling, that was puppy love. Why, good heavens, if I'd taken him seriously I'd have missed Mac. When love really hits you, you know it." She smiled and gave a little sigh. "It was fun, there's no getting around that. But this—" She spread her lovely hands, "There's nothing like it."

Judy's eyes were shining and there was a lump in her throat. "Really, Millie? You mean it?"

"Well, you silly child. Why do you suppose I married Mac?"

Because I thought you were grieving for Jay. I've felt so guilty all these years because I thought I drove you into a marriage with a second best.

They went back into the living-room and Pete said, "I've got to get going. So if you want me to drop you off, Judy—"

Jay said, "I'll take her home, if you're in a hurry."

Pete stood in indecision for a moment, and Judy thought. Goodbye. Pete. You'll find out how it is some day too. And I can't feel really sorry for you. There will be a lot of girls to moon over you in your uniform, and you can be proud and go on to glory. But Jay hasn't got that anymore, and he needs someone who understands. . . .

SHE was alone with Jay, after all the years, in a taxi with him, and she had to hold her breath to keep from crying out his name, from pouring it all out to him.

He was looking at her, and smiling, and she had to turn away because she couldn't bear to look at him.

She said, "Jay, are you still in love with Millie?"

He said, "Why Small. I haven't been in love with her for years. There was a time when I thought I'd die if she didn't marry me, but it's a good thing something broke us up, whatever it was. She's a wonderful girl but we wouldn't have made a go of it together."

You don't even remember that it was I who broke it up, she thought incredulously. *Am I the only one who's suffered all these years?*

He said, "I kissed you once, do you remember? You frightened me a little, you were so intense. And I felt like a heel about it, because you were such a baby. But I'd like to try it again, now that you're all grown up—if you'll let me."

She looked at him, and he wasn't the beautiful golden youth of those other years. He was a man, grown a little disillusioned and a little bitter by the years and circumstances, but he was all she wanted and ever had wanted.

She put her hand to his face, and her throat was tight with tears and she didn't know if it was because she was happy or because she wanted to cry for all those years that had been lost along the way.

She said, "Of course I'll let you, darling."

THE REST OF MY LIFE WITH YOU

[Beginning on page 24]

Irene followed Mary out of the room and stood saying goodbye to her and Lynn. She thought, not for the first time, they should be married, these two. They belong together. She thought, also not for the first time, what a tragic waste it was, that they could not marry

But Mathew didn't agree with her. The first time she had spoken of it, he had said with quite obvious revulsion that he couldn't imagine his mother married, that is to say, remarried. Her life was perfect as it was, she had everything she wanted, friends, work, a marvellous time. A man would be only an intruder. It would also be, he argued upon that occasion, too damned difficult for her to adjust herself to a different way of life. She was nearly fifty, remember, even if she didn't look it.

When the door had closed, Mathew went back into the living-room and looked with concern upon the general disorder. He opened his mouth and yelled for Nellie.

"How about some picking up?" he demanded, "place looks like a cyclone had struck it. Where's Kate?"

"She's gone, Mr. Mathew," Nellie reported, collecting glasses, plumping up cushions, straightening rugs and books. Irene moved to help her but Nellie said swiftly under her breath, "No, you sit down, Mrs. Norman, you don't need to do this and you know you shouldn't, just now."

Irene grew scarlet. Apparently you could keep matters from Mathew but not from Nellie. Before she could answer or even look warningly at the elderly, round-faced woman, Nellie chuckled. "I seen what you've been eating," she said firmly, "and *not* eating."

Mathew was chewing on a dead pipe, sitting with his legs stretched out long in a big chair. He commented, "God, it's hot." And asked, yawning, "What are you two gossiping about anyway?"

"Nothing," Irene said quickly, "I was just telling Nellie that her aspic was marvellous. I thought Bill Taylor would burst."

"Naturally," said Mathew, "Nellie never fails." He smiled, "Go to bed, Nellie," he said, "you must be tired. Irene, come here. I'm too comfortable to move."

The room was tidy. Order had been restored. Nellie could go to bed.

IRENE came docilely and sat on the arm of his chair and he pulled her down on his lap. "Well, old lady," he said contentedly, "three years. A long time for any woman to hold a man like me." He laughed and hugged her. "I'm a very fortunate guy," he added. "Wife like you, mother like mine, couple of swell partners—" He yawned again.

Irene said faintly, "I think I'll go to bed."

She felt ill and immoderately exhausted. Mathew loosened his grasp, and looked at her.

"What's the matter?" he demanded sharply.

She did not answer. The shadows under her lids and her eyelids themselves were blue. He rose, with her in his arms, carried her to the bedroom and put her on the bed. He took her pulse and frowned. She said, "I'm all right . . . don't fuss."

"You keep quiet," he said.

"Nellie! Get me some spirits of ammonia—and step on it."

Nellie brought the bottle, a glass and a teaspoon. The rim of the glass clattered against Irene's teeth, and a little liquid spilled. Presently the color came back in her face. Nellie said, "She's all right."

MATHEW asked blankly, "What's wrong with her?"

"You," Nellie said, "are a fine doctor," and departed.

He didn't hear. He was asking questions but Irene shook her head and sat up.

"I'm fine," she said calmly, "and for heaven's sake, stop. You needn't worry about a diagnosis. I'll tell *you* . . . we're going to have a baby."

"Good God," said Mathew blankly. He took her in his arms and kissed her. He said, "You poor kid." He said, "Lord, this is great." He asked, "Have you seen Leming?"

"Today at lunch time. I've suspected for quite a while, but I wasn't sure and—"

"Some nurse you turned out to be and as for me—!" He chuckled. He said, firmly, "Out of the office you must go."

"I know. I'll hate it."

"Not as much as I shall."

She said, "Let me stay on a little while longer if only to break in a new nurse. I know one, and I think she'd come. Elizabeth Nelson. She was in my class."

"Nelson?" He frowned. "Tall blonde girl, good figure?"

"That's the one," said Irene laughing. "But it would be more to the point if you had remembered what a good nurse she is. She's tired of private duty and she wants to get married."

"Well," said Mathew, "I don't like married women in an office, I—"

"How about me?"

"You're different. First thing you know Nelson will have a baby too and it's all to do over again."

"They won't be able to afford even marriage, for a long while," said Irene, "and by then perhaps, our baby. . . ." She stopped and said it again, softly, wonderingly, "our baby will be walking and I can leave him with Nellie, and—"

"You're way ahead of me," said Mathew. "Boy, wait till mother hears this."

"She knows. I told her tonight."

He looked a little crestfallen, and Irene said swiftly, "I'm sorry, dear. But she suspected something was wrong and I had to tell her, didn't I—?"

"Of course." He leaned down, and kissed her. "This calls for a drink," he said. He went prowling out around the pantry and came back bearing a glass of champagne. He held it toward her and she touched the rim of the glass to her mouth. Mathew flung back his dark head and drank.

She insisted upon going to the office the next morning. She felt remarkably well. She thought, perhaps I've aggravated my perfectly normal symptoms because I was worried, about expense, about Mathew and the office. Now that he knows, I'll be all right. Half of this business is mental anyway.

Late in the afternoon Mathew went around to his mother's apartment. She was not at home as yet but Katie expected her any minute. She offered him iced tea, clear as amber.

"Strong enough? Would you like a cookie, Mr. Mathew?"

[*Continued on page 46*]

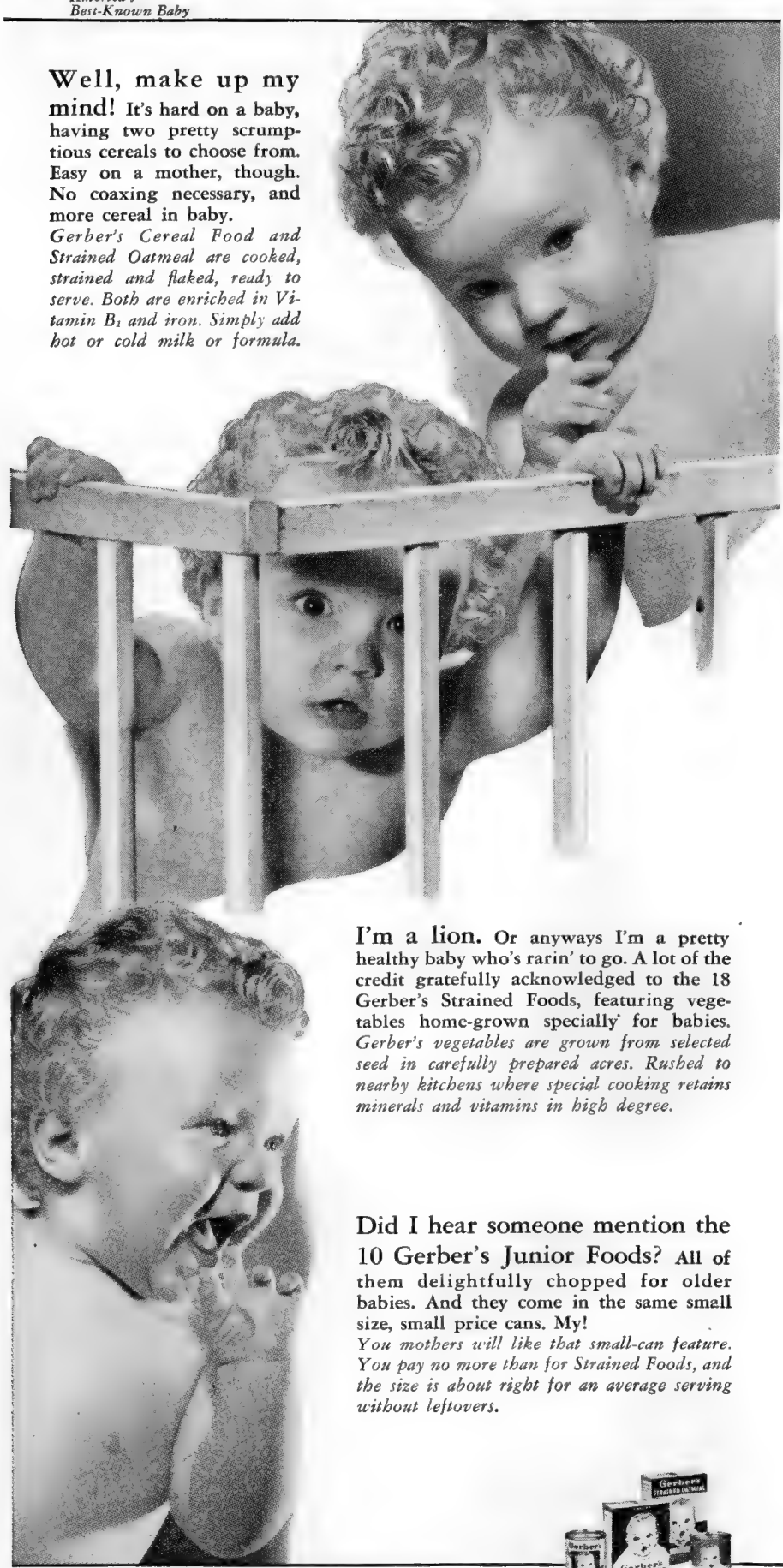
Step Up FOLKS, FOR TENDER NOURISHING WIENERS!
No Peel! No Waste! NO SKINS!
Serve It Tonight!
• SKINLESS wieners with Maryland fried potatoes. Chili sauce.
• Reliable manufacturers are proud of the name and quality of their products and glad to identify them . . . *Be sure* to look for and buy SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners that are
BANDED • BOXED • BRANDED
Skinless
HOW TO COOK SKINLESS
Bring water to a boil, then turn off heat. Drop in SKINLESS frankfurters or wieners, cover the pan and allow to stand from five to seven minutes. Because they have no skins, SKINLESS don't split open—they retain their flavory juices and food values.
DEMAND YOUR FAVORITE BRAND
MADE THE Skinless WAY
TRADE MARK
"First, I'm given a sparkling 'VISKING' casing for a coat."
'After I'm smoked my 'VISKING' coat is removed, like this."
"Here I am, with a tender, digestible surface I made myself."
BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS

America's Best-Known Baby

There never was a time when giving our babies the right food was more important. In the upset world we'll be turning over to them they'll need every bit of stamina we can provide! On this score I can assure you that Gerber's is helping satisfy the minds of a great many mothers right now!

Mrs Dan Gerber

Well, make up my mind! It's hard on a baby, having two pretty scrumptious cereals to choose from. Easy on a mother, though. No coaxing necessary, and more cereal in baby.
Gerber's Cereal Food and Strained Oatmeal are cooked, strained and flaked, ready to serve. Both are enriched in Vitamin B_1 and iron. Simply add hot or cold milk or formula.



I'm a lion. Or anyways I'm a pretty healthy baby who's rarin' to go. A lot of the credit gratefully acknowledged to the 18 Gerber's Strained Foods, featuring vegetables home-grown specially for babies.
Gerber's vegetables are grown from selected seed in carefully prepared acres. Rushed to nearby kitchens where special cooking retains minerals and vitamins in high degree.

Did I hear someone mention the 10 Gerber's Junior Foods? All of them delightfully chopped for older babies. And they come in the same small size, small price cans. My!
You mothers will like that small-can feature. You pay no more than for Strained Foods, and the size is about right for an average serving without leftovers.

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Baby Foods

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY

Free Samples

Gerber's, Dep't. 57, Fremont, Mich.
Please send me free samples of Gerber's Strained Oatmeal and Gerber's Cereal Food.

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[*Continued from page 45*]

"Strong enough to walk on. Perfect, in fact. Two cookies, Kate. I can't wait longer than two cookies."

The smaller apartment Mary had leased was very pleasant. He sat there, relaxed, feeling very comfortable. When he was half-way through the second cookie Mary came in, carrying her hat in her hand. Her head ached dully from the heat and from a long difficult interview with a recalcitrant client.

"Mathew, my dear," she exclaimed.

"Hi, Grandma," said Mathew. He rose and set down the frosted glass, which instantly made a mark on the little table. "How does it feel?"

"Wonderful," said his mother. "I'm terribly happy for you both, and for myself. May I spoil him, please?"

"*Him!* Don't you know there are girls in the world?"

She thought, somehow, with so masculine a father one always thinks of boy babies, not that it's a scientific attitude. Aloud, she said, "But most men would like their first-born to be a son, I think."

"That's a fallacy," said Mathew, "I like girl babies, little, cuddly ones with big eyes and funny faces and all that. But it wouldn't make any difference. Well." He took her shoulders and shook her, gently. He said, "It's swell, isn't it? Now I've got to go."

"May I tell Judith?"

"Judith? Oh, Judy Lambert. Of course. Where is she?"

"In California. But they are coming back here to live. It seems that Ella hasn't been very well. And so a change of climate—"

"Sounds as if it were the wrong way round. Sure, tell her," he repeated, and felt a little self-conscious, for no good reason.

"Mathew?"

"Yes."

"Irene," his mother said quietly. "Be good to her, my dear."

His face was almost comic it was so utterly blank, amazement having momentarily erased all expression. He said, "Good to her! Look here, I don't beat my women—!"

Mary laughed. She said, "Of course not. You love her and she loves you. I was just talking as a woman talks. Any woman hearing that another woman is going through this experience finds herself instinctively wishing that everything will go well with her." She added, softly, "Your father was wonderful to me before you were born."

"Naturally," said Mathew. He bent and kissed her, " 'Bye," he said, "and you'd better start wearing bonnets. Because, next spring. . ."

She said, smiling, "I'll start saving for an electric train."

She heard him laughing, down the corridor after the door had closed behind him.

ELIZABETH NELSON, after dining with Irene and Mathew, decided that she would like to take the office position. She wanted a brief vacation before undertaking her new duties but during that time, came to the office at intervals and received her "training." She teased Irene about it unmercifully. She said, "I suppose it's being married to him, Irene," she added, "that makes you so darned fussy."

"I'm not really," Irene defended herself, "but Mathew does like everything to go smoothly. And," she added, "he is a little impatient if things don't just click along."

"I'll click for him," said Elizabeth laughing, "from 9 to 5. After that he'll have to click by himself. I've done twelve hour duty too long."

Mathew liked Elizabeth and told Irene privately that she would prove very efficient. "If she doesn't go and get married right away," he added gloomily.

Irene began to feel better as time went along and she came to the office now and then, as often as she could find an excuse to come, to help Elizabeth on specially busy days or to take over the telephone and patients while Elizabeth gave treatments. Elizabeth did not resent this, she was an amiable girl, fond of Irene, and she enjoyed working for Mathew. But, she told her fiance, privately, that Mathew was rotten spoiled. First his mother and then Irene. "It's a darned shame," she said.

Her fiance was a struggling young lawyer with an invalid mother to support and a sister to see through college. His name was Peter Moffat and he looked, Elizabeth thought, a little like Gary Cooper. He grinned at her now across the table of the little cafe where they were dining.

"What's she like?"

"Who? Oh, Mathew's mother. Grand person, lovely to look at, you'd never dream she had a son as old."

"Irene's all right," he commented, spearing some antipasto, "a little on the sober side, of course."

"But I do wish she wouldn't wait on him hand and foot," Elizabeth said. "It's a shame," she repeated, "he's really a swell person, even if he is spoiled."

"See that you don't spoil him too," said Peter sternly.

"Darling, I have no time to spoil anyone but you."

"You don't do too good a job," he said glumly. "Shall we go to a movie?"

They looked at one another in silence and in longing. There was so little comfort for lovers in all New York. They couldn't afford theatres and night clubs, even if such distraction could have helped. They could walk, and window shop, or ride on a bus. They couldn't go home to Peter's and listen to his mother complain. She was very hostile to Elizabeth in the sweetest possible way. They did not dare go to Elizabeth's, for there they would be alone, in her little room, afraid and unhappy, very much in love and listening to the landlady's step on the stairs.

Now she said, looking away from him, "I'm thinking of moving, some of the girls want me to share an apartment with them. It—it would be a place to go . . ." and she added quickly, "they'd be in and out what with dates and all."

He said quietly, "Nothing's any good, Betty. Well, how about a movie?"

THE weeks slipped past and Irene felt very well. Mathew was sweet to her, very careful of her always, but he was away a good deal. Some of his newer patients lived out of town and he was apt to be called to Long Island or Westchester. He would come home late and turn on all the lights—he loved a blaze of light—and tell Irene all about things, wrenching at his collar, flinging a shoe across the room, throwing his coat over a chair.

"It's just that she never grew up," he might say, "she had colic as a baby, she still has it. It's amazing. On a hundred thousand a year you can afford to pamper a mild belly-ache. Woman eats too much. Nothing else the matter with her, really."

"It's wicked," Irene might answer sleepily, "she must be crazy, calling you all hours of the night."

"I like 'em crazy," he'd answer, "when they pay their bills."

After he was asleep she would find she could not go back to sleep again. Often she would get up quietly and straighten out the vast confusion he always managed to leave behind him. He never noticed that she did, he was accustomed to painless order out of careless chaos.

TOWARD the end of the winter Judith Lambert returned to New York with her mother and aunt. They took an apartment in one of the hotels and Mary dined with them. She found Mrs. Lambert very subdued and quiet, "a carbon copy of herself," she told Mathew afterwards, "she was always very vivacious. Not a pretty woman at any time but an attractive one."

Mrs. Loring—the rich, redoubtable Aunt Ella, whom Mary had not seen in years—was now tremendously fat, with tiny, high-arched feet of which she was inordinately proud. She kept her hair black and her skin white, and was really prettier than she had been in her lean girlhood. She had the same air of amiable arrogance which Mary remembered from their school days, and it was no wonder that her sister was more or less erased by her overpowering presence.

"You're lovelier than ever," Eva Lambert told Mary, with her wistful smile, regarding her with dark eyes in which tragedy had faded to unhappy remembrance, and Ella agreed heartily. "That's the first thing I thought. Pity you never married again, Mary."

"Never had a chance," answered Mary.

"Nonsense," Ella said. "You're lying."

"Well, then, I never wanted to," Mary smiled.

"Why? Because of that great oaf of a boy . . . what's his name . . . Mathew?"

"Yes. Mathew."

"It's absurd," announced Ella, "to sacrifice yourself for your children. Not that I ever had any but I can see through a stone wall as well as most people. You slave and sacrifice for them and what happens? They grow up and get married and you're back where you started."

"Mathew grew up very attractively," argued his mother, "and his marriage has made me very happy."

"Fiddlesticks," said Ella crossly. "Well, bring him and his wife to dinner some time. I suppose they eat, like most people?"

"Mathew eats more than most," commented Judith. She was if anything prettier than she had been the last time Mary had seen her.

Mary said hesitantly, "That's nice of you, Ella. But Irene isn't going out much these days."

"Baby? Oh, to be sure, Judith told us. Well, I must say that's unkind of Mathew," said Ella vigorously.

"Unkind?"

"Making you a grandmother, Not that it entirely ruins your chances—as men have married grandmothers before this," said Ella wisely. "But you recall the story of the man who on being asked if he minded becoming a grandfather said, 'Lord, no, but I hate like hell to be married to a grandmother.'"

Mrs. Lambert remarked quietly that she thought it was wonderful about the baby. She added that there were women who didn't want to marry—twice.

Ella looked at her sister with impatient affection. She said, more gently, "That's so, of course."

Judith turned to Mary, "How *is* Irene?" She caught herself, and smiled. "I think of her as Irene," she admitted.

"She'd want you to," Mary said cordially, "she's very well, I think and of course, terribly happy. She'd love to see you, Judith, that is, if you'd care to—"

"I would indeed," Judith said sincerely, "if I wouldn't intrude?"

"On what, for heaven's sake? When you have a free moment, come to the shop and I'll take you up there, for tea. Can you set a day, or is that asking too much of anyone as popular as you are?"

"Not too popular," said Judith, "I've been away a long time, I have to pick up the threads."

"It shouldn't be difficult."

"It isn't," said Ella. "Judith, you make me tired. This telephone hasn't stopped ringing since we checked in." She turned to Mary, her very bright eyes twinkling. "Judith," she said, "is one of the love 'em and leave 'em girls. I've warned her. One broken engagement may be all right, even two, but if she starts adding them up on her fingers, she'll find herself an old maid."

"Your mind," said her niece, "runs on matrimony. I'm doing all right, thank you."

She turned to Mary. "Would Tuesday be all right?" she asked.

ON TUESDAY Judith and Mary had tea with Irene. They talked of trivialities. Nellie came in beaming, with tea and cheese sticks and silly little cakes, and Irene sighed. "I'm always hungry now," she said frankly, "but I've reached the stage where I'm not allowed to indulge. Mathew drives me wild," she added. "He loves fattening things and never puts on an ounce. So there he sits and eats all the things I can't eat and says, tut, tut, when I as much as *look*—"

Judith thought, fiercely, "What a brute! Couldn't he do that kind of eating, when he's out? Men are selfish, men are—"

She hadn't time to complete the thought for Mathew came in. As always he entered after the fashion of a cyclone, strewing things in his wake. It was snowing in a dismal sort of way and he scattered dampness about him, stamping his large feet.

"Hi, girls," he said cheerfully, stopped, seeing Judith.

"Judy," he exclaimed, "and better looking than ever. Come to old Uncle Mathew."

He seized her hands, swung her to her feet. She said, calmly, "None of that. I'm used to the effete West, not to Eastern cow hands."

He grinned at her.

"Nice to see you," he said. He leaned over to kiss Irene, to lay his cheek against his mother's hair. Then he raised his voice and shouted, "Nellie," he demanded, "tea, lots of it, strong. I have to go out on some calls."

Presently he sat down, with the teacup at his elbow and regarded Judith.

"Thin," he commented, "you could do with a couple of pounds. A little pale."

"Nonsense," said Judith vigorously, "I've never weighed as much as I do now and I'm as brown as coffee. Don't be absurd."

"Lipstick," he went on, "the wrong color." He laughed at her expression of outrage. "I give up," he added. "It's girls like you who starve the doctors. Thank the Lord for my chronics, not to mention my neurotics." He seized a poker and stabbed at the fire a couple of times, scattering sparks. Judith, watching Irene saw her start to rise and then think better of it.

[*Continued on page 49*]

SUPPERTIME SUNDAY, the wife's out . . . I have to fend for myself. Which is O.K. with me. For I've *never* been able to convince my wife that a guy has a right to get hungry three times a day on a Sunday.

So I go into a huddle with the icebox . . . come out with a salad. Salad? It's a *supper!* Tasty? *And how!*

I'm munching the last leaf when in strolls the wife. Is she *floored!*

"*You* made a salad and it tasted good!"

"Pooh, nothing to it," say I with a bow. "Sit down and I'll make you one." I get out the lettuce . . . the salad dressing . . .

"Oh, no wonder," says she grabbing the jar. "Of course your salad tasted good. You used my *Real* Mayonnaise."

"Just like a woman," say I. "Giving the credit for my salad to *your* salad dressing!"

"It isn't *salad dressing!* Read the label, Maestro! No starchy filler in *this*—that's why it can be labeled *Real* Mayonnaise."

And far into the night, my wife talks *Real* Mayonnaise:

Real Mayonnaise . . . Best Foods in the West, Hellmann's in the East . . . is the home kind made with only eggs, added egg yolks, salad oil, vinegar and seasonings—*no starchy filler!*

And it's really fresh—made with "FRESH-PRESS" Salad Oil, prepared each day as it's needed. That's why this *Real* Mayonnaise tastes fresher even than home-made.

"Sounds a little expensive," I mutter in my sleep.

Which hands her the last word! "For variety and economy, my dear husband, you can stretch *Real* Mayonnaise with milk or fruit juice. No starchy filler—so it stays creamy-textured. Always tastes delicious!"

SAVE JARS FOR CANNING!
Preserving Seals at cost. Write Best Foods, 88 Lexington Avenue, New York City, for details.

HIS SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPER SALAD: Cut cooked ham (or other cooked meat), tomatoes, hard-cooked eggs, and lettuce in sections as in illustration. Arrange in individual salad bowls. Garnish with cooked peas. Serve with Hellmann's or Best Foods *Real* Mayonnaise.

IN THE WEST
IN THE EAST

BEST FOODS ⇆ HELLMANN'S
Real Mayonnaise

You're welcome at

TEXACO DEALERS

originators of REGISTERED REST ROOMS

RHYMES FOR TRYING TIMES

1. Our brother is a warden now
(Air-raid, we mean, not jail!)
And it's his job to be on watch
In rain or sleet or hail.

2. Off duty, he relaxes with
An extra-soothing cup
Of tasty, fragrant Lipton Tea,
It always perks him up.

3. For Lipton Tea is ripened *slow*
Which makes its flavor grand.
While poorer teas that ripen fast
Taste flat, you understand.

4. And *that's* why Lipton is preferred
By grown-ups, lads, and lasses.
For warmer days, try Lipton iced
In tall and tinkling glasses.

LIPTON TEA

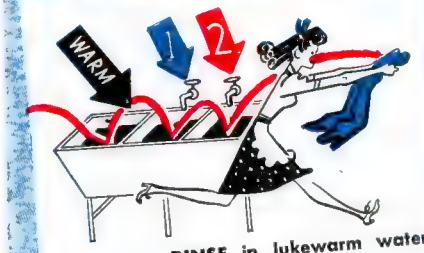
AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING BRAND

TRY THE DELICIOUS LIPTON BLEND IN MODERN, NEW-STYLE LIPTON TEA BAGS, TOO!

If you're not sure of the *Color* Here's how to wash it

1 NEVER SOAK colored clothes unless the color is fast. Non-fast colors are called fugitive. Wash them with mild soap and in lukewarm water, soft or softened, if possible.

2 WORK QUICKLY. If you use a washer, wash unfast colors only two or three minutes. Wash them often, rather than hard! Wash only garments of the same color together.



3 RINSE in lukewarm water once, in tap water twice. Get clothes out of water quickly. Wring or spin thoroughly; the less water remaining the less danger of colors running.

4 STARCH garments and linens lightly to give body and resistance to soil. If starch shows on dark colors, tint for blue garments with bluing, for browns with tea or coffee.

5 NEVER leave fugitive colors wrapped in towels. Shake out and hang in shade at once. Hang garments on hangers; hang other articles with as little fold-over as possible.

6 SPRINKLE fugitive colors just before ironing. Do not sprinkle and roll up or colors may run. With a wet sponge or atomizer, dampen any spots that aren't evenly sprinkled.

7 FOR SUCCESS, work fast during the entire washing job. And never let an un-fast color lie around while it is wet. Once color has "bled" it is almost impossible to remove.

WIN *and wear your star*

When you prolong the usefulness of fabrics, you help keep your pledge "I will take good care of the things I have." Have you enlisted? See page 60.

BY KATHLEEN ROBERTSON

HOW TO LAUNDER RAYONS — 5c. Add it to your Victory Library (25c). Send stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O. Canadian residents write: 50 York St., Toronto, Ont.

[*Continued from page 47*]

Mathew asked, "How does it feel to be home, or isn't it home any longer?"

"It shouldn't be perhaps," said Judith slowly, "after all these years. But somehow, it is. New York's—different."

"You're home all right," Mathew agreed.

She looked at him, the dark face, the clear gray eyes, the pleasure-loving mouth, and it was as if something had hit her, had inflicted a physical injury. Of course she was *home*. She was where Mathew was. That was home, it had always been, ever since she had been a leggy little girl. Once she had forgotten him—almost. She had fallen in love and out. Then she had seen him again and he had kissed her carelessly and she had gone away again thinking she could still marry the man she had met that summer in Maine. But she couldn't.

This is crazy she told herself, it doesn't make sense.

Mary spoke to her. "What's the matter, Judy?" she asked. "You are very white, look at her Mathew."

Mathew rose, came toward her.

If he touched her Judy knew she would scream, she would burst into tears or worse, into hysterical laughter. She said quickly, "I'm all right. What's wrong with all of you—" for Irene was looking at her, too, her blue eyes very concerned. "I always change color," said Judith wildly, "I'm a sort of human chameleon."

SHE thought, I must get away from here. I must never come again. I don't even *like* him, she told herself, he's selfish and ruthless and spoiled. I don't like him, yet I'm in love with him. Dear God, she thought, so terribly in love.

She could not leave, at once. After all, she had barely arrived. She sat, talked, listened and drank her excellent tea; she could hear, and she could reply with the surface of her mind, her throaty voice even, her direct very blue eyes smiling at whomever spoke to her. But underneath the surface her mind eddied and boiled, swift waters, dangerous waters.

It couldn't come like that, instant, terrifying. You couldn't be struck with it, as by a flash of lightning, you couldn't be altered, from one moment to the next. One moment a sane human being, happy enough, having fun, contented, and the next a lost creature, numb with shock, the heavens having fallen and the earth having dissolved under your feet.

It could not happen this way.

Yet it had.

No, it was always there, she thought, it had to be. That's why nothing else, no one else, was satisfactory.

She was twenty-three years old. Grown-up. Or, so she had fancied. But she had not grown-up until a moment ago.

Presently she was able to say, "I'm afraid I must go now, I'm going out to dinner."

Mathew was speaking. He was asking, "Where are you going? Maybe it's my way."

She could not look at him, she dared not.

She named her hotel and he said, cheerfully, "Right up my alley. I'll drop you off—"

"That's just what he will do," said his mother resignedly, "if you aren't careful. Demon driver."

Irene said instantly,

"He's a very good driver, really, Judith. You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," Judith said, trying to inject the proper amount of indignation into her denial. Her voice sounded too loud in her own ears. And she imagined that everyone looked at her curiously.

"Then come along, Judy, your dinner date won't mind being kept waiting while you beautify yourself but my patient will raise particular Cain. How about you, Mother?"

"I'm staying for dinner."

"Steady boarder," Mathew grumbled. "Judy, will you get going?"

Judith kissed Mary and took Irene's hand. She said, "I'll see you soon, I hope," and somehow escaped from the pleasant room with the firelight and its air of waiting and intimacy. But it was not escape, for Mathew was beside her. He had his hand on her arm and she held herself completely rigid, willing herself savagely not to pay any attention to it, not to feel, not to think.

They went outside and the wind blew chilly and wet, the lazy flakes came down and melted. And Mathew said, taking her toward the car, "Don't slip. . . No, do slip. I have a way with ankles." He laughed and added, "Some buffalo robe you have there."

It was a mink coat, dark, silky, Aunt Ella's last Christmas gift. The snow stung Judith's eyelids—was it all the snow—? and settled briefly on her bright brown hair and the little cap of mink. She said, "Aunt Ella's very generous. . ."

"Who's her doctor?" Mathew demanded.

He put her in the car and they started for the hotel. He drove too fast, but she was not afraid; not of his driving, nor of the slithery streets nor the startled policemen. One stopped them and Mathew said, his license ready, "I'm going out on a call."

The officer looked dubiously at Judith, shook his head, said, "I'm warning you, Doc," and let them go on.

"I can get out of anything," said Mathew complacently, and she could have killed him.

He talked of Irene on the way to the hotel. He talked of his mother and his work. He talked, without embarrassment, of the baby.

"Seems silly, doesn't it?" he said, "me with a kid!"

She said, a little tartly, "It doesn't seem silly to Irene."

"Oh, women," said Mathew, dismissing them, with tolerant affection, "she and mother drive me nuts. So many dozens of this, so many dozens of that. Twice in his life a man is completely submerged, on his wedding day and when he is an expectant father."

THEY were almost at the hotel. Now they were there. She felt his hand on hers. She heard him say, "So long, be seein' you—" and saw the car shoot away to make the light. She was unaware of how long she stood on the wet cold pavement to watch it.

"Have a good time?" her mother wanted to know, and "Tell us all about it," urged Aunt Ella.

She said, "It's late, I have to bathe and dress and then fly."

"Jimmy Treadway?" asked Aunt Ella and her manicured eyebrow twitched.

"The same," said Judith.

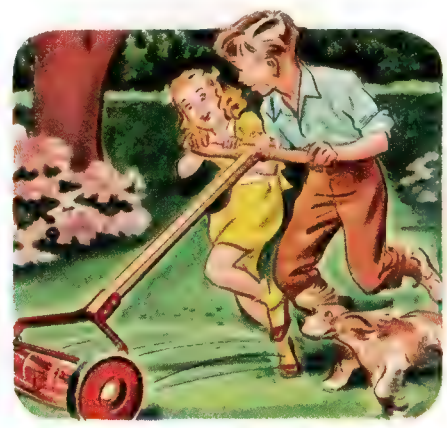
She had met him in California. He was playing polo there. He was very eligible and very good-looking and, she thought, rather in love with her although he hadn't gotten around to saying it yet. For a little while she had thought it would be easy to love six feet of amusing manhood, and six million dollars. Now it wouldn't be easy.

[*Continued on page 52*]

It's up to me to keep my family fit with nutritious foods

"I'm following our Nutritional Authorities' advice to Americans, by including in my daily menus the recommended types of food. High among these stand the whole grain foods, recognized as sources of energy values, vitamins and minerals. And the refreshing, nut-like flavor of Nabisco Shredded Wheat—100% whole wheat in its most delicious form—makes it mighty easy to follow this important rule of nutrition. Here, too, is a good source of Vitamin B_1 as *Nature* provides it."

OUR HOME FRONT lies in the kitchens of American homes. When breakfast is built around Nabisco Shredded Wheat (with milk and peaches or other fruit), this nutritious breakfast brings better days for every member of the family. Ask for it by the *full name*—Nabisco Shredded Wheat.



CHILDREN, TOO, CAN HELP. And they, also, need energy foods. Nabisco Shredded Wheat gives all of whole wheat's energy. It is, as well, a good source, per ounce *as eaten*, of Vitamin B_1 as *Nature* provides it—the vitamin that helps convert other foods into up-and-coming energy.

A good source of Vitamin B1 as Nature provides it
U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
THIS TYPE OF FOOD IS AMONG THOSE RECOMMENDED IN THE NUTRITION FOOD RULES
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EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD
NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT
The Original NIAGARA FALLS PRODUCT
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Baked by NABISCO . . . NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Make Your Sugar Go Twice as Far!

In fact, you get more than twice as many glasses—this Sure-Jell sugar-saving way!

STAND UP and cheer, home jelly-makers! Here's a way to get *more than twice as much* jelly, jam, or marmalade from the sugar you use, with Sure-Jell! Smart housewives by the thousands are already trying this new plan, using it, *proving* it works!

Sensible . . . Patriotic . . .
S-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s Sugar!

Easy? You bet! Just listen: First of all, the short-boil method with Sure-Jell, even when *all* sugar is used, would give more jelly per pound of sugar. Now we've discovered that if you simply do this—substitute any popular light corn syrup for half the cups of sugar in any Sure-Jell recipe, you make your jelly-making sugar go *more than twice as far*—and still get the same marvelous, sure results that Sure-Jell always gave you!

After all, however much sugar you've got, it's so important this year to use it most productively. And this way, you conserve America's health-giving fruits as fast as they ripen . . . while stocking your pantry with delicious, wholesome sweets for your family in the winter days ahead.

Be Sure the Pectin You Use Is Sure-Jell

Remember — Sure-Jell gives you 60 tried and tested recipes in every package, each worked out especially for sure success with one particular kind of fruit. So for best results with this new sugar-saving plan—be sure to follow the Sure-Jell recipes! Your grocer has Sure-Jell now.

S-T-R-E-T-C-H YOUR JELLY YIELD from the sugar you use! Make jams and jellies the new Sure-Jell way that gives you *more than twice as many glasses*, as described in this article.

Look how Sure-Jell s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s sugar . . . saves time, work too! No wonder it's America's largest selling Powdered Pectin Product

S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S SUGAR! SURE-JELL's short boil *can't* boil down juice—you actually get *more jelly* per cup of sugar! You may substitute light corn syrup for ½ the cups of sugar required in any SURE-JELL recipe.

HELPS YOU GET SURE RESULTS . . . the same every time . . . even with hard-to-jell fruits.

INEXPENSIVE, easy to handle — convenient *powdered* form doesn't dilute fruit.

60 EASY RECIPES in your SURE-JELL folder, home-tested by 2,100 women for success with each fruit.

MAKES THE MOST OF YOUR FRUIT—a bigger showing of *more delicious* jams and jellies!

A Product of General Foods

MON.

Wash Day and . . .

HEARTY VEGETABLE CHOWDER
Brown ¼ cup diced salt pork, ½ cup chopped onion. Add 2 cups diced potato, 1 cup diced carrot, 2 cups boiling water; cook. Add 2 cups cream-style corn, 4 cups milk, 2 teaspoons salt. Serves 4.

How to do: Bring to boil on High; turn to Low (on 5-heat unit turn switch to 2nd Lowest); cook 1 hr. Add milk, corn, salt; reheat on High. Top with crisp crackers.

The well-cooker of your electric range means cool and economical cooking. Because of heavy insulation, once a food starts boiling, little current is needed to finish cooking.

TUES.

Ironing Day and . . .

CHILI CON CARNE
Soak 2 cups kidney beans overnight. Brown ¼ cup chopped suet, 1 lb. cubed chuck beef, ½ cup chopped onion; add beans, 1 tablespoon chili powder, 6 diced tomatoes, 2 teaspoons salt. Serves 4.

How to do: To lively steam on High; turn to Low (on 5-heat unit, to 2nd Lowest); cook 2½ hrs.

Extra! Sweeten pears with honey; steam in pan on trivet 1 hr.

New well-cookers have 5 or more speeds—the same as the other units of your modern electric range. Bring foods quickly to boil on HIGH and finish cooking on a LOW heat.

WED.

Red Cross Day and . . .

BRAISED LIVER AND ONIONS
Roll 2 lbs. liver, unsliced, in 3 tablespoons flour; brown in ¼ cup fat or salad oil; add 6 sliced onions, 6 potatoes, 2 teaspoons salt, few grains pepper. Serves 6.

How to do: Bring to steam on High; turn to Low (on 5-heat unit, to 2nd Lowest); cook 2 hours. Remove liver and potatoes. Stir 2 tablespoons flour into mixture in pan; cook on Low 5 minutes.

Porcelain enamel well-cookers come with war-model electric ranges. If you have one, brown foods in a skillet before putting into the cooker. Don't let foods cook dry or stick.

THURS.

First Aid Day and . . .

VEAL POT ROAST WITH RICE
Brown 3 lbs. veal shoulder in ¼ cup fat or salad oil; add 1 can condensed mushroom soup, 2 cups water, 1 cup rice. Season. Serves 4.

How to do: To lively steam on High; turn to Low (on 5-heat unit, to 2nd Lowest); cook 1½ hrs.

Extra! Prepare gingerbread mix, following directions on box; pour over 4 sliced peaches in pan; cover; place on trivet. Steam 1 hr.

Foods stay at serving temperature with the switch at WARM. Bring foods to boiling, or to a lively steam, on HIGH; then switch to the lowest heat that maintains cooking.

7 DINNERS FOR 7 DAYS

"Put your well-cooker in the front line of your war on waste," says KATHLEEN ROBERTSON

"You can save time and money by cooking a whole meal at one time," says ELIZABETH MURRAY (right), Home Service Director of the Atlantic City Electric Company

FRI.

Cleaning Day and . . .

SAVORY EGGS AND BROCCOLI
Break 8 eggs into greased 9" pie plate; season; cover eggs with ¼ cup ketchup and ¼ cup grated cheese. Serves 4.

How to do: Bring ½ cup water to boil in cooker on High; add 1 bunch broccoli. Place pie plate with eggs on cooker; cover eggs with cooker lid. To steam on High; turn to Low (on 5-speed unit, to 2nd Lowest). Cook 25 min.

For corn on the cob and the leafy vegetables that are so bulky, the cooker is ideal. Most leafy vegetables need only as much cooking water as clings to them after washing.

SAT.

Picnic Day and . . .

BEANS AND BROWN BREAD
Soak 2 lbs. pea beans overnight; drain; add 1 lb. sliced salt pork, 1 sliced onion, ½ cup molasses, 2 teaspoons salt, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard; place in cooker; add 3 cups water. Serves 8.

How to do: Bring to boil on High; turn to Low; cook 5-6 hrs.

Extra! Put your pet brown bread recipe in greased mold; cover. Place on trivet. Steam 3½ hrs.

Try making jellies, jams and open-kettle preserves in your cooker. (If you don't want brown bread with the beans in today's dinner, you might do a steamed dried-fruit compote.)

SUN.

Church Day and . . .

CHICKEN FRICASSEE AND BLUEBERRY PUDDING
Sift 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt; cut in 1½ tablespoons shortening; add 1 cup blueberries. Combine ¼ cup molasses, ½ cup milk; stir into first mixture. Pour into greased mold; cover. Serves 4.

How to do: Put favorite chicken fricassee recipe in cooker, pudding on trivet; cover. To boil on High; then Low. Steam pudding 1 hr.

Try Delicious
Kool-Aid
ENOUGH FOR 10 BIG GLASSES
ONLY 5¢
Copyright, 1942, by Perkins Products Co.
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5¢
Soft Drinks
MAKES NINE 10 GLASSES 2 QUARTS
20 FROZEN SUCKERS
8 SERVINGS SHERBET
REFRESHING, sweet and wholesome! It's the thrifty beverage treat that satisfies deep down inside, quenches the thirst and brings comforting coolness when days are warm. Have you tried Kool-Aid? Well, don't delay another day. Discover Kool-Aid's many thrilling uses. Serve it as a tasty, full flavored beverage; make delicious frozen desserts, and frozen suckers for the youngsters. Stock up your pantry right away. Then try the many inviting recipes on package!
7 Delicious Flavors
THE BUDGET BEVERAGE . . . AT YOUR GROCER

Betty Crocker *suggests:*

CRISPLY COOL . . . this Stuffed Tomato Mint Salad. And no end easy. Say you want 6 servings. Take 6 medium tomatoes. Scoop out most of pulp. Drain upside down in refrigerator, several hours. Dissolve ½ pkg. mint (or lemon) gelatin in ½ cup boiling water. Add ½ cup cold water. Chill. When partially set, add ½ cup each of chopped celery and cucumber. When again partially set, fill tomatoes. Chipper-looking, with dressing, in crisp lettuce cups.

★ ★ ★

No Sugar Required for fresh fruit shortcake! Just do this:

1. Sweeten your raspberries, or strawberries, with a bit of corn syrup. Use corn syrup to sweeten the whipped cream.

2. Make your biscuit shortcakes by adding cream to Bisquick. See package. This blend of ingredients includes sugar. No extra sugar required (though a little can be added).

★ ★ ★

QUICKER, TOO — making shortcake with Bisquick. Almost twice as quick and easy! Everything but the liquid is blended for you in Bisquick: Pure vegetable shortening, baking powder, Gold Medal Flour, salt, sugar, powdered milk. We mix all six to save you work!

★ ★ ★

I like this zesty Spaghetti Loaf. You serve it hot with mushroom or frizzled chipped beef sauce:

Cook 1½ cups spaghetti, broken in 1-inch pieces. Heat 1 cup milk with 4 tbsp. butter, and pour gradually over 3 beaten egg yolks. Add drained spaghetti, 1 cup grated American cheese, ⅔ cups soft bread crumbs. Also chopped parsley, grated onion, chopped pimiento, salt, pepper. Fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered bread loaf pan, and set in another pan of hot water. Bake 1 hour, slow moderate oven (325°).

★ ★ ★

CALAMITY-PROOF as well as convenient! I mean Bisquick. Such dependable ingredients, blended more skilfully than is possible by hand. Tested by my staff. Why fuss over the old way, when Bisquick is calamity-proof?

★ ★ ★

WHEN DAD *pulls in that big one, be ready with Bisquick. Roll fish in Bisquick and fry. Such a nice crispy brown crust. Same goes for meat, chicken.*

★ ★ ★

Free! New "Daily Menu and Shopping List". Each sheet of pad gives space for day's menus; lists staple groceries. Check needs; take sheet to store. To get your pad, mail postcard today to Betty Crocker, Dept. 872, Minneapolis, Minn.

Betty Crocker

Hear Betty Crocker each Friday over NBC . . . 2:45 Eastern Time; 1:45 Central Time; 12:45 Mountain Time; 11:45 Pacific Time.

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[*Continued from page 49*]

She went into her bedroom, took off her coat and hung it up. She put her hat away, laid her bag aside, her gloves. It was entirely mechanical. She thought of the frock she would wear and of the scent she would choose to make fragrant the big tub of steaming water. She thought of a new lipstick.

Wrong color lipstick, Mathew had said.

Judith cast herself across the bed. She told herself, I will not, I will not, I will not think of him, I will not acknowledge. . . .

Surely you could compel your emotions? You could even kill them.

Dinner, and the play. Judith never remembered what it was about. A supper club and dancing and Jimmy bending his tall head and putting his cheek against her own and saying, "I think of you too much. When are we seeing each other again?"

It was very late when she reached home and went in quietly with her key, and to bed. There was a special delivery from Dan, poor Dan, dear Dan. There were flowers from someone else. And a note from her mother on the pillow. "Dear, I hope you had a good time, do sleep late . . ."

Judith sat in front of the mirror and took off her face. Creamed, wiped free and clean, splashed with ice cold water, her face looked back at her, soft and clean as a baby's, golden brown with the blue eyes shining. Most of the lipstick had gone but a little was there, on the soft curving mouth.

I'm pretty, she thought, soberly, I'm young. She thought, I'm young and terribly healthy, I'll live for years and years. . . .

She went to bed and the room was not quite dark because of lights across the street and the traffic noises reached her, there on the 18th floor. A fire engine screamed by, raucous and warning. Taxis hooted their screech-owl horns. An ambulance lifted its shrill compelling voice.

Ambulance, hospitals, doctors, Mathew.

It all came back to Mathew.

I've known him forever, and I don't know him at all, she told herself. He thinks of me as a kid. Why shouldn't he? He's married. He's been married for three years. He loves his wife.

Don't think of Irene.

You had to think of Irene. Her fair, dulled skin and the great eyes with their indefinable expression. Her soft hair, which wouldn't hold a wave. Her distorted body which she carried, so proudly.

Irene's baby. Mathew's.

I will not think of that, she told herself, I will not.

SHE thought, I'll go away. I could go back with Jimmy's sister to Palm Beach. I've lots of clothes, mother won't mind and Aunt Ella will be delighted.

Palm Beach and then perhaps there'd be someone who'd want her to go to North Carolina or Aiken. Or even here in town, she thought, I needn't see him. If Mrs. Norman calls, I can say, "I've been so busy."

Too busy to be in love with a man who thought of you as a kid, a man who didn't know you existed as a woman, a man who was happily married and whose wife expected a baby.

She would telephone Rose in the morning. She would ask, "May I come along to Palm Beach?" And Rose would tell Jimmy. And Jimmy would come, too.

She would telephone Mary after a day or so and say brightly, "I'm leaving for Palm Beach. Give my love to Irene and Mathew."

Give my love to Mathew.

My darling, you have it all. I don't like you, Mathew, if we were together longer than ten minutes we'd quarrel. I don't approve of you. But I love you, she said in her heart, and felt the slow hot tears slide from under her lids and down her cheeks, I love you.

JUDITH left for Palm Beach. Mary had a postal from her, "So sorry not to see you again," she wrote, "or to phone but I went off in such a rush. . . ."

"It must be fun," said Irene, when Mary showed her the card.

"What?"

"Oh, to pick up that way," Irene said, "and run off somewhere where there are palm trees and blue water, and lots of music and dancing and beaux and all that."

Mathew—they were dining at Mary's—grinned at her across the table. "What's this?" he demanded, "getting discontented?"

Irene smiled at him.

"Discontented?" she repeated, "I—don't be crazy. I couldn't be happier. But I was thinking of Judith's full life. She's so young and gay and pretty."

"I don't know that her life is so full," Mary remarked thoughtfully, "In a way it's pretty empty and Ella does her best to spoil her, gives her everything."

"She's a nice kid," said Mathew, "she won't spoil easy. And I agree with Irene, I think she has a pretty swell life." He looked at his watch. "I'll have to run," he told his small family.

"I'll see that Irene gets home safely," his mother promised.

He drank his coffee hastily, waved at them and was gone. Irene looking after him said, "I don't see much of him these days."

"I know," Mary said comfortingly, "but you would marry a doctor!"

"I can't imagine being married to anyone else," Irene admitted.

They sat companionably before a fire and talked for a little while longer. Irene spoke of Judith again. She said evenly, "Mathew should have married a girl like that."

Mary was startled and felt secretly, a little guilty.

"Why?" she inquired.

"Oh, I don't know. She's so pretty," Irene said.

"So are you, my dear."

"Her type lasts. So much vitality. I feel a thousand years old beside her."

"You have had a very different life," said her mother-in-law, "you have had responsibility, you have chosen a hard profession, earned your own living."

"I know. But Judith," Irene went on groping for words, "she—a girl like her, I mean, would have brought Mathew so much I couldn't. . ."

"What, for instance?" asked Mary, interested.

"A—a stimulating mind," said Irene. "I don't put it very well, do I? And she's gay, she likes to go out—parties, dances. I don't, really. I can't remember ever feeling very young," she said. "And then, there's the money—"

"Judith has none of her own."

"She will have. But I didn't mean Judith," said Irene, smiling, "I meant, a girl like her."

"Mathew has done very well for himself, matrimonially speaking," said his mother. "Don't be fanciful, Irene."

"I'm not. And I'm contented . . . if only *he* is, always . . . and always happy," said Irene softly and Mary nodded.

Later, taking Irene home in the taxi, Mary said. "Odd that you should have spoken of Judith as you did. I've a confession to make. You know, she came to see me the very day you and Mathew were married and I admit I sat and did a little matchmaking in my mind. A fatuous mother. You'll find out all about that, some day, and soon. And then I had Mathew's wire. . ."

"I've often thought," Irene said, "how much we must have hurt you. I didn't want to do things that way. . ." She stopped, suddenly.

"I wasn't hurt," Mary said loyally, "Besides," she smiled, in the darkness of the cab, "how wise he was, how right. You are the wife for him, Irene, now and always."

Later she was to remember that and to be grateful on her knees that she had said it.

THE cab stopped and Mary told the driver to wait. She took Irene's arm and walked with her across the glassy street to the door, went in with her, and saw her safely in Nellie's care. Then she kissed her, went back to the cab and home.

The telephone was ringing when she went in. It was Lynn Mortimer.

"Lynn, you're back?"

"I'm back," he said, "and dead for sleep. There was a sleet storm in Atlanta, believe it or not."

"Have you a cold?"

"No, I am hoarse from talking and arguing and lack of sleep. But I couldn't unwind until I had spoken to you and told you I was home and glad to be here. Will you dine with me tomorrow night—?"

"Lynn, I'm sorry—I have to see a client. . ."

"Well, Thursday, then . . .? It's been a long time since I've seen you."

"Thursday. Wouldn't you rather come here instead?" she asked.

"I'd love to," he said instantly, "if you are sure you want me."

Presently she hung up and went to bed, smiling, a contented woman. She had so much. She had Mathew and Irene, soon she would share their child. She had her work and her friends. She had Lynn Mortimer's long and patient devotion, durable, solid as rock. She was unusually well for a woman of her middle-age. She had even, she told herself and smiled at her own vanity, she had even kept her looks. And she hadn't had a bad migraine in months.

She went to bed and, after reading for a time, slept soundly.

On Thursday night Lynn came to dinner. His cocktail was waiting for him, the lighted fire, and Mary, in a long sheer wool frock with her hair brushed a new way. He said, on a long breath, "Lord, this is good—"

After dinner, sitting by the fire, he said, breaking a long silence,

"I've never spoken. . ."

Mary looked up, from her own thoughts,

"You've never spoken of what?" Then, she knew and said quickly, "Oh, don't" she said, "please don't, Lynn, please don't spoil things."

He said heavily, "If, to speak would spoil anything, then, my dear, you do not care for me at all."

"But Lynn! Mathew, you, Irene. You three are my life."

He said, "I went up to see Nan yesterday. Physically, she is better than she has been for some months." He added quietly, "She may live for years. But mentally she is much worse. She did not know me, Mary."

"My dear. . ."

He was staring at the fire, "It has been so long. I have loved you so long a time, without disloyalty. Because for over twenty years Nan has

not been the woman I loved and married. I have loved you and taken what comfort I could in the fact that I may see you, may touch your hand and listen to your voice, what comfort I could in knowing that you lived, that we walked under the same sky, on the same streets and breathed the same air. But, it is not enough. If you felt as I do—and you do not, I know it, there is no need to tell me—if you did, I would ask nothing more of life than this, to be with you, to grow old with you, Mary. . ."

"Dear Lynn. . ."

She had been so fond of him, from the very first. She had known for a long time that he loved her, and had deeply respected his silence, she had been grateful for it. But she had not imagined—

Something stirred in her, a vain wish, like a spark from a fire she had long thought cold and perished.

He said harshly, "Don't be kind to me. We will forget it. Next time it will be as it was before."

But things are never as they were before.

The telephone rang and Mary rose to answer it. Lynn watched her go. She walked beautifully. No girl in her first lovely, careless youth ever moved with such grace and dignity.

Mary picked up the telephone. She said, "Yes, who is it?" Her face changed. She said, "Mathew? But I didn't recognize . . ." She was silent, listening and Lynn rose quickly and went across the room to put his hand on her shoulder, she felt him there, waiting, a rock of strength.

She asked, "How bad?" She said, "I'll come, at once. Lynn's here. He'll come, too."

She dropped the telephone and Lynn picked it up and restored it to the cradle.

She said, her lips moving as if they were stiff.

"It's Irene, there's been an accident. She's in the hospital . . . Listen . . . Kate . ."

But Kate was there, waiting, with Mary's coat, hat and bag. She was saying, "God help us all."

"My car's outside," Lynn said. "We can make it, very quickly."

Mary said, "But things *can't* end this way."

"Could he—did he tell you anything?"

"Just there'd been an accident. In the car. She was driving."

"Good God," said Lynn, "driving? Was Mathew out of his mind?"

He could feel Mary stiffen beside him. She said, "He hadn't time to explain why."

They reached the great hospital, found their way to the proper reception desk, to a waiting room. Everyone was very kind.

It was a long time before they saw Mathew. When they did, when he came in stooped, haggard, suddenly old; his mother rose and took him in her arms.

After a while he drew himself away. He said, "It's—bad, Mother."

Lynn said, "Sit down . . . here . . ." He took Mathew's shoulder and guided him to a chair and Mathew slumped into it, his hand over his face. Presently he began to talk rapidly.

"I was working late at the office," he said. "I was alone there, and when it was time to leave I had an emergency call. I thought, the air might do Irene good. I called the garage but they had no one to send. So I called her. It's such a little way. I said, 'Taxi to the garage, bring the car over, it will save time all around. Wrap up well and we'll drive out together, if you feel up to it.'"

After a while he repeated, "It was such a little way. But she skidded. Perhaps she took a corner too fast. I don't know. There was a truck—"

"Steady," Lynn said, his heart sick within him.

A nurse came to the door. She said, "If you'd come now, Doctor Norman?"

He got to his feet and tried to straighten his shoulders. He said, "Leming has taken her to the operating room. They sent me away."

They watched him go.

Mary said nothing. But her heart spoke strongly, in petition: Don't let this happen to him, it begged, spare him, he doesn't deserve this, there isn't any sense to it, don't let this happen.

Suddenly she spoke aloud and was unaware that she did so.

"Irene," she said, loudly. "I wasn't thinking of her. I was just thinking of Mathew."

Her face altered and she began to cry.

Lynn moved close and took her hand. He did not speak.

After a little she turned to him. "I'm all right," she said, "I—just . . ."

"Don't try to talk, Mary."

"But I must. It helps." She clung to his hand. "Don't you see how I feel? Almost all my life and *all* Mathew's life, I've put him first. I've agonized over him, rejoiced in him. I've wanted to help him to be strong, to be happy. And now I can't help him, Lynn. If Irene dies. . ."

He said, "You will still be able to help him, dear."

"I've had my life," she said dully. "If it had happened to me, Lynn?

[*Continued on page 54*]

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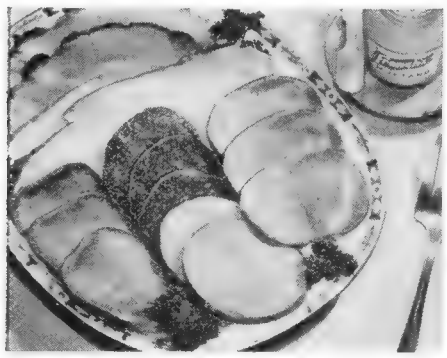

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How much more fitting. But to Irene, with her life before her, and the baby. It isn't fair," she cried, "it isn't fair!"

He said, "Hush, darling," and she did not even hear the endearment, "you must try to be brave. Perhaps it isn't as bad, perhaps it—"

She said, "You heard what Mathew said. Have you forgotten he's a doctor, too, Lynn?"

They were silent again. People came and went. Nurses passed, two of them, and one whispered to the other, "that's Doctor Norman's mother. . ."

Mary heard the whisper, it was a little voice crying, shrilly, Doctor Norman's mother.

Well she was that, that was all she had been, all she had amounted to for thirty years. She twisted her hands together in her lap. She thought, Please God let me be controlled, give me the right word, show me the way to help my son.

SHE heard Mathew's step and looked up. Lynn looked up. Their faces were briefly frozen into an agony of suspense. Mathew's face was not frozen. It was lax with shock.

He said, "They couldn't save her . . ." He said after a moment, "She wasn't conscious . . . she hasn't been . . " He added, "She couldn't know . . . didn't suffer. . ."

She'd been his wife and she was dead. She had carried his child and his child was dead, too, never having lived.

After a while he let them take him away, back, not to his empty house, not to the room he had shared with Irene, the room which opened on another room, a small room, bright and gay and waiting. . .

He went to his mother's, and Lynn Mortimer quietly and competently took over the arrangements, the sending of messages. With infinite patience he found the name and address of Irene's sole relatives in the Northwest. He did everything, he was a tower of strength.

The services were very quiet. Judith Lambert was there, with her mother and aunt. Mathew saw her, when he and his mother left the church.

"Judith came," he said, with an effort.

"She flew back from Palm Beach."

He said, heavily, "That was nice of her."

Back in his mother's apartment, after the burial service he sat looking at his hands. He said, "There's work."

"Of course."

He was desperately bewildered. He had loved Irene and she had loved him. They had so little time together. He said, "I don't think I can go back . . . to the apartment."

"You needn't." Mary said. "You can come here. I hoped you'd want to come, Mathew."

He said, "I—I can't be alone."

[*Continued in* AUGUST MCCALL'S]

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THEY SAY HE JUST WALKED OUT

[Beginning on page 28]

She read the words again. They were utterly ordinary words, and yet unwittingly they illumined everything. There was nothing in the fact which Laura did not know. But seeing the words there in the newspaper suddenly split open for her the whole riddle of their three years of marriage, and laid the answer bare.

Derek never forgot how Laura had appeared the first time he saw her. He had gone up to New Hampshire for a week's vacation to hunt with his father. He and the Old Man and a couple of neighbor boys were sitting around a campfire just at twilight, warming up after some skating. Laura came out of the woods without calling, and just stood looking at them.

Firelight had flung up a gossamer backdrop against the spired trees, and on that glittering scrim her graceful shadow loomed, twenty or thirty feet tall. She was wearing a white ski suit and her audacious, brilliant hair seemed as bright as the fire. They knew the moment they saw her that she had strayed away from one of the fashionable winter sports' lodges across the lake. She was very dramatic somehow, her tall shadow a huge exclamation mark and the precious original only the dot under it.

Then, as he had looked at her, Derek had changed the metaphor. No, the shadow was like a great idol which the worshiper, standing beneath, had made in her own image and likeness. He never quite forgot that metaphor, for even then in a strange way, he knew it was prophetic.

He offered to walk back with her after she had warmed herself at their fire. Before they had gone half a mile, they both knew they had fallen in love.

He never quite understood why she fell in love with him. For his very differentness, evidently; for his very ineligibility.

"But I don't know anything you know," he had said honestly during those first thrilling days back in New York when they split every atom of their new emotion, as people do. "My family eats in the kitchen, except when we have company. My father is a machinist and my mother never had a manicure in her whole life. To be frank about it, I'm not sure I'd *like* your kind of life."

For though he was very much in love with her, he understood the difference between them.

She was so completely everything which he was not; her life was so utterly a color complementary to his own, the red to his green, the blue to his orange.

SHE had had everything; he had had to get along on half-soles and bread puddings. She had always been surrounded by indulgent people who made everything easy for her; he had seen struggle and hardship and meanness, and the sudden gruff kindness which the poor of the earth bless themselves with.

She could see how poor he had been. But the wealth he had, his strength and gaiety and toughness, she could not even suspect.

She had never been anything but happy, while he had dragged around with him that shameful presence about which he never could speak. That almost imperceptible limp which had made him of all things in childhood most abhorred . . . . somebody different.

He never spoke about his lameness to Laura. But, of course, she knew that he had a slight shortness in his left leg. She knew that, but she could not know what shame and agony of spirit had had to be outgrown before he could skate and dance, or even walk beside a girl and risk having her feel any halting.

He wanted to talk to Laura about it before they were married, but he never could find the words. So he protested instead about all the other discrepancies . . . his having been poor, only lately knowing how to dress properly, how to skim through smart books instead of yearning slowly over favorite ones.

"But I'll teach you," Laura promised, "I'll make you over into everything you want to be."

"But people should start with that celebrated stuff called 'things in common'," he said, "Just what have we in common, Sweet?"

"We have each other," she said confidently, "And we have that terrible wonderful bonfire that could spring up between us at any moment, unless we are terribly careful, Derek."

"Yes," he said, "Let's hurry and get married, so we can stop having to be so careful."

SO THEY had married quickly. And for a few months it was enough. It was enough, even when he took her to visit his family, living in their crude little brown house in a New Hampshire factory town. She didn't mind how loud his father's radio blared, and that he took off his shoes as he listened. She didn't mind that he left his spoon standing like a flagstaff in his cup as he drank. And Derek didn't see that his mother was surly and defiant because Laura had hurt her by laughing at something seriously spoken.

They were too much in love at first for any of it to matter. And besides, all of it only emphasized the wonderfulness of the transformation which Laura was expecting to achieve.

Some of her transformations were instantaneous. His name, for instance.

"I'm not going to call you Joe," she had said firmly that very first night they met.

"But Joe's my name."

"You must have some other name. Or else I'll have to give you one of my own."

"*Wait* a minute," he had said. "*I* was thinking of giving *you* my name. Isn't that the usual order?"

"Silly," she had said, blushing, "You know what I mean."

"And you know what *I* mean."

But she had insisted on another name for him. She had kept at it, when they got better acquainted. How about his middle name?

"That won't do, either," he had said, a little embarrassed, "That's something I never tell anybody. A hang-over from my Dutch grandfather."

"Oh really?" she had said, quite pleased, "That sounds interesting. What is it?"

So, not very comfortable about it, he had told her, and she had been delighted.

"It's perfect," she said, "It fits you, too . . . . your stubborn blonde hair and those Dutch-blue eyes of yours."

In spite of all blushing protests, she had insisted on calling him Derek from that moment, and on having every one else call him Derek.

"Mrs. J. Derek Steele," her cards said.

That had had a strange effect on him. He had become in some inexplicable way a slightly different man with that name. Old Joe Steele seemed cast off and snubbed, like a shabby, outgrown intimate who couldn't live up to new standards.

Besides improving his name, Laura also changed his way of talking.

"You can't say people are 'cultured', darling," she said, "The word . . . at least the word *cultivated* people use . . . . is 'cultivated.' "

"Oh, I see," he said good naturedly, "Okay, darling."

It didn't matter to him . . . . he knew how pettily unimportant such things were, but if Laura cared, well, he'd certainly try.

His manners she also manicured. But with the greatest tact.

"Derek, I meant to speak of something," she said, "Do you mind?"

"Of course not."

"When you're being the host, don't ask people if they'll have *another* cocktail, or some *more* coffee."

"I see. Just act as if you hadn't noticed they'd already had two Martinis . . . . 'How about a Martini, old man?' "

One thing about him; he did learn. Laura didn't have to keep prodding at him.

WHENEVER he felt himself prickling with annoyance, he reminded himself that he loved her terribly. And he further admitted to himself that the things she wanted to change about him were imperfections and weaknesses and faults. Not things to blame himself for, she sometimes assured him kindly, but things which he couldn't help, because he just hadn't known any better.

Things which he couldn't help. Like his limp.

They had been married two years now. Laura had mentioned Dr. Blenher many times, and Derek knew they were old friends. He was older than Laura, but their families had known each other for years. When he came to New York, of course he stayed with them, and Derek was quite pleased, and it all seemed very nice.

Derek had to go down to the plant at nine to see how one of his experiments was coming. "He boils up caldrons of unholy messes," Laura explained. "Then he has to go down and measure surface tension and capillary attraction and what-not all through the night. Don't you, darling?" She often said things like this, making his work sound grubby, and also childish. He started to explain to Dr. Blenher exactly what he was trying to do in the laboratory. Then he saw that Laura had been right as usual, for Gordon Blenher really wasn't interested in it.

"Well, if you'll excuse me," he said very cheerfully. "Be back in a flash."

When he unlocked the door, he found them sitting cozily by the fire, waiting for him to mix them a drink.

"Come in, darling," Laura called out to the hall, "I've been talking to Gordon about your limp."

He thought for a wild sick moment that he couldn't have heard correctly. They had never spoken about it. One of the things that he adored about her was that it had never been necessary to mention it.

In fact, he never mentioned it to himself now. Out of the grief and suffering of that limp, he had finally come to a pact of silence with himself, in which he hardly thought about it any more, except as "It."

"It" was the thing so close it needed no name, so present that it needed no word, so shameful and humiliating and inescapable that it kept the mind humble; the mind *had* to be decent, *had* to be kind to everything in the world, because it understood so well what chastisement is, and suffering.

"Did you hear me, darling?" she called again, "I've been asking Gordon about your limp."

He came into the room then. He was trembling with a shame as terrible as vermin. He tried to speak and to smile. It had happened to him once or twice before in his life that someone had spoken casually about it.

"There's nothing to be done about it," he said in a loud, unnatural voice.

"On the contrary, old man," Gordon said, "We always begin by assuming we *can* do something.

He asked about it kindly.

"Oh, I see, from birth?" he said, "Probably some deficiency in your mother's diet. Those people ate such terrible things, you know. Of course nobody had much idea of right diet, and the poor . . . . it's a wonder they had *any* perfect children."

"Don't people stretch limbs nowadays?" Laura asked interestedly, "Seems to me I've seen pictures of patients rigged up—"

Gordon laughed, "Well, you can't stretch a bone, my dear. Even *you* couldn't stretch a bone. However, we'll have a look at it. Maybe some X-ray treatments. You come down with me to the hospital tomorrow, Derek."

Laura was enthusiastic. "Wouldn't it be wonderful, darling? No more limping around."

Dr. Blenher said, "It's a very slight discrepancy, isn't it? Here, stand up straight . . . . you see, your spine has done everything it could to compensate . . . . matter of fact, it's thrown your whole balance out. Feel any pain, old man?"

"No," said Derek, fighting down hysteria at the humor of the words he was saying. "No pain. There's never been the slightest pain connected with it."

"Hmm. That's good anyway."

HE LOOKED them both in the eye, bravely so they couldn't guess; his eye had a glaze of bright bravery over it, so they would not guess. He talked about it as long as they wanted to. He kept saying to himself, "You see . . . you can talk about it. You *see* . . . it's just like anything else."

After they went upstairs, Laura still went on talking about it. "You know, darling, I always had a morbid idea you were sensitive about it. Thank heavens you're not!"

"Sensitive?"

"You know, the way some people are about afflictions. That's a funny word, isn't it? Afflictions." She laughed comfortably, and yawned, and sat down and began brushing her hair.

"No. I'm not sensitive," he said, "There just doesn't seem much occasion to mention it. Naturally you could see it . . . . anybody could see it . . . ." He laughed shortly.

Then he went into his bathroom, and stood there in the dark, and his thoughts were pulsing as wildly as if they were living flesh which had been cut. After awhile the slow agonizing acceptance began forming again over the old wound and sealed in the pain and he turned on the light and jerked on his shower.

A long time after she was asleep, he lay awake, as far from her as he could be. He knew he had no right to blame her; she could not know

[*Continued on page 56*]

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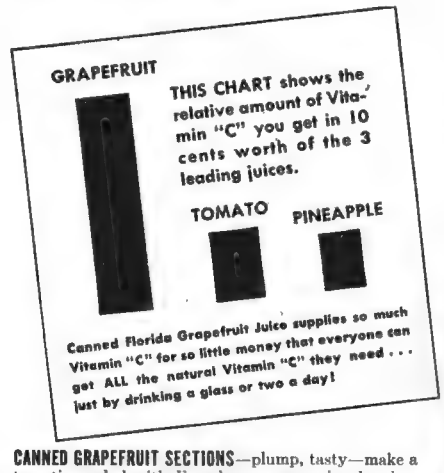
You need Vitamin "C" every day. *Your body cannot store it.* Colds, infections, late hours, overwork or over-indulgence in alcohol use up Vitamin "C" fast. And when you're low in "C", you just naturally feel "old", tired, listless, worn-out.

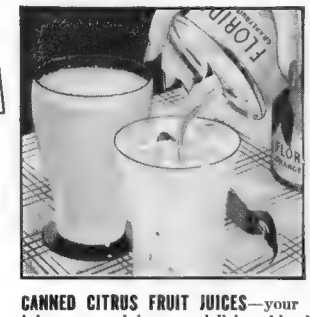
No need to buy expensive pills to get all the "C" you need. Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice is one of the richest known sources of "C"— it's literally loaded with it. You can get your full quota of "C" by drinking just 1 or 2 glasses of grapefruit juice every day.

Make Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice a part of your beauty program. Drink it for health, for beauty, for glamour! A balanced diet, with plenty of "C", will help keep you youthful, buoyant, vital.

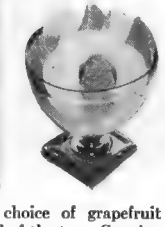
CLOUDY COMPLEXION! If your complexion isn't clear, if cuts heal slowly, if you bruise easily, if your gums bleed—these signs indicate you're low in Vitamin "C".


GRAPEFRUIT
THIS CHART shows the relative amount of Vitamin "C" you get in 10 cents worth of the 3 leading juices.
TOMATO
PINEAPPLE
Canned Florida Grapefruit Juice supplies so much Vitamin "C" for so little money that everyone can get ALL the natural Vitamin "C" they need . . . just by drinking a glass or two a day!

CANNED GRAPEFRUIT SECTIONS—plump, tasty—make a tempting salad with French or mayonnaise dressing.



CANNED CITRUS SALAD combines orange and grapefruit sections.



CANNED CITRUS FRUIT JUICES—your choice of grapefruit juice, orange juice or a delicious blend of the two. Canning *preserves* Vitamin "C" in these juices. Serve them often.

FLORIDA *Grapefruit Juice* IN CANS

Every Hotpoint User Should Have This Helpful Booklet

★

DURING the war emergency, it is both wise and patriotic to use the "old" as long as you can! And to provide you with valuable pointers on getting the most out of your electric range, refrigerator, washer and other appliances, Hotpoint has compiled an informative new booklet—"How To Conserve With Hotpoint Electric Appliances."

★

Because all Hotpoint Appliances are built for long-lasting dependability, they will give you years of efficient, economical use. But to get the best and thriftiest service from them, follow the suggestions in this helpful 20-page booklet.

★

You'll find new ideas on how to save food and preserve vitamins and minerals, how to remove stains from clothing, how to care for your refrigerator . . . as well as ironing tips, economy recipes and dozens of other equally practical hints. To get your copy mail us the coupon below!

★

It's easy for users of Hotpoint Electric Appliances to keep them in proper condition during the war emergency. Repair and replacement parts are available throughout the country if required.

SEND THIS COUPON

Edison General Electric Appliance Co., Inc.
5663 W. Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed is three cent stamp. Kindly send me booklet, "How To Conserve With Hotpoint Electric Appliances."

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City _____ State_____

Hotpoint

RANGES, REFRIGERATORS, WATER HEATERS, WASHERS, IRONERS, DISHWASHERS, DISPOSALLS, ELECTRASINKS, STEEL KITCHEN CABINETS.

[*Continued from page 55*]

. . . . no whole person ever *could* know . . . . the primitive agony of the maimed, the incomplete. A rugged Old Testament phrase came to him, and he said angrily, "She had no right to uncover my nakedness."

At last he did go to sleep, knowing just how the future would be for him. He would forget it; he would tell himself the casual common sense truth about it whenever it came into mind. But never again would the love between them be the same. It had been maimed as he was himself, and nothing ever would restore it.

But even though he did know that, he was quite unprepared for the form this maiming took. Indeed, he did not recognize it himself, for it happened so deeply within him that he could not see it. He knew only that now he seemed to limp in everything he did. To fumble and limp, and apologize.

EVEN in that dark beautiful country which lies behind closed eyelids and touching mouths . . . . in that enchanted realm where he had been most sure of himself, now he was uncertain and stumbling. He watched himself from afar off, as he had watched poor Joe Steele in his dream. He weighed himself cautiously, and watched his words and tested his kisses.

"Derek, what *is* it, dear? Something's wrong. You used to be so happy?"

He tried desperately He dreaded her knowing, for if she suspected, she would insist on their getting it out into the light and discussing it. For that was her way, her well-informed, intelligent way. Not the way the kind, stupid lovers of the world behave, just loving enduringly and never dissecting . . . . never watching, nor criticizing nor measuring.

He talked reasonably with himself about it. He called it by ugly names to rouse himself. Just vanity and egotism; that's all. Just that old masculine pride. Or, worse, a kind of boastfulness, all-male.

But he knew that boastfulness is a part of good loving. It is why a man needs a woman to admire him with her body and her mind. For out of the rich fountain of her admiration and joy in him, comes the strength which makes him what he is.

What was between them might have withered utterly without his ever being able to say a word. Because it was something too hidden to be spoken about.

But at last he did find something which was out in the open, about which he could rebel with dignity and fairness. For gradually Laura became determined to do something about his job. She began subtly, but the attack got bolder and bolder. She began by making fun of his work, then when she found she couldn't ravel it away by humor, she got very reasonable about it. After all, it wasn't as if her father wasn't offering him something excellent.

"No. It's out of the question," Derek said. "You know how I like my job. Good God, I washed dishes for four years so I could get through M.I.T. and qualify for it."

"Of course, darling. And that was certainly admirable," she said. "But it's just silly to be stubborn about it now, hanging on to something neither of us want."

"I want it," he said, "It's the only place I'm really at my best. I'm okay there. I know what I'm talking about in the lab."

"Now *really*, Derek, that's just sulkiness," she said cheerfully.

From day to day she kept at it with patient logic. "At that messy old plant you're just one of six Tech graduates scrambling against each other."

"We're not scrambling against each other," he said, "We're working together. We're trying to lick a big problem together, all six of us. When we get that plastic right, we'll have something wonderful to give the world."

"Yes, I know all that," she said wearily, "All six of you. So they'll give you a little bonus, maybe. And you'll get another problem, and sit around gloomily thinking about it, and lying awake at night working on it . . . . I must say, Derek, it's not much of a life for me, you know. . . ."

"I know," he said, "One of these days you're going to decide you made a terrible mistake, Laura. I'm just not the man for you."

"Nonsense," she said. "You would be the man, if you weren't so full of stuffy pride."

"It's certainly not pride that's my trouble," he said.

She kept at him. And her father kept at him.

"Just try it my way for a year," she begged, "Then, if you don't like it, you can go back. And I'll never say a word again. I'll let you just go on any way you please."

"They won't take me back," he said. "What kind of a guy would they think I was, anyway?"

But in the end, he gave in. He went down to his old smelly laboratory on the Jersey flats, and told them that he was going into his father-in-law's textile brokerage.

"So they got you, Joe," his Chief said. "Well, good luck, anyway."

He drove back through the tunnel, cowering from the lights stabbingly reflected on the white tile for it seemed as if every light were a knife-plunge into his naked nerves.

SUDDENLY he decided he wouldn't go home just yet. He'd get hold of himself a little before he tried to live up to what Laura would expect of him. He wished suddenly that he wasn't going to have to go home at all, that he could just spend tonight among strangers, among people who didn't watch him, nor care how he talked, or ate or dressed.

He put his car in a garage, and walked along the crowded streets, trying to lose himself. Or trying, rather, to lose the self he had given to Laura, and to find that old discarded Joe, who bragged and boasted and was happy, because he didn't know any better.

The crowd pushed him along. In spite of himself he felt a little warmed and comforted by them. He walked through Rockefeller Plaza, where a thick fringe of spectators were leaning on the parapet watching the skaters below on the artificial ice.

He edged into the crowd near a tall boy and girl, looking down hungrily and raptly, saying nothing.

Joe said, "How about the three of us taking a turn?"

"We haven't any skates," the girl said. "My brother and I were just looking."

"We'll rent some skates," Joe said. "I used to be quite a skater myself. How about you people?"

"Sure," said the boy, grinning at him. "Judy's a swell skater. But we haven't got the price, as it happens!"

"I've got the price," Joe said, "All I need is a couple of pals."

So down they went, and put on skates, and Judy *was* swell. But not as good as Joe was himself. They laughed and skated and talked; they would be seventeen in March, Judy said. "So'll I" Joe grinned. "At least that's the way I feel."

Then they sat down to take off the skates, and Joe said how about some waffles and stuff in the little restaurant with the glass front looking out over the level of the ice.

"Sure would be nice," the boy said. "But it's terribly expensive, Mister. Think you can make it?"

"Sure I can make it," Joe said, "Come on."

He tossed a tip to the attendant, and stood up and began walking toward the restaurant.

"Did you hurt your foot, buddy?" the boy called out. "I notice you're kind of limping."

"Nope," Joe said, "I'm . . . I'm a little bit lame. It's nothing." A lively wellness spurted up in him as he said it, for it was the first time in his life it had ever happened that way. He had said it without thinking, without pain. The children were quiet a moment, then the girl said: "I noticed you walking along Fifth Avenue before you spoke to us. I thought when I saw you, 'Why, what a graceful walk that man has . . . he sort of swings along. . . .' I didn't know you were really lame."

"Yes, I do swing along," Joe said, "I always walk a little faster than other people . . . I guess that's because I don't want anybody to think I have to walk slow." For the first time in his life he realized that was true. He had, in fact, made something blithe and swinging out of his limp . . . he had skated and skied and danced . . . he had been cheerful and kind and full of life so that people would like him . . . and all because of that limp.

It wasn't his enemy, forever present. It had become his foe-made-friend. He understood it now.

Suddenly he seemed to understand everything in the world because he understood that one thing. For it wasn't only the secret of his own limp; everyone on earth has some limp . . . in body or spirit, or even in race. And this wise compassion is the sublime but bitter blessing of every handicap which has learned how to swing along, gallantly transforming itself.

His mind understood it now. But it would take awhile to establish himself again—to let that understanding seep through into ordinary living again. He didn't know just how long it would take, he'd have to give it time.

"Listen, kids," he said, grinning confidently at them, "I've got to make a train. I'm . . . I'm going on a trip. Starting right now."

"Gosh, a trip!" the youngsters said enviously. "Business or pleasure?"

"Both." Then he smiled again. "I'm looking for a guy that's been lost awhile. I'm not coming back until I find him again."

LAURA read down the column which the Bureau of Missing Persons had put in the newspaper. Her eyes stopped dead on the last words, for she understood them now, not only in their bald fact but in the symbolism which explained the whole riddle of her failure with Derek.

> "One leg is slightly shorter than the other, so that he walks with what appears to be either a limp or a swagger."

She put her hands over her eyes, and down inside herself she said a kind of prayer.

"Please let them find him. Please bring him back . . . so I can see him swagger."

THE FRONT ROW

[Beginning on page 16]

ent this time. Letty Vail wrapped her famous furs around her but tonight they offered no protection.

Perhaps she was tired, perhaps because she had watched a thin dark girl act the other night, a mere child who held her spellbound! Maybe she had turned a corner. It came over her that she was counting on this marriage more than she knew. She wanted it terribly and she didn't know quite why.

Letty Vail was used to success but now this was the peak, tremendous, overwhelming; so complete that it stunned like a blow, harder in a way to take than failure. For the first time she saw the height from which she could fall. But if she had Jim Prescott there was something that would break that fall, that would make success last always. "You're a really good man," Letty Vail sometimes would say slowly, dramatically. "Good and dull," Jim would answer.

She sat down in her beautiful bedroom, took her gloves off and ran her hand over her face, her eyes. She could always tell just how she looked from that motion. Yes, she was tired. Her bed was turned down, her dressing gown on a chair, her glass of milk and sleeping pill on the bedside table. There was cold chicken in the icebox and there were fresh flowers in every room.

Everything was in perfect order but everything was bleak and deathly still. She'd call up someone, she'd go out, the keys of the city were Letty Vail's, but suddenly there was no place she wanted to go. Everyone wanted her, that is, nearly everyone.

"What's your mother like?" Letty asked Jim once.

Jim said, "I don't think you've ever met anyone just like her. When she goes, I'm afraid the pattern will be gone." Curiosity grew in Letty's heart.

Tomorrow was Sunday. She would get the car and drive somewhere, anywhere. That rested her. It would do her good to get out of the city. Yes, tomorrow she would drive into the country, even go near that small town in the New England hills where Jim grew up, where he'd played as a boy, to a town where there was a woman who didn't know Letty Vail.

MRS. PRESCOTT sat by the fire with her eyes half-closed and the scrapbook in her hand, remembering. In a way it was her most cherished possession, the only record of the past, the only thing that she could touch. But then she put it down for in these days even that grew heavy.

Mrs. Prescott looked around her living room, at the clock that would be Jim's and had seen four generations come and go, the highboy that would be Hope's, the portrait of Grandmother Thayer over the mantel that Hallie wanted. She looked at Jim's picture on the table and one of Eleanor, his wife. Mrs. Prescott still felt Eleanor's death keenly although it was five years ago. She'd been just the wife for Jim. How time did fly. Hallie in her graduation dress, "Mother, please take it away, I look so fat."

Hallie looked too thin now when she visited Stillwell. Hallie wasn't a beauty but sometimes she looked very nice. Usually her mouth was too red, though, her hair too long and dark and her face too white, and those earrings! But in a sweater and skirt with her hair rumpled, playing with the dog, she looked like the old Hallie.

Now Minna, the maid, came in. "Miss Eldredge's calling to see if you want her tomorrow to finish up those clothes for New York."

"Not tomorrow, Minna. I'll have to put it off a little longer. Tell her I'll let her know." Mrs. Prescott felt cold. Minna didn't seem to keep the house as warm as she used to, and the wind across the meadows seemed to seep through the glass and into her bones. New York . . . to see her children? She knew all at once that she was not going at all, that she would never go again. I'm old, I'm tired. I can't travel alone. I don't hear the way I used to. Those aren't the real reasons, thought Mrs. Prescott, for she had never told a lie in her life, even to herself, queer that Hallie told such stories, wasn't it? I'm afraid of the possible bombs, that's the real reason.

She remembered the day Hope had gone to New York and gotten a job and how she had cried to herself. She couldn't understand how Hope could do it, leave her pink and white room and the girls she'd grown up with, to try to live on what she earned. Of course, she saw now that Hope had been a little ahead of her time. Everyone seemed to be doing it now.

I do wonder if Hope is all right tonight, thought Mrs. Prescott. Hope with her artist husband, Jeff, who never earned a penny. Hope, who lived in the queerest places and was always moving and had the strangest friends. Hope and Jeff were sweet when she visited them but they had queer things to eat and Hope wore long full peasant skirts. They ate dark bread and drank red wine and Jeff would take hours mixing one of those sharp salads she really couldn't bear and one summer at the beach Hope had carried her child around on her back in a knapsack. Sometimes when she came back she would brag a little about her son-in-law, though she didn't understand his pictures, they always seemed to be upside down.

NOW Mrs. Prescott wondered if her children were thinking of her tonight wherever they were. She'd write a letter; she'd say, "I can't come next week but I will come later. I am so comfortable here. Jessie Armstrong stopped in yesterday and we had tea and Mrs. Shelby asked me to the garden club. It's not been slippery and even that coldest day I walked out." She didn't want her children bothering about her.

But it seemed, these days, that she was never out, that she was shut in behind these white brick walls. March was her lean month and after she'd sent Hope the check for a surprise, there wasn't much left. She wanted a purple woolen sweater very much, one of those soft ones, but she never seemed to get it. Perhaps later on.

Mrs. Prescott sat thinking about her house. Stillwell, the town with that lovely old house, people said when they motored through. Now the old house was chilly and needed a new coat of paint and the garden was run down. It made her a little sad for she wanted the wife who would eventually come to Jim to see it the way it had been. Jim, to her, was the house and the town, and the history, and the things she hadn't done and the things she had done, for Jim felt as she did about most things. Jim was careful about things, too. He didn't surge ahead the way Hope did. Jim was cautious. He was the apple of her eye.

[*Continued on page 62*]

Cut Butter Bills!

Make 2 lbs. Delicious Spread using only 1 lb. Good Butter ...save 27¢*!

It's Easy – Here's How:

KNOX SPREAD

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
1 pound good butter
¼ cup cold water
1–14½ oz. can evaporated milk (Irradiated)

Soften gelatine in ¼ cup cold water. Then place in a dish of hot water and stir until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved. Cut the butter into small pieces. Place it in a dish over hot water until the butter is quite soft. Do not melt. Gradually whip the milk and the dissolved gelatine into the butter with a Dover egg beater or your electric mixer. After the milk is thoroughly beaten into the butter, add salt to taste. If milk separates, keep on beating until it is all mixed in. Pack into dish or container and place on ice or in cool place until hard. It should be kept in refrigerator when not in use. Coloring may be added if desired.

Note: Fresh milk may be substituted for the evaporated milk—in which case use a pint of milk (preferably the top half of a quart bottle), and soften the gelatine in ¼ cup milk taken from that pint.

** Based on average prices.*

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Knox Spread is not a substitute. It is lower in actual calories than butter, but it is generous in protective food values. In 2 lbs. of Knox Spread, you get:

1 lb. butter...butter fats, Vitamins: A, some D
1 can milk...Vitamin B Complex, Vitamin D, calcium, butter fats, protein
1 env. Knox Gelatine...All protein

Try making Knox Spread. It's grand on hot breads, toast, waffles, griddle cakes, sandwiches, vegetables. For FREE folder explaining Knox Spread and giving special recipes for its cooking uses, send coupon below.

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My daughter told me first

You can well imagine how skeptical I was when my daughter Sue told me that Scott's new Soft-Weve was actually as soft as cleansing tissue, yet firm as toilet tissue. But she was absolutely right! And Soft-Weve's 2-way strength appeals to me, too! It's a thoroughly practical toilet tissue—soft, yet secure.

Cleansing tissue SOFT
Toilet tissue FIRM

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Make Spare Hours Pay
Take easy orders for Personal Christmas Cards *with sender's name*, 50 for $1, up. Exceptional values. Newest, smartest designs created by leading artists. Gorgeous selection at 25 for $1 and DeLuxe Line. All quick money-makers—full or spare time.

10 NEW BOX ASSORTMENTS
Outstanding value 21-card Christmas Assortment sells for $1. You make up to 50c profit. Extra money-makers—Gift Wrappings, Etchings, Religious, Everyday, other boxes sell almost on sight—pay you BIG PROFITS. No experience needed. Special money-raising plan for clubs, church groups, etc. Start earning now. Get FREE Sample Outfit at once. Write

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Our pellet approximates a teaspoonful of cane sugar as a sweetener. Pure, non-nutritive, non-fattening. Use in coffee, tea (hot or iced) and ades. Effervescent; no stirring necessary. Ask your grocer for "Sweet-en-it" Saccharine Pellets.

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20 strong Texas Cactus plants (not seeds) sent postpaid for just $1.00! Ideal for rock gardens or borders. **Satisfaction guaranteed!** Send $1.00 NOW!

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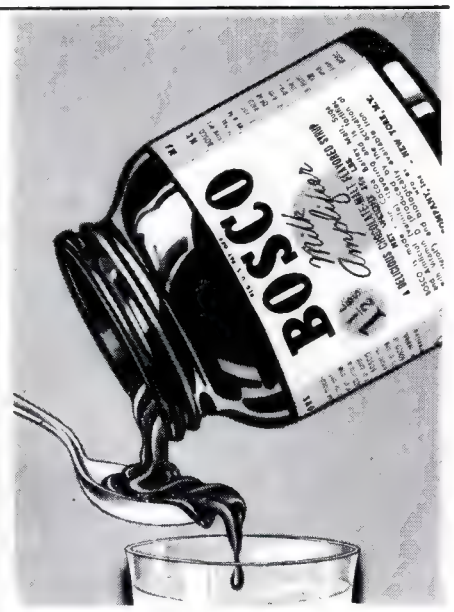
PARCHMENT, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN



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Make good money spare time taking orders for ***Gorgeous New "PRIZE" Assortment*** 21 lovely Christmas folders. Latest, smart designs. Amazing value. Retails $1. Your cash profit up to 50c. 11 fast-selling boxes: Gift Wraps, Etchings, Religious, Humorous, Everyday. Big variety fine quality **Personal Christmas Cards** with sender's name, low as 50 for $1. Big sellers, quick profits. No experience needed. Samples on approval. Write.

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CHILTON GREETINGS COMPANY
147 Essex, Dept. M-26, Boston, Mass.

"Why can't kids

"They can. Here's what they can do."

Do

ERRANDS...

...to free young men needed for our armed forces. This work can have many values. It will teach responsibility for property; punctuality; contact with new and strange people; and stick-to-itiveness. A job like this has community meaning for a youngster. He knows it is essential work.

Work

ON FARMS...

...or in back-yard Victory gardens. Vegetable growing, canning, fruit-picking, milking, helping to feed and care for farm animals—all these are things which boys and girls can help do this summer. This work teaches the child perseverance, and it shows him how his country is fed.

McCALL'S VICTORY LIBRARY—25c. Collection of 5 leaflets on new problems of home-maki[illegible] in wartime in a loose-leaf binder for permanence. Watch for new leaflets as we

AMERICA'S CHILDREN want to shoulder their part in the war effort. While grownups are leaving their familiar jobs to make guns, tanks, planes and ships; while the young men are out on the firing lines—the work at home must go on. And in this work children have a place.

They can help to keep themselves and others fed, clothed, sheltered and well till the war is over.

They can keep on learning. Children, like adults, should be discouraged from doing useless or futile work. Their contribution should be supervised; should be coordinated on a community, state, or national basis. The work of children should be for the purpose of relieving older persons to do expert tasks.

One very specific contribution is the production of games and recreational equipment for the troops. These will be difficult to get commercially and there are many schools, basements and garages equipped with carpenters' tools and lathes; and thanks to the vocational training programs in our schools, many boys know how to use tools. They can turn out dominoes, checkers, ping-pong and dart games. An experienced person will be needed to supervise this, but in every community there are fathers who can give leisure hours, or older carpenters who will help.

Don't put your child off in his desire to help win the war. Don't tell him he is too young—or that he has nothing to contribute. Help him find his place.

It may be that we shall arrive at a better understanding of child behavior by having our children shoulder to shoulder with us in this war effort.

America's children *can* help win this war—and they can make it worth the winning.

fight too, Dad?"

BY GEORGE D. STODDARD, Ph. D., AND TONI TAYLOR

Join **THE JUNIOR RED CROSS...**

...learn to be of real help in an emergency, especially in helping younger children. This organization also has a program in industrial arts, in food, and in the salvaging of waste materials. What the child can learn about helping himself or others will relieve nurses and nurses' aids.

Help **WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN...**

Girls are good at this—and they love the challenge and responsibility. Defense centers, especially, will need much help with young children, and this summer many more playgrounds must be provided. Girls who help with younger children will also learn much about themselves.

announce them. For only 5¢ each, add them to your collection. Send stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O. Residents of Canada write: 50 York St., Toronto, Ont.

THERE'S THAT REDHEAD— SCARING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HER NURSE AGAIN!

Look at her! If ever I saw a baby that needed a good sound trouncing . . .

HEY you! What's the idea of whapping your nurse and chewing up your carriage and throwing plush rabbits all over the park?

Oh, you've got prickly heat, have you? Listen, my backward friend, that's no excuse for behaving like a woolly Indian. Haven't you ever heard of delightful Johnson's Baby Powder? That most wonderful soother of heat prickles and snappish dispositions?

No? Well, for goodness' sakes, put your mother wise! If I only had a can of velvety Johnson's handy—I'd throw it at you right now!

Any baby who gets around knows there's nothing like Johnson's for soothing chafes or cooling angry heat prickles. Another nice thing about Johnson's—it's so inexpensive!

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

WOMEN ON THE HOME FRONT

BY TONI TAYLOR

McCALL'S STARS THIS MONTH: Mrs. Ross (left) and

JO ANDREWS loves to sew, so she designs and makes all the clothes for her family—for the Rosses, too!

MARGARET ROSS is a wizard at ironing, so while Jo fits and stitches, Margaret does the week's ironing for both. Result: fine sewing, good ironing for all.

"PERHAPS I am a thwarted actress," says Jo. "I'm never happier than when I'm bringing pirates to life for the youngsters—my two and the little Rosses."

"I DO THE BAKING for both families," says Margaret. "Meanwhile Jo entertains our four children—and do they love it!"

IF YOU HAVE NOT SIGNED the win-the-war pledge your Government asks—here's your chance!

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT'S CONSUMER'S VICTORY PLEDGE

As a consumer, in the total defense of democracy, I will do my part to make my home, my community, my country ready, efficient and strong.

I will buy carefully.
I will take good care of the things I have.
I will waste nothing.

Your Name_____

Address_____

On receipt of this coupon, *McCall's Magazine* will send the signer a star button, and a certificate of honor testifying that her name is on file in our national capital. Mail signed pledge to:

McCall's Magazine, Dept. 15,
McCall St., Dayton, Ohio

They pool their housework. "It's more efficient and

Margaret Ross and Jo Andrews have found a new and exciting way of keeping their Consumer's Pledge. They do it together.

"It began," said vivacious Jo, "one day when we were talking about the parts of homemaking we liked best. We'd been friends for years, and yet we discovered that afternoon that there were many things about making and maintaining a home that one of us loved to do and the other detested."

"And everyone knows you can do best the things you like," put in Margaret.

So they started an experiment—these two young mothers. They live in attractive houses in the same neighborhood and their children are near enough of an age to have many of the same interests. They went to work to see if two housewives could profitably and pleasantly pool the business of homemaking.

And they discovered they could. They find that they save both time and money, and the routine work takes on added zest and interest because it is done with someone else.

"Just having someone to talk things over with often results in easier and more interesting ways of doing things. And keeping the

Mrs. Andrews of Detroit

PLANNING MENUS—tracking down new inexpensive recipes, making shopping lists for both—is exciting for Jo.

"WHILE JO does that I whip around both houses with vacuum, dust cloth and mop," says Margaret. "We each do what we like best, and doing it together is fun."

more fun," they say

Consumer's Pledge—to buy wisely, take care of the things we have and waste nothing—becomes a game when you have a partner."

For instance, one car serves to take both women to market after they have checked prices and made up their shopping lists.

During the canning season, the husbands bring canning equipment, jars and utensils to one house, and all the preparation and canning is done together. Cooking costs, as well as the finished product, are divided.

"Actually, we get more and better housekeeping done this way—and I think we keep mentally alert. Instead of spending hours by ourselves, we talk over what's happening in the world as we work. Two heads *are* better than one in keeping our homes 'ready, efficient and strong.'"

MAKE HOT STARCH QUICK

THIS POWDER NEEDS NO BOILING, NO STOVE-COOKING. IT'S QUICK. IT'S EASY.

Many a woman who once said, "Oh, that's just for cold starching," now knows Quick Elastic can't be beat for hot starching and for ironing. Test this smooth, white powder. See what you can do with it. **1. Make hot starch** in just 30 seconds. **2. Iron curtains,** dresses, youngsters' clothes without sticking or pulling. **3. Give all your starchables** that nice, fresh, pert look and feel.

Folks everywhere are changing to Quick Elastic. Not starch alone, it's a mixture of starch gliders and other ingredients all in powdered form. No need to stove-cook it to break down lumps...it's powder. Nothing to add but water...those gliders already in it make your iron just glide along. Change over, now. **Just a little bit does a whole lot.**

IT'S THIS QUICK! LEARN THESE SIMPLE RULES.

1 Cream together a little cool water and a little Quick Elastic Powder.

2 Now, stir this creamy mixture as you pour boiling water into it.

IRONS NICE

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ADDED family health protection is today especially important to the welfare of our nation. It can be readily provided in every home by making "danger zones" sanitary the easy, effective Clorox way. For Clorox disinfects, deodorizes, removes stains in routine cleansing in kitchen, bathroom, laundry. The Clorox type of sanitation is recognized by scientists as being most effective. For health-protective cleanliness in your home, simply follow directions on label.
AMERICA'S FAVORITE HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT
CLOROX Disinfects DEODORIZES BLEACHES REMOVES STAINS
FREE FROM CAUSTIC

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The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.
It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

[*Continued from page 57*]

She had been born there, had left it when she married Sam and went to live in the big dark house in town, and after Sam died and the money melted away, she had come back. Well, she was glad she had. There was comfort in being close to things she used to know. Sometimes at dusk she'd even think she saw the old faces again, only they'd be young. She never dared tell her sister Lois that. She didn't quite approve of Lois, who took the spiritualist paper and was always running around to mediums and asking about their old friends on the other side. It almost gave Mrs. Prescott the creeps to hear her.

MRS. PRESCOTT wondered if she could get someone in to look after the garden this spring. She used to work in it herself, but all of a sudden that had stopped, like her cooking and like not going to New York. Mrs. Prescott smiled. How I used to cook! I can't believe it now. Custard pies that Sam loved, bread pudding with raisins, cranberry pie with cross bars, apple pan dowdy, fried pies. Jim was crazy about fried pies but the last time he came, they'd gone out to eat at some inn that Mrs. Prescott didn't care for at all. It was too noisy and gay and there was a bar in the corner, but she tried not to see it, only Jim.

It was here that she first asked him about Letty Vail. "Flora showed me a picture of you she'd clipped from the paper, Jim. I think it was with a woman named Letty Vail. Who is this Letty Vail?" Mrs. Prescott rarely asked her children questions.

"Oh, no one special," said Jim.

"How is Helen Tracy?" she said.

"She's fine," said Jim. "She wants to see you when you come down. She thinks you're wonderful."

She liked ordinary names like Helen and Alice and Jane. Mrs. Prescott picked up a magazine on the table and on the cover was Letty Vail. She seemed to be surrounded by the woman these days. Everything she touched. What was that magaz' doing here anyway? Who l brought it in? Letty Vail seemed to be dancing in this picture, arms outstretched. You could hardly see her face, but it seemed to move. She was having the time of her life.

Then Mrs. Prescott deliberately opened her purse and took out the other clipping. It was good of Jim, but the woman's face, Letty Vail's, looked small and unimportant and every line in it seemed to be focused on Jim. It was a good picture of him. It almost spoke. I've never seen him so natural and alive, she thought.

Letty Vail of Hollywood and Broadway. Mrs. Prescott really wasn't interested. Funny she had no curiosity about a life like that. Why, it was across the world from her. She thought of how Sam had never let the children go to the theater. Good Heavens, if he could see this picture of Jim and Letty Vail! She thought of the Bible conference she loved, the tents they slept in. She could see Sam in his white linen suit surrounded by ministers, missionaries, texts. Corn for Sunday dinner, beets, hot August days, favorite hymns, blueberry pie, Hallie in her new dress, trips in the old Stevens Duryea. . . .

The chauffeur Hallie had liked once. Mrs. Prescott sat up when she thought about that. Well, Hallie was safe now, safe with Stephen and secure. She was surprised when Hallie married Stephen. Somehow he didn't look like the kind of man romantic Hallie would marry. He was a little serious and Hallie was so gay.

Mrs. Prescott thought again of the night Sam had found the car gone and Hallie hadn't come back until morning. She could feel the horror of it now. Hallie and the Prescott chauffeur. Hallie in a white Jaeger coat that she adored and wore the hottest days. The next day the chauffeur left of his own accord. She never mentioned it to Hallie after that. Hallie had been eighteen and gone to college that fall.

HALLIE now had everything, two nice children practically grown-up, a house in Florida, a house in the Adirondacks, an apartment in town and wonderful clothes. Hallie gave her lovely things. She was very proud of her when she came to Stillwell, perhaps she looked a little, well, hard, but that was not quite the word. Yet Hallie did not seem to be happy in her mink coat and her bracelets and her great ring that looked too heavy. Lately Hallie never seemed to stay still. She'd sit down, get up, look at the hills, telephone . . . and not seem to listen, and Hallie had always listened to her before.

There was something different about Hallie these days. When she'd visited her last in New York, Hallie would come in late to dinner nearly every night. She'd say, "I went to Jenny's or Connie's for cocktails. . . ." Wasn't there any way of seeing anyone without a cocktail? Mrs. Prescott used to ask Hallie and Hallie would give her a kiss. Afternoons she'd say, "Mother darling, I've got to leave you a moment. I've an appointment, will you tell Stephen I might be a little late?" But Hallie was always sweet to her, went to church with her and liked her hats and helped her pick out the right print. After Hallie had a drink she would get brighter and brighter and laugh and be so sweet to Stephen and herself.

No, she wasn't going to New York this winter. She was afraid and she had a right to be. The War. The bombs. She was old. She was a sign of what had been, like the scrapbook. Everything was too much for her now. She had outlived her time. Perhaps she had turned a corner. That was it.

Mrs. Prescott stared at the face of Letty Vail again. The picture seemed to change even as she looked, to move. The picture challenged. Mrs. Prescott moved in her chair restlessly. She wondered what color Letty Vail's hair was, if it was so very light.

Minnie came back in the room. "Here's Miss Flora coming with the mail now. It must be after five." News of some kind, she thought, and then she sighed. You couldn't picture Flora without any news. News that she wouldn't want to hear. News was upsetting.

Flora came through the door. Mrs. Prescott said, "Take the comfortable chair, Flora." That was the formula and Flora said, "No thank you, Emily, you know I like a straight-backed one. Here's your mail, Emily. A letter from Hallie, with a hotel postmark and a letter from Jim. He must be on a trip somewhere."

No letter from Hope, thought Mrs. Prescott, worriedly. She hasn't written in so long now. That isn't like Hope.

"I haven't my glasses this moment, Flora," said Mrs. Prescott. She didn't want to read them out loud to Flora tonight for some vague reason. She would read them when Flora had gone. But the letters never said much any more. How are you, mother dear, take care of yourself, eat enough. How is Miss Flora? Love to all. Please come to New York soon.

A sharp longing came over Mrs. Prescott to tell someone something, to cry suddenly, I am frightened. But she never had done that in her whole life. Nothing I've learned, nothing I've gone through, helps me now. I feel helpless before this tide I can't push back, that will never ebb.

Mrs. Prescott picked up the hooked rug she was mending for Hope, one of the few good things Hope had and it would last a little longer if Hope wouldn't let that dog roll up in it.

Flora said, "You're going to the church meeting at six, of course, Emily, and casting your vote for Doctor Jessup's resignation."

Mrs. Prescott was not going to the church meeting. It didn't seem right to have Dr. Jessup put out, still, if the majority wanted him to go, perhaps he should resign after twenty years. Mrs. Prescott disliked a showdown. A year ago she could have managed this affair; she used to manage everything that she cared enough about.

MINNA came in with the tea. When Mrs. Prescott sat by her table, pouring tea, the world fell back into place. Lois and Sam and Hope and Hallie and Jim, and even Letty Vail faded proportionately.

"What do you hear from Jim?" said Miss Flora. "I sent him a birthday card as usual. I suppose you'll be seeing him in New York any moment now."

Flora wouldn't get anything out of her. For years she had tried to get a morsel of news from Mrs. Prescott, but she had never succeeded. "I got a letter from Millie Stoddard today, she's in New York, you know." Flora went on in an important voice. Mrs. Prescott braced herself. Ah, this was going to be it!

Flora pulled a rumpled clipping from her pocket. "Here's another picture of that actress Letty Vail, taken with Jim. I thought you might like to see it. That's Jim, isn't it Emily?"

Mrs. Prescott looked. Just a slim blurred figure, Letty Vail, still the way she was looking up took hold of you.

"And here's another of her taken with Mrs. Roosevelt, second from the left, see, Emily?" Flora's hand was trembling. "I must say she's a very lucky girl to be seen with your Jim. Jim was always my favorite, Emily, he's more stable than the girls."

So people were talking, but there was nothing in it. Jim couldn't play the fool like that. But everywhere she'd been the last month she'd seen Letty Vail's face. In the shop windows, Letty Vail in the new gray, Letty Vail stretching her arms out, trying to reach at Emily Prescott . . . tentacles. It was empty foolish gossip. But then she had seen another picture that was so lovely that it terrified her and then one with no loveliness at all, Letty with glasses on cooking at a stove. That made Mrs. Prescott feel normal again.

"Wouldn't you like this for your scrapbook?" said Flora. But Emily Prescott didn't seem to hear. "Emily," Flora went on, "I can't make out whether it's an old or a new one. There's a strange car in town today. I saw it by the post office. There was a woman sitting in it, she had no hat on and very light hair. . . ."

Mrs. Prescott put down her cup . . . very light hair. She mustn't let her mind run ahead of her. It wasn't like her to be imagining things.

"Won't you have some more tea?" she said, but she was terribly tired now, she didn't want to hear any more news. She just wanted her dear old friend Flora to go and let her alone. Then Flora did leave and the

cold loneliness came back instead of the irritation.

Mrs. Prescott got up and went to the window, and then she saw the car that might be old or new. "A Miss Vail is here to see you," said Minna. "Will you . . ." and then the voice moved right into the room. Mrs. Prescott's thought was to hide, but this was her home and she'd never hidden in her life. A curiosity seized her, an excitement. . . .

THE woman came toward her swiftly. She seemed to move all together, every bit of her, quickly, smoothly. An arrow, went through Mrs. Prescott's mind, a golden arrow. That was fantastic. Never in her life had she thought up a simile like that.

"You look like Jim," said Letty Vail. "I knew that you would." Mrs. Prescott was glad that she had on her good black dress and her earrings. The room was all right too. The room would always be.

"That's Grandma Thayer, I know," said Letty Vail, looking at the picture. It was amazing to Mrs. Prescott that she could hear every word this woman said although her voice was so quiet. Most people never spoke very clearly.

How did you know, thought Mrs. Prescott. The room wasn't lonesome any more. You wouldn't believe it had ever been.

"Won't you sit down," said Mrs. Prescott, "in the chair by the window. You can see the mountains." That would put this woman farther away from her. It hadn't occurred to her that Letty Vail would be so beautiful. She had felt that her mouth would be red, too red like Hallie's, but it wasn't. She had on a plain suit, nothing to look at yet. Why am I staring, thought Mrs. Prescott, who had never stared in her life. She wasn't quite sure about her stockings, but still you could never tell whether Hallie had them on.

"I hope you don't mind this intrusion," said Letty Vail. "I was on my way to Concord and Jim has told me about you." She spoke in her Act I, Scene 1, tones now. Then somehow she softened before Mrs. Prescott's eyes. "You do look like Jim. The eyes are the same."

Then Letty Vail thought, I'm afraid of her. It's so quiet here. It's so finished. She took out a cigarette nervously and then she put it down. Don't let this woman get you. Get on with things. Say what you came to say.

Minna brought in fresh tea and tripped over the carpet watching Letty Vail.

"That's the Quanset River, isn't it," said Letty Vail, "where Jim used to skate?"

"Why, yes."

"And that's the peppermint tree outside the window, the one you used to tell him about?"

"Goodness, do you know that old story, too?" Mrs. Prescott's face flushed with pleasure. Jim hadn't forgotten some things.

"And I'm sure I saw a lady coming down the street who was Flora Farnsworth." Ah, I'm doing very well, thought Letty Vail. The times she'd failed with an audience were few and far between.

But all at once Letty Vail didn't knew what part to play next. She felt lonely and awkward in that quiet austere room, watching this woman, secure, complacent, safe always, the Letty Vail who had never made an awkward gesture in her life. Now her eyes met Jim's picture and Jim was saying, "Go ahead, you're doing fine." Jim whom she trusted, who sent fear away. When she was with Jim Prescott she felt young and new and the way she had wanted to be if she were twenty-one again.

This woman was fighting her in some subtle way. Letty had always gotten what she wanted from her acting, well, she'd get it now. But this was a hard audience. Letty Vail moved her hands and then she gave that smile people adored, quick, rueful, twisted.

"That's such a nice picture of Jim. . . ."

"He looks a little sober in it," said Mrs. Prescott. "It makes all the difference whether he's talking or not. But Jim's not much of a talker. He seems so far away most of the time. I sometimes wonder how he acts with other people." Jim and she had been together so much once—recited the same poetry, read the same books. He was such a prudent, bashful little boy—I used to be his dearest friend.

Jim, you ought to be spanked, thought Letty Vail.

"I suppose I am the one who does most of the talking. I see so little of him, so probably he doesn't have a chance. But with other people he must be different, fascinating, my grandchild says. . . ."

"Oh, pooh," said Letty Vail. "With me half the time he never speaks." Heavens, she was getting soft.

Letty Vail suddenly got to her feet. When she moved she made you think of a high-spirited thoroughbred on a leash. She thought, why did I do this thing? and she began to get mad inside.

Mrs. Prescott said, "Perhaps if you looked through my scrapbook you might see a picture of Jim you'd like. This book means a lot to Jim, more than to any of my children." Perhaps the woman would go then and leave her alone. Leave her the way she was.

LETTY VAIL felt very tired now as though she'd played a matinee and had an evening performance ahead. She would get this picture and then she would drive on. She felt restless, this was the moment when she was in her dressing room, waiting for the curtain. What was she doing in this town, with this woman who was as quiet as the late snow? Not my kind of person at all, thought Letty Vail.

All that she had wanted began to seem petty and small, the street, the town, the house, the peeling paint, even the legendary elms, and the Quanset River. It didn't seem to fit her.

She could hear Link Johnson, "Letty, you can't breathe the air, I'll give you two weeks. . . ." She didn't want to look at this precious scrapbook either.

Mrs. Prescott opened the book gently. "That's you, isn't it?" said Letty Vail. She'd be nice a little longer, but the edges were growing thin. This woman who hadn't known who she was, who did not care. "You're so pretty, I love your hair and your lace collar. It might be today, mightn't it? Did you live in this house, this town?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Prescott, "and I went to Andover, the Academy nearby, but it seemed a long way then."

"I know you were the prettiest girl in school. Jim told me all the boys used to sit on the wall when you went by."

"What a story," said Mrs. Prescott.

The other pictures on the page looked funny and dull and had no meaning like most pictures in family scrapbooks. Letty Vail hardly glanced.

"That's Jim on the end," said Mrs. Prescott. "Those were the little boys he used to play with. There were a great many nice children on our street."

There weren't on mine, thought Letty Vail.

"That's our church, we lived near it nearly all my married life. It's a very pretty one. But I don't get to church as often as I should these days. . . ." Mrs. Prescott thought of the Friday prayer meetings, church suppers, getting the children ready on Sunday. The doxology and Sam walking up the aisle with the plate, her Alaskan seal coat. Sam had been good to her always.

Mrs. Prescott turned a page. There was a picture of a beach and two little girls. Hallie . . . Hope.

"Is that where you went summers? It looks lovely."

"We only went for a month, the rest of the time we were in Heathfield. Sam liked the summer Bible Conferences." There was a picture of Hallie in the dress she'd made her; she liked to make the children's clothes in those days, and Hallie had fallen into a puddle the first thing. Hallie who was always running down front at the church meetings to be saved, impulsive Hallie, Hallie who at forty looked too young, Hallie for whom she was worried, she didn't quite know why.

"We used to have baked beans on Saturday night," Mrs. Prescott went on slowly, "and Mr. Prescott used to take me on a great many trips. We went to the Holy Land. Once I went to England and France with Hallie, I could have gone before, but I didn't like to leave the children, and later on, I never seemed to get away much, as Sam couldn't get along without me."

"Did anything bad ever happen?" said Letty Vail.

"No, just the usual things, none of the children were very sick. The things I worried about were not important."

"But the war," cried Letty Vail. She was getting interested now, she wanted to dig, delve, to cry, were you in love with Sam? Did you like anyone else when you were young? Didn't anything ever happen to you?

"What did the war do to you?"

"I remember in the Spanish War we used to sit on the beach and watch for a great gray ship from Spain. Hallie was a baby then, but it all didn't mean much, it was too far away. In the other war we made bandages at the club and a very handsome French general sent us tickets to a banquet and we sat on the platform, the whole club. It must sound very dull to you," said Mrs. Prescott slowly. She closed the book and then she looked up at Letty Vail.

"Not at all," said Letty Vail, and then she thought, A pretty small part it was you played. Suppose I showed you my scrapbooks, volume upon volume, headlines, pictures, miles of words about Letty Vail. She thought of all the flowers. Why, she could drown this woman out, this woman who didn't want her. The lush years, success, luxury, houses, yachts, money, men . . . work, always work, pushing, struggling, keeping her head above water, Letty Vail's stormy career, they said. Letty Vail and her entourage and all her trappings.

MRS. PRESCOTT spoke formally now. "Your life must have been very interesting. It's something I can't quite imagine. You must have so many friends."

"I know a great many people everywhere," said Letty Vail. She could see them looking up at her like a vast rolling sea. Get Letty Vail. We want Letty Vail. "But I think

[*Continued on page 64*]

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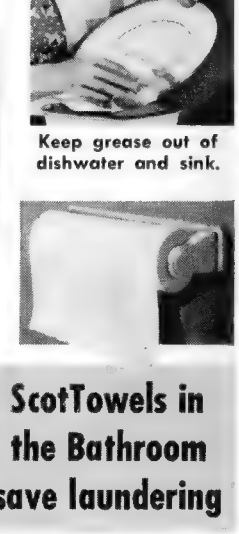

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[*Continued from page 63*]

I've been lonesome always until I met your son, Jim." But that didn't hold water, it didn't ring true. It was Letty Vail the actress talking and after she said it, she looked away. There was something about this quiet woman, so aloof, so distant, yet getting closer. . .

But she had been lonesome, hadn't she now? Not everyone could ask a Letty Vail anywhere. She thought of the night of the great party when everyone thought, of course, she'd been asked. And she ate her supper home alone. It was a funny story, she supposed.

"She must have been fond of other people before Jim, and so many people fond of her," thought Mrs. Prescott. "She draws you so." But her mind couldn't quite take in exactly what that meant. Of course she'd read books; now that last one of Louis Bromfield about that woman . . . but she wished very much that she could understand, and a desire came over her to know something apart from her own life, something alien.

"Didn't you ever in your whole life do anything you thought was wrong?" asked Letty Vail almost sharply.

"I've tried not to," said Mrs. Prescott simply. "But I suppose I have." Perhaps making a fuss when Hope got a job, perhaps for letting Sam have his way always to keep the peace, but she could think of nothing and then she did. This fear was wrong. This was the thing of which she was ashamed. She thought of all the texts she knew, had listened to beside Sam, but texts didn't help now.

Then she said something and she couldn't imagine how she could or why she did, something she would never have told her children. Maybe because Letty Vail's face was so clear, it seemed to call. She almost seemed to touch your hand, hang on. It flashed across Mrs. Prescott's mind, that it might be glamor.

"I couldn't tell anyone else this, but I can you, and I really don't understand. I'm afraid of the war, of the city, of the bombs. That's why I'm not coming to New York for my visit this year."

LETTY VAIL stared at this woman whose name, whose past, whose serenity, in a way, she had wanted so much to keep her secure.

And then she was honest, she wondered if Mrs. Prescott could ever have dreamed that she had been frightened, too. She started to speak and then Minna came in. "It's time for the last mail, Mrs. Prescott."

A letter to Hope with a check must go tonight, something warned Mrs. Prescott. It was unusual she hadn't heard from Hope, extravagant generous Hope. Hope with the unopened mail on the mantelpiece. She remembered one day the doorbell rang, and the look in her child's eye. She hadn't been sure then, probably just some caller Hope didn't want to see, but now she knew. Hope had been afraid and now she knew what that meant.

Unconsciously she started to open Hallie's letter. It lay on the table still by her hand. Hallie, with her first unfortunate marriage most people had forgotten now, so she prayed; Hallie and her unpredictable ways, Hallie and her position and security at last with Stephen, Hallie who would be taken care of to the end. She was thankful. She could rely on Hallie always now.

Dear mamma. . . . Hallie didn't say much, but she said everything. Mrs. Prescott's hand shook slightly, she read the letter once, twice— she'd forgotten her guest. Her face was freezing slowly but she never changed her expression. Hallie, to do a thing like that. Hallie fixed for life, secure. Hallie, running off with another man. That must be the young man she had brought to Stillwell once. She thought of the letter she'd found in the drawer after Hallie left. *My darling, if you don't make up your mind now it is the end.* Mrs. Prescott had torn it to shreds. *My darling.* . . No one had ever called her my darling, not even Sam in his gayest days. He was a very good-looking young man as she remembered and Hallie had seemed so happy. She seemed different than with Stephen.

Mrs. Prescott felt sick. Hallie forty years old, why, when she was forty. . . Hallie would be left stranded. What *would* Hallie's uncle, the bishop, say? She thought of his daughter who had done so well—and then she looked up and saw Letty Vail.

SHE thought of all the things that must have happened to Letty Vail and she felt a strength coming out of her, an obstinate courage. It was almost a signal that said Go. Here was change and movement, a strange new light.

"Jim told me all about Hallie," said Letty Vail gently. Now there was pity in her eyes. "I don't know Hallie but I think it must have been a rather hard thing for her to do, in these days." And all at once to Mrs. Prescott's amazement, the words coming from her lips were not at all what she had planned.

"I'm fond of Stephen, you know," she said slowly, "but perhaps he wasn't really meant for Hallie. I suppose he wasn't very attractive. I could somehow never imagine him with Hallie. I guess it's all for the best."

I hope Hallie will be all right now, she thought. She was astonished at herself, she must be under a spell. This woman could hypnotize you. It must have been hard for Hallie to write that letter. Perhaps there was something she could have done in the past, so that it would not have been hard for Hallie. Mrs. Prescott felt a weight gone from her shoulders. It was something to give up a fortune, wasn't it? It took *guts,* thought Mrs. Prescott. She had never said the word before.

A look passed over Letty Vail's face that she had never used on any stage. One of complete surprise. I never thought she'd take it like that, she thought. But, even so, she started to go. "I hope that I'm not keeping you from anything," said Letty Vail.

"I am sorry, but I do have to go to the church at six. It's a meeting about the resignation of our Doctor Jessup and they're taking a vote." Mrs. Prescott hadn't been going, but now she would have to, for she never told a lie. And strangely enough she wanted to go. She wanted suddenly to stir, to act, do something.

"What's he done?" said Letty Vail briskly. "Why are they letting him go?"

"He's been there too long I suppose and he's been against the window our Mrs. Newbury gave and had it moved. But it did look inappropriate, really gaudy, and they had to divide it around the altar, split it, you see, so there was only a leg of a lamb, that's the way Flora puts it, on each side."

Letty Vail laughed.

"He seems so thin and quiet lately and I suppose they have no money saved and no plans. But perhaps it would be more dignified for him to go, now the matter has come to a head. It's a little embarrassing."

"I think he ought to fight," said Letty Vail. "Anyone who wants him should fight, too." It came over Mrs. Prescott that the room would seem empty when she had gone. There would be no movement.

Now Letty Vail was really going at last, and she had not said, "I am going to marry your son Jim." Perhaps she was not. Link, you may be right. She only said, "I hope you will change your mind and come to New York," she hesitated, "and you must come to see my play. I'll see that you're in the front row where I can see you."

"Thank you so much," said Mrs. Prescott, "but I rarely go to the theater and I'm not sure just when I shall make the trip." Never again, she knew, and the fear rose up again. Let the woman go quickly now. Let her slip back into the past which was the only thing she had. Let her stop struggling and sit back in her chair quietly by the fire.

"Can I take you to the church in my car?" said Letty Vail.

"That would be a great help," said Mrs. Prescott. There seemed to be no escape. Minna came with her coat and hat and Letty helped Mrs. Prescott into the car, pulled the soft fur rug around her and jumped in swiftly by her side and turned the wheel in a strong abrupt manner. Mrs. Prescott didn't like perfume but she liked Letty's. It wasn't like perfume. She smelt of real flowers, almost as though she wore them.

"It's a very lovely church," said Letty Vail. "I suppose Jim went to Sunday School here. Do you mind if I come in for a moment?"

THERE was nothing else to do. Mrs. Prescott gulped and walked in looking neither right nor left down the aisle with Letty Vail behind. Even in her plain suit, she seemed to glow like a light. Letty Vail sat down on the hard red pillow in the high white seat. Mrs. Prescott had always thought the seats were too high. Now she wished they would suddenly grow.

Letty turned her head to look at the people. She'd forgotten there were faces like this, faces that you could hardly make out. It gave her a spooky, dreary feeling that a church had given her long ago, but it hadn't been a church like this. She remembered how she'd run away from the town and the boy she'd gone with. It had been a bad thing and a good thing. She couldn't remember what he looked like now, but it had given Letty Vail her chance. She shrugged her shoulders.

That was when she'd sung *Baby's Boat's a Silver Star* and the women cried and someone said she had a voice. Well, she'd never had much of a voice, but she still made people cry. After that she hadn't seen much of churches for quite a while. Later on she saw different ones in cities: cathedrals and small shrines where she had lighted candles the night before openings. When she found out that she wanted Jim, she had gone in the church on the avenue and gotten down on her knees.

When Letty Vail opened the hymnal and they stood shoulder to shoulder in the old Prescott pew, Mrs. Prescott said to herself, I never believed the day would come. It was stranger than the war, than bombs, than chaos.

Then they prayed and then the meeting to put the minister out came to order. Letty Vail had seen people pushed and trampled and knocked about in a hard-boiled world, she'd seen herself, but she had never seen a minister get a Mickey Finn from his own flock as Link Johnson would say.

A minister who wanted to stay, who was old and tired voted out by a group of Christians.

Letty Vail didn't like this town definitely now. She felt like a fish out of water, but a fish who has escaped miraculously, a fish who would live forever. How could she have wanted to give her life up, to have stayed up here safe, like this woman?

What would she be, stripped of everything anyway? Why I'd simply come up again, thought Letty Vail calmly, without Jim Prescott, without a hand or without anything.

What in the world am I doing here? I should be on my way back. It's been a wild goose chase for nothing. There's nothing to be afraid of. I am Letty Vail. There are years ahead of me. I've just begun. There's no corner yet.

Mrs. Prescott sat there very still but she could feel Letty Vail close to her side. She usually had a sense of peace when she came into the old church, but now she couldn't wait for things to begin. The church was crowded with faces she hadn't seen for years. They'd certainly rounded them all up, as Flora had said.

The words Deacon Stodder spoke were dry and cold and hard. But if the majority wants this, thought Mrs. Prescott, it would be better for the poor man to go. The words went on, heartless, tight, cruel, narrow, unthinking . . . where would he go, what would he do? Mrs. Jessup was always coming across the lawn to bring her a fresh cake. Mrs. Prescott suddenly remembered the loveliest compliment Dr. Jessup had paid her the year Hope was so ill, and Mrs. Prescott had taken care of her, day and night. "After I see you, Mrs. Prescott, I come away nourished and with new courage." He had married Hope and had preached at Sam's funeral, at Cousin Sophia's, and he was old and perhaps he didn't have the spark he used to have . . . like herself. He's not for us any more. We need someone new, the Deacon was saying now. She heard Letty Vail's voice, saying, he'd better fight, or someone for him.

Lucy Adams was on her feet speaking a few tremulous words for him now, but they didn't carry. People moved, rustled, Mrs. Barrett coughed. Lucy didn't have much weight, she was a newcomer here. She, Mrs. Prescott, was a pillar, a background. But what would be the use, they had their minds made up. Why, she couldn't dream of such a thing . . . she wasn't that kind of person. . .

Letty Vail was watching her, wondering maybe which side she was on. Letty Vail, who thought that she, Emily Prescott, had always played a pretty small role, who dismissed her, who thought that she was old and unadventurous and through. . . And then it was as if something led her, drew her, took her by the hand. I can't do it. I won't. I'd be ridiculous, a laughing stock—and then, there she was on the platform.

Emily Prescott looked at her audience. She had known them most of her whole life long, but they never would have known Emily Prescott. She didn't say anything new at first, just the same old story of the country minister, his future, his sacrifices, his worth . . . at first she begged, then she appealed, now she was commanding, quietly but with a strange assurance. Deacon Stodder sat with his mouth open. He had always been in awe of Emily Prescott, but he didn't know she had this in her. Perhaps he had been a little hasty, harsh. Alice Day's face flushed and she was ashamed. How had she ever thought to vote against her pastor? And now Mrs. Prescott was saying, Do you remember this, Sara Whitcomb, what Dr. Jessup did for your family? Do you remember, Frank Townsend, when Mrs. Jessup nursed your son? Do you remember, do you remember. . . Do I remember what he has done for me? said Emily Prescott clearly. Things they had forgotten for years past.

Mrs. Prescott could hear her own voice and she rather enjoyed it. This is a nice feeling. They are really listening. It was as if she could feel herself growing. She had a bigger role now. She remembered the time the horse had run away with Sam and herself and she had stopped him. There had been a queer exhilaration. Well, she had it back now after all these years. She remembered the time Sam had sent her a bright red velvet dress, picked it out himself of all things. Sam had a different streak in him, maybe everybody had. Emmy Prescott in a red velvet dress. . .

Letty Vail thought, My God, she's wonderful. She can act, she's using all the tricks, she's wringing everything out of this scene. She's got a hard audience too. First Letty Vail wanted to laugh and then she wanted to cry. She's marvelous, she's better than Jim. Letty Vail had seen lots of things but she had never believed she'd see a thing like that. She's warm and alive and human, she's tough, too, thought Letty Vail almost proudly. That woman was never frightened in her life. Crazy ever to say so—

"We ought to be ashamed, all of us," Mrs. Prescott was saying now. "Who would want to live in this town after what they've heard tonight," and then she caught Letty's eye. Had Letty Vail actually winked at her? Then Letty Vail lifted her hand and waved. But it was more of a salute. And then the meeting was over and she knew that she had won.

Letty Vail was on the platform taking her arm and people swarmed around them, people were shaking her hand. You're wonderful, Emmy, her old friend Townsend Richards said. Mrs. Prescott said, coolly and very distinctly, "This is Miss Letty Vail," and the crowd grew thicker.

Then Letty Vail, who knew how to escape and move quickly, drew Mrs. Prescott out the side door and they were back in the car.

"Goodness," said Mrs. Prescott, "I was scared at first and then I forgot."

"You should have been an actress," said Letty Vail. "I know how you felt, that's the way I do at first. Wait till I tell Jim." Somehow, that made Mrs. Prescott feel very happy.

"It might be a good idea," Letty went on, "if you didn't get out of the car and we went back to New York tonight. It would be fun. Minna can pack for you, I'm sure."

Of course, she was going, naturally; but it did seem as though she should thank Letty Vail for something. She didn't know quite how, or the right words.

"May I come to see your play?" said Mrs. Prescott. "You asked me once before and I said no."

"There'll be two seats in the center, front row," said Letty Vail. "Take whom you please."

Mrs. Prescott remembered the gesture Letty Vail had made her, that had been like a salute. "And then I can wave to you, as you did to me, can't I?" she went on. "It will be very thrilling to me. This will be the first time in my life I've ever sat in the very front row." It was remarkable the things she could say to someone like Letty Vail.

DOCTORS' HONEYMOONS

[Beginning on page 21]

No one would blame Peter for trying to help a boy he had raised and educated. They also knew him well enough to know that he would not suggest his nephew for the job if Michael were not well qualified. Peter had the Hospitals' interest at heart, more even than Amy Fleming, whose grandfather had made the Hospitals possible.

Even Peter's love for Michael—He got stiffly to his feet. Maybe it would be better if he did not seek to bring Michael here, if he continued his policy of avoiding close human relationships. He wanted Michael—but only because the Hospitals needed a good doctor.

Peter turned to walk back to the hospital and supper. He stopped at sight of the woman who was coming along the river bank. The little brown dog at her heels began to wiggle and thrash her tail. Peter squatted on his heels, rubbed Mitzi's soft ears, scratched her long under-jaw. He looked up at the grave woman. "How do you do, Mrs. Boehner?"

She did not smile. He didn't think he had ever seen Lisa Boehner smile. "Good evening, Doctor Mason."

"It is pleasant by the river, isn't it? I often see you down here."

"Yes, I like it here." Her English came slowly, clumsy with accent.

"It must be lonely for you, Mrs. Boehner. Josef is kept so busy."

"It doesn't matter. Josef is different from me, now. We are no longer —*wie man sacht?*—we are no longer in sympathy. He still likes people, still trusts them. I—I let him go, let him do what he likes to do. You understand? I prefer to be left alone. That—even Josef leave me alone."

Peter frowned. "I know you've been hurt, have gone through a lot. But you could make a new life for yourself, and for Josef, here in America. Don't you think you owe it to him, and to yourself . . . ?"

She cast him one swift, burning glance. "I owe myself nothing. I owe Josef—exactly what he wants from me. No more." Even as she spoke she walked away from Peter, the little dog trotting after her.

It rained the morning of the directors' meeting. It was raining even at seven o'clock when Peter strode down the road to Children's.

The Head's voice, over the phone, had been excited and as Peter opened the screen door, Josef came down the corridor toward him, his face as white as marble and as stern. "Doctor . . ." he said, hoarsely.

Peter walked to meet him. "What's happened?"

"A baby—the Crawford premature —it has burned to death. I had an oxygen tent—it caught on fire."

Peter took firm hold on Josef's shoulder, turned him toward his office. "You need a drink . . ."

Josef shook his head. "I do not want a drink. But—this is a terrible thing, Peter."

"Yes, it is terrible. Who was in charge?"

"I am to blame," Josef said. "The little nurse—she burned her hands, but—"

Peter hunted up the Head, and the nurse who had been on duty in the

[*Continued on page 66*]

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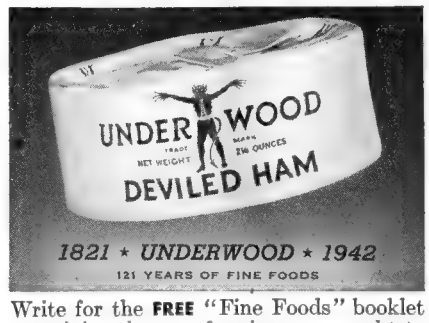

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[*Continued from page 65*]

incubator room. He looked at the dead baby. He talked to the coroner. Between these duties, he went back and looked at Josef. The man was sick—Peter ordered him to stay in his office, told the Head to let him strictly alone. Dr. Barr could handle things.

The accident delayed routine all along the line. It was noon before Peter showed up in the lab. Rain drummed on the skylights, splattered the windows. Connie looked up, the light from the microscope stage golden-pink on her little round chin. "Good morning, Doctor."

Peter picked up the record book, sighed. "'Morning, Connie. Nasty day."

"Yes, sir. Too bad about the Crawford baby. I mean, well—it was awful—but with the directors' meeting—"

Peter's eyes were blue as china. "You would have to think of that!"

"Do you think the directors will blame Doctor Boehner?"

"How can I tell what the directors will do? Josef was not to blame, of course. But the town's been handling his name lately—this thing is only going to make the situation worse."

He stopped, closed the book, put it carefully back on its shelf. "Get me sputum tests on 96-W, will you? I only hope I can keep my mouth shut this afternoon. A directors' meeting is a terrible strain on me, Connie. I always want to get up and say what I think."

"Why don't you?" she laughed.

"I'll take a dull meeting for that explosion. It will be a good one." He grinned at her, ducked to go through the low door.

PETER MASON seated Miss Fleming in her chair at the directors' table. He thought, if a woman must use perfume, it was well to choose a fresh, sharp one such as Amy's.

Then he sat down with his back to the snapping fire. He looked at Josef. He was very white; his long fingers fumbled his cigarette, but he would do. Peter had made Josef eat a hot dinner, drink strong, black coffee. If the meeting did not last too long, or get too involved in personalities. . .

Earl Reynolds read the financial report. Dr. Mason detailed certain repairs and purchases desired for the next quarter. He made a terse plea for an iron lung. This had been Josef's place to speak; Peter thought it better to assume the task. The directors listened to him, voted to buy the apparatus. Josef sighed. Then coughed sharply, and murmured "*Bitte*" in his clear voice. Amy Fleming twisted her hands together and looked at him with concern.

Aware that the others were looking at her, she dropped her eyes, took up a manila folder and opened it. There was now the matter of filling a vacancy on the hospital staff. The appointment of an assistant surgeon at Women's. She had several letters of application, each accompanied by other letters and records of recommendation. Was it the directors' wish that all these be read?

Peter made his little scuffle to stand. "I am going to turn on the lights," he explained carefully. "I think all the letters should be read, and duly considered." He walked over to the light switch, snapped it, came back to his chair. He moved calmly, deliberately.

Amy smiled. "I think Doctor Mason's suggestion is a good one. Mr. Bracken, would you care to read these letters? I fancy you would do a better job than I might."

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The lawyer deprecated any implication that Miss Fleming would not do any task beautifully. He cleared his throat. He read several letters, the others listening attentively.

He cleared his throat again, began: "'Gentlemen: I am a graduate of Rush Medical School, majoring in obstetrics and gynecology.'" This was Michael's letter, a formal application like the others. "I want you to get the job, but you'll have to come in through the front door for it," Peter had told him. Peter loved the Hospitals as other men love women, possessively, jealously. He wanted their every attribute to be good, prideful. He was not going to have anyone—Amy Fleming, Josef Boehner, no, or Michael Barry—jeopardize the institution he had helped build into a fine and noble thing.

". . . . 'yours very respectfully, Michael Barry, M.D.'" Bracken took off his glasses, peered at Peter. The man sat there like a stone statue. Bracken turned to Amy, riffled several sheets of paper. "There's a mess of recommendations. . . . Want me to read 'em?"

Amy smiled. "I expect you're tired. Perhaps you need only list the names of those who endorse Mi . . . er—Doctor Barry."

Bracken put his glasses on again. He read the names. That of Peter Mason was not among them. There was a silence. A log slipped in the fireplace; sparks snapped and flared into flames. The rain whispered against the windows.

Amy Fleming bent forward across the gleaming table. "Have you anything to say about Doctor Barry in addition to his letter, Doctor Mason?"

Peter said quietly, "I think nothing need be added, Miss Fleming. Doctor Barry has specialized in the field most helpful to the man given this appointment. He has been well-trained. These letters of recommendation doubtless speak well of his ability, his morals, his ethical integrity."

Amy Fleming could not make Peter ask for Michael's appointment.

She dropped her eyes to the papers before her, and moistened her lips. "Thank you, Doctor Mason. I think the Board is aware that Doctor Barry is your nephew. Is it the Board's wish to vote on the subject?"

PETER stretched a steady hand for the pad of white paper, he wrote Michael's name with firm, black strokes of his pencil. He dropped the sheet of paper into the tray Bracken passed, folded his arms and waited for the count.

"Madame Chairman, there are seven members present, seven votes have been cast, all of them in favor of appointing Doctor Michael Barry as assistant surgeon."

Peter moved then. He fished in the pocket of his white jacket for a handkerchief, shook it open, mopped his forehead.

It was at this juncture that Josef Boehner laughed. Merrily, gleefully.

The directors looked at him. Dr. Mason put away his handkerchief and frowned. Amy looked appealingly at Peter.

"Doctor Boehner," Peter said clearly, "perhaps Miss Fleming wishes to be heard."

Josef looked at him. "Eh? Oh, yes, yes. Sorry, Amy."

Amy's cheeks were very pink, and the room crackled with tension.

"Is there any other business?" Amy asked, nervously. "If not. . ."

Robert McGavock got to his feet. He was a big man in rough tweeds

of excellent quality, smelling smoky on this wet September day. "Gentlemen, ladies," he said slowly. "I am not a man to pay heed to gossip." Josef's fingers tightened on his cigarette until it bent. He cast it aside. "It is my custom to trust the men in charge of these Hospitals. We appoint them with care, and entrust the patients to them." Josef fished for his cigarette case. So that was to be the point of empalement. "I do not want my motive to be misunderstood, but I, for one, would like to learn the truth about the baby I understand was burned to death here this morning." He looked around at his companions; his eyes rested on Dr. Boehner.

Josef snapped his cigarette case, a sharp sound, unduly loud at this minute. "The talk travels quickly to have reached your farm, sir."

"I hear much talk, Doctor Boehner. Much gossip. That which concerns the Hospitals of which I am a director has significance to me."

Josef stood up, bowed stiffly from the waist. This gesture, he was aware, infuriated men like Robert McGavock. "Does the talk you have heard imply that I was to blame for the—accident?"

"It does, Doctor Boehner. It also implies that you were attending to other interests than those of the hospital."

Red circles burned on Josef's white cheeks, his nostrils flared.

"Just a minute." It was Peter, struggling to stand. "As Surgeon in Charge of the Amelia Cecelia Hospitals, gentlemen, I reserve the right to answer that charge. Sit down, Boehner."

JOSEF looked at him, shrugged. Sat down again in his chair. Robert McGavock pushed his fists down against the table top. "No one is offering any criticism of you, Doctor Mason."

"If you are questioning the efficiency of my Hospitals, I still claim the right to speak," Peter said.

"All right, sir." McGavock sat down.

Amy was watching the big, red-headed man as if she expected him to produce rabbits out of a hat. Her lips were parted a little, her eyes dark.

"You have brought up the death of a baby which occurred this morning," Peter began. "If you would go to the coroner he would tell you that he considered the death was an unavoidable accident. He got that opinion directly from me, and accepted it as an honest one.

"As directors, perhaps you have the right to have that statement elaborated upon. First, the baby was my patient. I delivered it forty-eight hours ago in a Caesarean section on a woman a little less than seven months pregnant. I delivered the child to save the mother, not hoping that the baby would live at all. It was premature, and it was syphilitic. It had small chance of life, and if it lived it had hope for neither health nor sanity. Therefore, death came mercifully.

"That, of course, is a cruel, impersonal way to regard the matter. It is the medical way to regard illness and death impersonally. But"—his eyes blazed—"it is also the medical way to prolong, to preserve life. Doctors are trained, hospitals are built and equipped, toward that end. Often we achieve that end. Sometimes we fail. This morning was such a failure. Not a failure of man power, however, but a failure of man-made equipment. We put that premature baby into an incubator. In some way, perhaps a short circuit, the incubator caught fire and the baby was killed. Our equipment failed, and in that we are at fault.

"The accident is regrettable. Every man and woman connected with these Hospitals is sorry because all of us are to blame. Doctor Boehner and I were not there when this happened, but we feel equally at fault with Doctor Barr who was on duty and with the charge nurse who sat not twenty feet away from the baby. This was an accident, a regrettable lapse in our efficiency. Have I answered you, Mr. McGavock?"

COME along to my rooms, will you, Josef?" Peter asked when the two doctors had seen the last of the directors' cars whirl down the drive. He had stood close to Josef through the final minutes of the meeting, through the farewells.

Josef nodded, followed him along the halls of Women's, and up the narrow, steep stairway to Dr. Mason's rooms. "I am very pleased about your nephew, Doctor," Josef said.

Peter pointed to the armchair by the fireplace. He twisted newspapers and pushed them under the logs and kindling in the grate. "Yes. I am glad he got the appointment."

The room was filled with furry brown shadows. But the firelight began to pick out gold on the bindings of the books that lined one wall from floor to ceiling. The faded colors of the hearth rug, the brass book-ends and ink pot on the center table gleamed. Josef offered Peter cigarettes. "I must thank you, Doctor, for saving my professional reputation this afternoon. The righteous McGavock was out for my scalp."

"He was," Peter admitted.

Josef ran his hand through his thick crest of hair. "I am glad you thought it worth saving, Doctor. I was deeply to blame for that baby's death."

"Don't be a fool. You were not to blame in that you were careless or neglectful of duty. You did contrive the incubator, but your intentions were good. When it has been repaired we shall use the thing again, many times. We'll need to use it, just as the Hospitals will need you. You sometimes do a little hurt, Josef. You do more good than you do hurt. With a little care. . ."

Josef nodded. "I understand. I shall be more careful—of frayed wires."

Peter stared into the leaping flames of the fire. "I have in mind—as McGavock did—something more than the Crawford baby."

"Yes?" Josef said.

"You're going to make me put it into words?"

"I should have made McGavock—if you had not stopped me."

"I stopped you for the good of the Hospitals. You understand that, in all things, they come first with me."

"I understand. Completely."

"I should have spoken to you of this before the meeting, Boehner. Perhaps you will misjudge my reasons for waiting to do it until now."

"I know you very well, Peter."

"Yes. Of course, the thing I wish to discuss is the mounting gossip over your name—and Miss Fleming's."

Josef waited.

"The town has decided that your attentions to Miss Fleming are too ardent and too irregular."

"Do you agree with the town?"

"I am afraid I do," he said flatly. "You have conducted yourself these past months without shame or discretion, either as a married man, or as a man of importance and, supposedly, of integrity! I like you, Josef. I admire you as a doctor. But, why do you have to behave like—"

"A man?" Josef leaned back in his chair, his eyes alert, his voice softly mocking.

"I would have said a beast," Peter retorted coldly. "Your behavior seems scarcely that of a cultured man."

"How can you judge?"

Peter stared at the other man. "What are you trying to say?"

"Only this." Josef was on his feet, poised above Peter, his tall slimness reaching up into the shadows of the fire-lit room. "You ask why I am attracted by a beautiful woman. And I reply that you would scarcely be the one to understand such a thing. You are a fine big man, Peter Mason. Still young enough for red blood to pound in your veins. But does it? Have those fine eyes of yours ever looked at a woman other than as a doctor?

"Have you ever really looked at Lisa, my wife? You did not know her as I remember her, warm, glowing, full of life. But have you noticed her stillness, now? Her cold blue eyes, her aloofness? And have you, on the other hand, ever seen Amy Fleming? Really seen her? Her smooth, serene brow, her lips, her soft, round arms? Have you ever touched her skin? It is cool, Peter, and yet warm with promise. And her hair is like soft silk, clinging to a man's fingers when he strokes it. Have you ever noticed the sweet curve of her waist? Do your eyes see what other men's eyes see, Peter?"

Peter was on his feet now, white as the coat he wore. His arm drew back—

Josef, too, thought Peter would strike. His head was up, proudly, waiting. Then he smiled, and extended his hand in a contrite gesture of apology. "I am sorry, Peter. I should not have said those things. You are my friend; I love and admire you. This has been a hard day for me. Like all friends, you have had to suffer for it. Will you forgive me?"

Peter turned away from him, kicked his shoe against the log in the fireplace. His breath was short, blood sang in his temples. Better not look at Josef. The man could charm the birds from the trees. Standing there, his arm resting on the low marble mantel, Peter spoke down into the blue-and-amber flames of the fire. "I am afraid your behavior may hurt my Hospitals, Josef."

BEHIND him, Josef struck a match, lit a cigarette. "What should my behavior—good or bad—matter to the Hospitals, Peter?"

"Public opinion is always important to hospitals, Josef." Peter dared turn and face him now.

"Not to endowed ones like ours, Peter. And that is another point. Perhaps my behavior—as you call it—" his teeth flashed white—"perhaps I help the Hospitals. The lovely Amy still has a great deal of money. . . ."

"How can you talk that way?" Peter's voice surged. "How can you lecture me on the woman's beauty, her appeal—and then talk coldly of her money? She is entirely too fine for us to discuss in this way—for your conduct to make her a matter of discussion!"

Josef stepped to the fire to throw away his cigarette; his hand dropped to Peter's shoulder. "If you admire her so much, Peter, perhaps you should marry her."

Peter stared at him. Was Josef still mocking him? The brown eyes

[*Continued on page 68*]

I'm no Toilet Slave!

It used to be hard, disagreeable work to scrub and scour the unsanitary film and stains off toilet bowls. But no more! Sani-Flush does the job scientifically. Every application cleans away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week.

My toilets GLEAM!

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Cleans the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) *When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in all toilet connections and auto cooling systems.* Sold everywhere in two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, Ohio.

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CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

NEW FOOT RELIEF!

Where You Need It Most—

AT THE BALL OF YOUR FOOT!

Stop foot misery! If it's from pain, cramps, callouses, burning, numbing sensations or tenderness at the ball of your feet, Dr. Scholl's LuPAD will give you quick relief.

LIKE WALKING ON AIR—that's how it feels when you slip Dr. Scholl's LuPAD over the forepart of your foot. This feather-light Metatarsal cushion has a marvelously soft pad underneath to pillow and protect the sensitive spot from jar and shock.

Weighs only a fraction of an ounce. Makes high heel shoes a joy to wear. Takes up practically no room. Flesh color, washable. Worn invisibly. Made in sizes for men and women. Only $1.00 a pair.

Get a pair today at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. Store or Toilet Goods Counter. If your dealer does not have Dr. Scholl's LuPAD, ask him to order a pair for you. Or, send $1.00 for a pair to us direct. Please mention size and width of your shoe. If you are not thoroughly satisfied, money promptly refunded.

FREE—Dr. Scholl's valuable booklet on Care of the Feet. Address Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. L35, 213 W. Schiller Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr Scholl's LUPAD

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CLEANING & DUSTING PAPER

PARCHMENT, KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

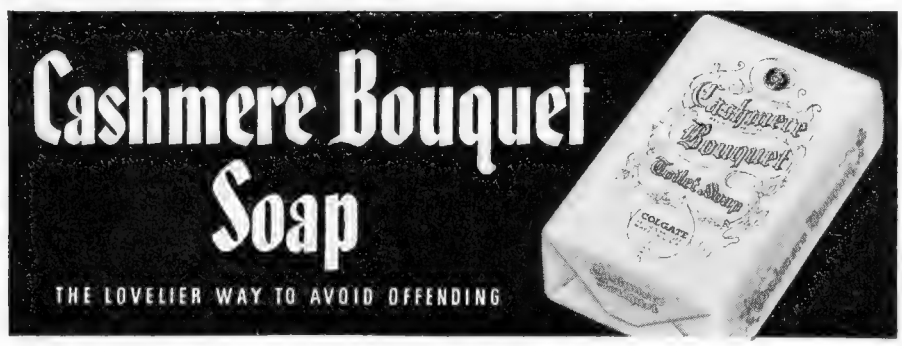
EXCELLO Laundry Fresh KITCHEN TOWELS

Mandel's, Chicago, Stix, Baer and Fuller, St. Louis, Halle Bros. Cleveland, and Dept. Stores Everywhere.

WHAT DID HE MEAN... "SEE PAGE 68"?
HE WANTED YOU to read this ad, my dear . . . it's his way of telling you love will die, *unless* you learn the feminine secret of "double-protection" against offending! You see, it's no longer necessary to risk your daintiness with an unpleasant-smelling soap! Discover "double-protection" in your bath—right now, with one soap that's truly gentle and fragrant . . .

UMMM! HEAVENLY SUDS! HEAVENLY PERFUME! BUT WHAT IS "DOUBLE PROTECTION"?
IT'S THE TWO-WAY insurance of daintiness Cashmere Bouquet Soap gives you! First, Cashmere Bouquet makes a rich, cleansing lather that's gifted with the ability to bathe away body odor almost instantly! And at the same time it actually adorns your skin with that heavenly perfume you noticed—a protective fragrance men love!

THANKS FOR THE TIP! AND HERE'S ONE FOR EVERY GIRL! SMELL THE SOAP BEFORE YOU BUY...YOU'LL PREFER CASHMERE BOUQUET!
SMART GIRL! You appreciate the way Cashmere Bouquet leaves your skin soft and smooth . . . subtly alluring with the lingering scent of costlier perfume! And even if your face and hands are *super*-sensitive, remember Cashmere Bouquet is *one* perfumed soap that can agree with your skin! Be real smart . . . get Cashmere Bouquet Soap—*today!*



[*Continued from page 67*]

were earnest, steady. Peter spoke stiffly. "As you say, Josef, I am not a man of that kind of impulse." Josef pressed his arm. "Someday you will discover what kind of man you are, Peter."

SEPTEMBER, in Missouri, is still summer, hot, dry and dusty, yet it holds a promise of autumn; the countryside seems to stand poised, expectant. The town, the Hospitals, shared this breathless pause in the year's hurry. Michael, the new doctor, would arrive on October first. Until he came, things marked time.

Connie Cronin made room in the files for reports from Dr. Barry. The Assistant's office door was painted with Michael's name. Peter asked the housekeeper to be sure that Michael's rooms, over his own, were clean and comfortable.

Amy, playing tennis with Josef, Connie, and Dr. Barr, hoped that Michael would play a good game.

"He will have no time for you and your games," Josef assured her, scooping balls into his left hand. "He will be a very serious young man. Like his uncle," he concluded softly.

They took their places. Josef served; he was the best player of these four. He played tennis as he did everything. Easily. He would not have played if he had had to work as hard as Barr did. Josef Boehner was lazy, he made his charm work for him instead of his muscles.

The set was over. Barr and Connie said, "Nice work," to Josef and Amy. Connie looked at her watch.

Amy shrugged. "Whistle's blowing. I hoped you could come over to my place for a drink."

Josef's hand lay on her shoulder. "You are the only ornamental one among us, dear Amy. You go have your drink. Connie will go back to her test tubes, Doctor Barr will make his rounds, and I will put Miss Watson at ease in my operating room while I take out a pair of tonsils."

"Miss Watson?" Connie looked at him sharply.

Josef smiled. "I stole her from Peter Mason. You know I have always begrudged Mason the service of the superior Miss Watson."

"How on earth did you manage it, Josef?" Amy was laughing.

"I charmed her. Miss Watson is—perhaps—thirty-five. It is very easy to charm a woman of thirty-five."

Amy looked at him. "You conceited thing. But you must be right. I, myself, am thirty."

Connie murmured something and walked away.

"You have shocked her," Josef told Amy. "To admit you are so old."

"She's more shocked to think you would steal Doctor Mason's nurse."

"I did not really steal her, Amy. Doctor Mason swears at her. One day, when my own nurse was sick, she helped in my operating room. I was very kind to her. She asked to stay. It was as simple as that."

"What did Doctor Mason say?"

"He said Miss Watson was a fool."

Amy laughed. "I'd like to know the woman. I think we must have a great deal in common."

CONNIE, bathed and refreshed, climbed on her laboratory stool, her brow still puckered over the matter of Dr. Boehner and Miss Watson.

"All right, Miss Cronin." Dr. Mason's voice, from the doorway, was crisp and busy.

"Yes, Doctor." Connie slipped down from the stool, took her little metal basket, followed the tall doctor's quick stride along the hall. There were three new patients. Dr. Mason made his primary examinations at the same time that histories were taken, blood counts and other tests prepared for. He argued that, in this manner, the patient was disturbed less often.

Dr. Mason went to a great deal of trouble to make a new patient comfortable, unafraid, in his hospital.

It was amazing the questions he asked, some of them seemingly irrelevant. Connie asked Dr. Mason today when they came back to the laboratory if it was important to record that the frozen pelvis in 47 liked blue but hated red.

Dr. Mason grinned at her. "I'm going to handle that frozen pelvis, Connie," he said.

"Of course, Doctor."

He studied her lab book. "Boehner's got a lot of salts, hasn't he?"

"Sometimes the kids get worked up—a movie or something like that. He says to discount a general rise in salts unless it continues."

"He's right. For a young doctor, he's very understanding."

"He isn't any younger than you are, is he, Doctor Mason?"

Peter glanced at her. "Why—I don't know. He acts younger. He looks younger."

"He does not!"

Peter's eyebrows went up. "Connie! What a way to speak to your boss."

Her cheeks were pink. "Sometimes I have to forget you're my boss, Doctor Mason. You're so blind—so—so—well, almost dumb!"

He leaned against the door frame and laughed aloud.

"You make me awful mad sometimes," Connie went on.

"In what ways?"

She shook her head until the soft brown hair flew about like a fine-meshed veil. "I've said more than I should, already."

Peter came back and sat beside her. "Maybe it would be good for me to know about my dumbness."

She sighed. "Well, all right. I—it's about Doctor Boehner."

"Oh. Well, maybe we had better not discuss that, Connie." Peter picked up a test tube, squinted at it, began stuffing cotton into it.

"Yes, but—" Connie gained courage from his seeming preoccupation; "I think he is undermining you here. Didn't he steal Miss Watson, and brag about doing it?"

"I didn't know he bragged about it. Miss Wirt gave me the impression I was to blame for Watson's making a change—Miss Wirt says I swear too much in the operating room."

"Doctor Boehner wangled Watson away from you."

"He did, eh?" Peter's tone was dry.

"Yes, he did. And—well, I think you should at least watch him."

Peter put the test tube back in its rack. "If he were a better doctor than I am, I would be afraid of him. But as long as I'm a better doctor than Boehner—he's good, but I *am* better—that's all that really matters. Let him exert his charm, let him use the personal angle. I want none of that business. I don't want personal considerations to intrude on my work."

Connie's eyes were still worried.

"It's all very well to say you don't want personal considerations to intrude on your work, but what if they do, anyway?"

Peter got to his feet. "I'll fight 'em tooth and nail." He went out of the lab. "Tooth and nail," she heard him say as he went down the hall.

UNDER the blue-white rods of the fluorescents Dr. Mason was doing a Caesarean. As he worked he spoke

[*Continued on page 74*]

A wee swim-suit is a great big reason to

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion all over!

Welcome the sun! But welcome, too, the special beauty care of this soap that's made with Olive and Palm Oils!

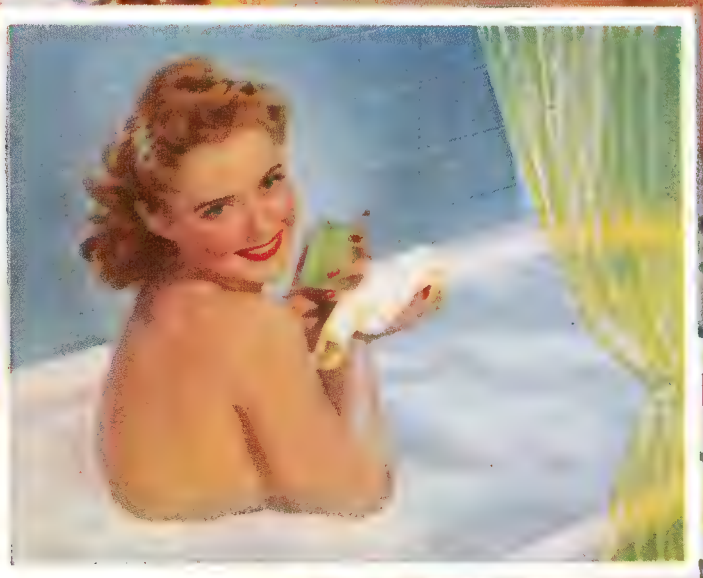
IT'S THE sun-kissed girl who steals the summer spotlight. Her graceful arms, her slender legs, seem carved of smoky amber. Her hair, her lips, her eyes . . . all borrow new enchantment from her tawny gold-brown skin.

Yes, the summer sun is flattering—yet it often presents a serious beauty problem. Its rays tend to rob your skin of needed oils and moisture . . . often leaving your skin dangerously dry, flaky, and brittle.

That's when your skin needs the gentle care of Palmolive . . . the *one* leading beauty soap made with Olive and Palm Oils! Since time began, those oils have been looked upon as Nature's finest beauty-aids. No wonder Palmolive's lather is *different* . . . smooth as silk-and-cream. See how it helps your skin keep soft and dewy-fresh! Learn why women have made Palmolive the largest-selling beauty soap in all the world!

In *your* summertime campaign for "Schoolgirl Complexion All-Over"... make Palmolive your trusted ally. You'll find it is the beauty soap your skin *itself* endorses!

REMEMBER PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY OILS...
olive and palm oils—
no others—go into the
making of Palmolive.
Look for the olive color.



NOW MORE THAN EVER... *Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*

A BACK-YARD VACATION COSTS NOTHING

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

WIN and

Have a back-yard summer resort! Saves tires, relieves train, bus congestion. Have you enlisted? See page 60

MONDAY . . . The Patriot sisters start off on their vacation with a scientific sunbath. First, leg-grooming with an odorless cream depilatory, then lots of protective suntan lotion.

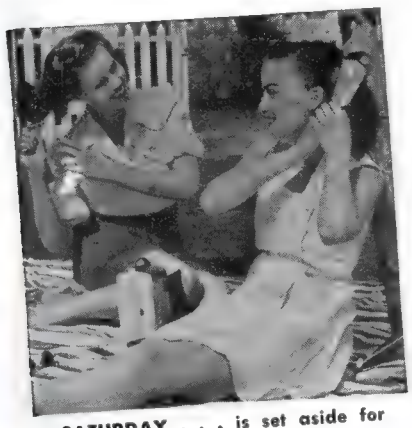
Between ten-minute sunbaths they move out of bright sunlight, drink fruit juice, eat apples. These quickie sunbaths give a nice, even tan, prevent horrid, red-lobster burning. There's time, too, to start a new best-seller.

TUESDAY . . . they take exercise with lawn mower and a trowel, adding this to sunbathing and apple-eating.

WEDNESDAY . . . They repair damage that gardening may have done to the hands by giving themselves a really good manicure. They soak fingers in oil, massage hands with hand lotion, and add a new coat of nail polish.

THURSDAY . . . they set up a brisk yard game. The one shown happens to be kangaroo golf; you exercise by running after "kangaroos." Lawn bowling, badminton, table tennis are fun, too.

FRIDAY . . . they take time to fix clothes: hems, seams, buttons. (Fun-in-the-sun goes on for part of the day.)



SATURDAY . . . is set aside for shampooing, and brushing in the sun. Music makes the rhythm easier in scalp massage and brushing.

SUNDAY . . . there's time for dressing up, visiting, church-going, and a session with the beauty scrapbook.

DON'T MOPE if you must give up a trip this summer. Plan a vacation in your own back yard. The money you save can go to work for your country in War Bonds and Stamps.

First, make a schedule, whether it's a vacation for the family, or for two girls like the ones on this page. Stick to your schedule, which should include at least one new and amusing stunt each day.

The sun that shines in your back yard will give you the same lovely suntan you got on the beach last summer. You'll learn a new outdoor game, partly because you usually do at a vacation resort, but also because it gives you exercise to make you feel like a million.

If you're a homemaker, break up your household routine. Take time to try new ways of doing your hair, of using make-up. Make your dressing table more efficient and attractive. Do read at least one new book.

P.S. If you take a back-yard vacation and work out your own trick ideas, won't you tell us about them?

MICHELE MORGAN'S thrifty beauty tips: Pass powder puff over lips, apply lipstick, blot with tissue; repeat three times for lasting make-up. Use a little sponge when you pat on eau de cologne. Dip fingertips in ice water soon after putting on nail polish; dry lightly; it helps the polish to set. Add a few drops of cologne to rinse of fabric gloves. Your hands' warmth will release the fragrance.

A NEW SLANT ON GOOD LOOKS

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

THERE'S A NEW FEELING in the air about good looks. It's all tied up with winning the war, but it hasn't much to do with uniforms or brass bands. Overnight we've set a new ideal of beauty, the ideal of the *useful woman.* Her grooming, her clothes, the services of her everyday personal life, must all be fitted into a program of *work.* She expends more energy on housekeeping because she wants to squeeze in time for civilian defense work, Red Cross, or training for one of the many constructive volunteer jobs on the home front. She works harder at her job so she can leave on time for a First Aid course or her air warden duty. The girl who isn't doing something useful today is as out of date as a crinoline lady.

That's why we're all looking for short cuts to grooming, new ways to save motion and minutes. Michele Morgan, whom you will be seeing in *"Challenge in the Night,"* brought with her to Hollywood her own French thrift and a deep admiration for the "soap and water beauty" of American girls. These combine to make her a fine source of ideas on making grooming aids go further, last longer.

She thinks an even, light suntan, for instance, is about the cheapest and most attractive aid to one's looks in summer. She uses a little mascara, a tiny hint of eye shadow over her lashes, and a bright, cherry-red lipstick. Sometimes she uses powder; sometimes not. She is sure you can't be lovely looking unless you have perfect health.

She hates obvious make-up, hard circles of rouge, heavy, dark suntan powder that cakes, mask-like foundations, tight, set curls, eyebrow pencil that shows at the end of the brow, very dark lipstick on dead-white skin, heavy, exotic perfumes on young girls.

I nominate her as an example of the fresh, new-minted charm we're looking for these days. It's a kind of loveliness that needs only a few beauty aids and requires the least amount of time to put them on.

Left to right, lipstick with a new refill you can insert without messiness • new, economy cardboard talc container, plastic top, in fresh lily-of-the-valley scent • inexpensive fine-textured dry rouge, natural, easy to apply • "special delivery" kit of nail enamel, remover, polish base, lipstick in cardboard "victory" holder • "beauty bank" to save pennies for War Stamps, with a box of face powder.

Don't Risk Rayons—

they're fine fabrics... treat them **GENTLY** just as you do silk... use

NEW QUICK LUX

Rayon fabrics are so lovely these days—so beautiful in texture and design. More than ever they're *fine* fabrics. Be wise—keep them lovely *longer* the way you do silk and wool... the new, quick Lux way. Avoid cake-soap rubbing and strong washday soaps. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

IT'S IMPORTANT TO TAKE GOOD CARE OF LOVELY RAYONS THESE DAYS
I **NEVER** RISK STRONG WASHDAY SOAPS OR CAKE-SOAP RUBBING!
GOODNESS, NO! STICKING TO **LUX** KEEPS RAYONS LOVELY **MUCH LONGER!**
LUX
For all fine laundering

Turquoise-blue lounging pajamas... spun rayon dress in café au lait ... brilliant Guatemalan print. All lovely—all practical, too, because these rayons can be safely Luxed!

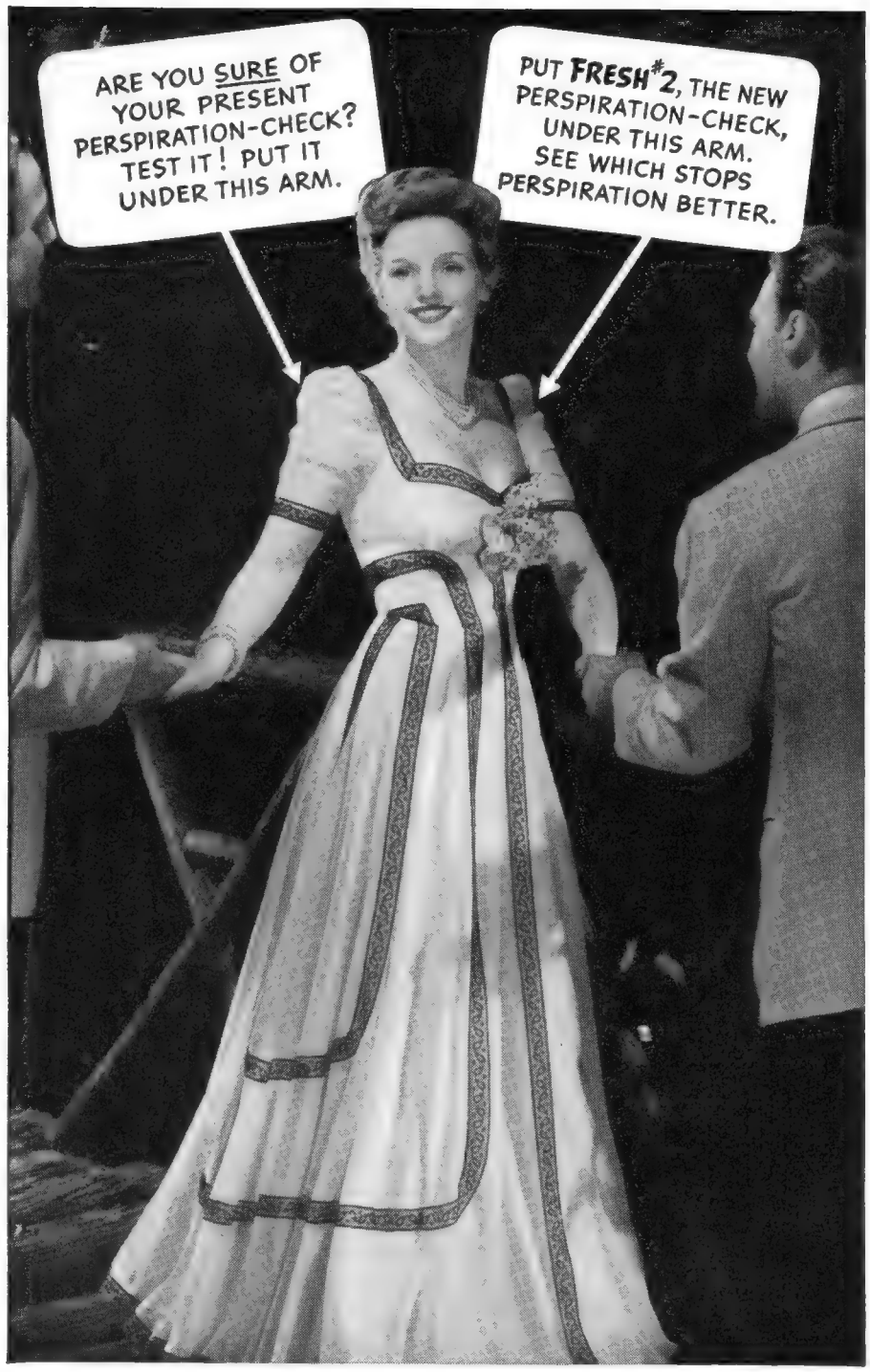
Wartime Washing News about Rayons

Wartime needs make rayons more important than ever. Rayon is needed to help replace silk and nylon stockings—for military uses, too. So it's wise to take the best of care of all your rayons. Treasure your rayon dresses, blouses, lingerie, just as you do your stockings... wash them this gentle Lux way for longer wear:

1) Squeeze lukewarm Lux suds gently through the garment. Don't rub or use strong soaps. Rayon fibers are temporarily weak when wet. Lux *often* to remove harmful perspiration.

2) Rinse, then roll in a Turkish towel, press moisture out, unroll at once, dry away from sun or heat. Use a barely warm (never hot) iron.

Play Safe— **use LUX for RAYONS**


ARE YOU SURE OF YOUR PRESENT PERSPIRATION-CHECK? TEST IT! PUT IT UNDER THIS ARM.
PUT FRESH*2, THE NEW PERSPIRATION-CHECK, UNDER THIS ARM. SEE WHICH STOPS PERSPIRATION BETTER.

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 *under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .*

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.

3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how *convenient* FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.

5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

[*Continued from page 68*]

freely of what he would like to do to the man who had put the patient on the table before him. Dr. Mason had no difficulty in speaking through a gauze mask.

Just within the door, Dr. Boehner grinned appreciatively at the tall young man beside him, winked. Their eyes turned back to the white-clad figure who spoke so roughly, whose fingers were so gentle, so precise in their work. "Look at the incision of the uterus," Josef murmured.

Michael Barry drew in his breath, nodded. "Watch his knots. Did you ever see anything so fast?"

"And as sure," Josef agreed.

"If I had an assistant on this side of the screen instead of on that." Peter said clearly, "I would not need to close my own incision." He finished up his job, the nurses untied his mask, his gown, stripped off his gloves.

"How are you, Mike? Glad to see you. Has Doctor Boehner been showing you around?"

"I've only just come," Michael told him. "Doctor Boehner was standing on the steps, I thought you had a welcoming party out for me."

"I came over," Josef explained, "to check the new baby in. And to ask the Chief if he would care to assist me—no, no, that is not the word!—if he would *advise* me on a case."

The three doctors, Michael still in his gray tweeds, had come by now to the main office of Women's.

Michael said perhaps he should change to whites. Peter agreed. His rooms were to be those upstairs over his own, in the old wing.

Michael looked at himself later in the mirror of the mahogany dresser. White pants, white coat, new buck shoes. His hair brushed shiningly over his forehead, blue eyes dark, mouth smiling. Stethoscope, pencil, thermometer—his step springing, his head up, Michael went out through Women's and started down the road to Children's.

The spire of the church pierced the hyacinth blue of the sky. The roofs of the town swam in a haze below the slight rise of ground on which Children's stood. Michael opened the screen door, spoke to the gray-haired nurse at the reception desk. "I'm Barry. I'm looking for my—for Doctor Mason and Doctor Boehner."

She got out of her chair. "Yes, Doctor Barry. They are in the X-ray room."

Michael thanked her, smiling, walked down the very clean, cement-floored corridor—there was not a sound. Then he heard his uncle's voice. "I hope he gets started right here, Josef. I hope he is well liked."

"He will be liked—as beautiful as a Greek god—he need know nothing at all of medicine to be a success."

"He knows medicine, all right. He's made a fine record. I'm uncommonly proud of the boy.' Michael quickened his step, came to the open door of the apparatus-filled room. "He's like a son to me, Josef."

Dr. Boehner stood where the light from the screen fell full on his face. Michael was surprised to see the man go dead white. "You do not know what it is to have a son!" he said bitterly. "Nor will you know, until you lose him."

He stopped then at Michael's cough of announcement.

THE next morning, Connie Cronin conducted Michael about the Hospitals, showed him diet kitchens, the hydrotherapy room at Children's, the physiotherapy room.

On their way back to Women's, Connie said she supposed she need not tell him that Dr. Mason was God there. Of course, he was at Children's, too, but there he had a deputy, Dr. Boehner.

"Just how much does the Assistant do here?" Michael asked.

"Well, Doctor Wenzel used to—"

"I mean, how much do you think my uncle will let *me* do?"

She grinned. "He'll let you take pulses—and a *lot* of blame."

Michael laughed. "You're just trying to scare me."

Connie shrugged. "All right." She took him to the library, showed him the files, the card-index system for the books. "If you put one back in the wrong place, it will mean your scalp. Doctor Mason insists it is entirely unnecessary to have a librarian. He was even insulted when Miss Fleming offered to give a couple of hours each day to the job."

"She must be a homely woman."

Connie looked at him. "Don't you know Miss Fleming?"

"No. Of course, I know she's Family. She'd be middle-aged, I can figure that out. And if she resembles the sainted donor. . ."

"She doesn't," Connie said. "And I don't think she's much over thirty."

"In a woman, that's close enough to middle-aged," said Michael airily.

Connie stifled an impulse to tell Michael Barry about Josef and Amy Fleming. It was a situation that a newcomer should know about lest he make some boners. But hearty young men like Michael usually hated gossip, and Connie did not want to get off on the wrong foot with him.

"I'm due back at Children's," she said. "I have to help Doctor Boehner with a transfusion."

"You've been swell, Miss Cronin. Doctor Mason calls you Connie, doesn't he? Mind if I do?"

"Not at all," Connie dimpled at him. "Off duty."

AMY FLEMING was giving a dinner party for Dr. Barry, and from the noise Peter Mason made as he dressed for it, Michael knew he was in a temper. Michael, waiting in Peter's study, wondered why if his uncle felt that way about it, he was going?

They went out together, the younger man stepping back to give his uncle precedence. The hospital windows shone pinkly behind them as they sought the path, keeping out of the wet grass to save their thin shoes. Peter slowed his step. "Mike . . . I've something to say. It's a little difficult."

"Have I done something. . . ?"

"No, no. You're doing fine. This is a personal matter—"

Michael waited. They could see, through the trees, the lighted windows of Miss Fleming's cottage and a car pulling up before it.

"I hardly ever go to parties of this kind," Peter said. "I'm doing it tonight for your sake."

"Why—that's very kind of you."

"I have never been in Miss Fleming's house before, have never had anything but business relations with her. That goes for the other Board members who will be there. I suppose I sound like an old fogey. But—it might be well if you would watch your step a little tonight. You'll be up for inspection. Be polite to Miss Fleming, talk farming to McGavock—or let him talk it to you. If there are drinks, go easy on account of Mrs. Hogan. See what I mean? A boy like you can make a trifling mistake and people of the sort you'll be with tonight will hold it against him. Of course, you're going to be bored to death—nobody your own age—but I think it will be worth a little effort on your part."

"You talk as if I were sixteen," Michael said sharply. "These directors hired me as a grown man and a doctor. You're the only one who thinks I'm still adolescent."

Peter's broad shoulders lifted in a shrug. "All right, Doctor," he said. "Let's go then."

MICHAEL had heard enough of Amy Fleming in his days at the Hospitals to have done some speculating about the woman. But having ducked his yellow head under the low door frame, having stepped within the pine-paneled living room, with its great bricked hearth, its chairs and couches covered in green and white chintz, and, finally, having bowed to Amy Fleming, he wondered no more. In fact, he was conscious of little but the woman who stood there before him, whose slim, soft white hand he held so long—too long—in his.

She was beautiful; her dress was of gold-and-green glittery stuff, the slim skirt swirling about her feet. Her hair, brown and shining, was drawn into a looped knot low on her neck. Her green eyes, her parted, sweet lips— "You're not a director," Michael told her.

"Oh, but I am. And I want you to meet the others." She was poised and serene, seemingly unconscious that everyone had seen Michael's greeting, his dazzled blue eyes.

Amy mentioned names; Michael bowed. Not that he really saw Mrs. Hogan in her red tulle or Mrs. Barr in her white chiffon. He looked blankly at Mr. McGavock, at the Brackens. Peter stood in a corner and watched the boy, grimly. A fine spectacle he was making of himself. So he was a *man*, was he? He was not acting like one who had ever seen a sophisticated woman before.

Michael, as guest of honor, sat beside Amy at dinner. He scarcely touched the food on his plate. He talked to Amy; he watched her when she firmly turned to talk to McGavock on her left.

Peter wished he were near enough to give the boy the sharp kick he deserved!

Mrs. Hogan, at his right, was talking to Peter. Wasn't the food delicious? And those beautiful roses! How were things going at the Hospitals? Peter need not answer the woman; she hardly paused for breath. But after a time, she was discussing something. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Hogan; what were you saying?"

She blinked at him. "I asked you if you remembered my niece, little Lucy Mae? She used to visit me every summer."

Peter looked blank. "I'm sorry. . ."

"She's Mrs. Howell, now, and she's expecting a dear little stranger within a month or so."

Peter snorted. Why did middle-aged women think doctors liked to talk shop all the time?

"We're all terribly thrilled, of course. But I'm just a wee bit scared, Doctor Mason. Lucy Mae is nothing but a child herself."

Peter reached for his wine glass. Glancing down the table he caught Amy's eye. She smiled at him, and, to his own surprise, he smiled back.

"I knew that would please you!" Mrs. Hogan exulted in his ear.

Peter turned to her again, absently. "What would please me?"

"That I have persuaded Lucy Mae to have her baby at our hospital, to have *you* for her doctor."

Peter stared. "Is anything wrong with her?"

Mrs. Hogan's mouth opened like that of the trout he had just enjoyed. "Why—she's going to have a *baby!*"

"Most normal event in the world."

Mrs. Hogan decided he was joking. "I've persuaded her to come right away, Doctor. I'll bring her to you to look at any day now."

Peter sighed helplessly. The beds in his hospital were meant for women in extremities, not for Mrs. Hogan's Lucy Mae. But—a director had some rights—women did not belong on a board of directors. Peter glanced down the table at the other woman member.

Amy was talking to McGavock, and Michael was watching her with the expression of a starved spaniel eyeing a piece of beefsteak. Peter bit crunchingly into a macaroon.

"Too bad Doctor Boehner couldn't be here tonight," Mrs. Hogan purred in his ear. "Such a lovely party."

Peter stared at the scarlet web the strawberry sauce made over his ice cream. If Josef were not on duty, if Josef, too, could witness Michael's infatuation, what then might *not* have happened at this party?

Amy said they would have coffee by the fire. She asked Michael to see that the men had cigars and cigarettes. He obeyed her instructions with humble gratitude. He even offered the tray of brandy, smiling vacuously at Mrs. Hogan's icy refusal.

Peter considered faking a need for Michael at the hospital, then discarded the idea as niggling interference.

Michael helped set up the bridge tables. Eleven people had sat at dinner—now the Barrs announced they must leave because of the baby.

Their departure left nine in the room. Amy smiled at Michael. "We'll cut in," she told him.

He looked at her, astounded. "You don't expect me to sit down and play bridge?" he demanded.

She laughed. "I had some such idea."

"I'm sorry, I—I'll go outside and walk around."

Peter seated Miss Fleming at his right. "I feel obliged to apologize for my nephew," he murmured.

"Don't worry, Doctor Mason. He didn't mean to be rude."

Though he played very seldom, bridge was a game that Peter enjoyed and he found Amy Fleming a worthy adversary.

The party broke up, chatteringly. Peter bowed his farewell to Amy, stumped across the grass to his own quarters. That damned fool boy had probably come home to bed. Of all the teen-age moonings. . . .

But Michael's room was empty.

IN HER home Amy moved about, emptying ash trays, sorting cards. She bent to brush ashes back over the logs on the hearth, started to hear a sound at the front door. Would Josef—on duty—and at this late hour. . . ?

It was Michael. He stood there, his golden hair blown astray, his blue eyes shining. "I waited until they had gone," he told her. "You'll let me come in, won't you?"

She looked at him, half-dismayed, half-amused. "It's very late. . . ."

"But I have to talk to you!"

"All right, Doctor Barry. For a few minutes."

He stretched his long limbs toward the fire, sighed happily. His eyes clung to her face. "I have to look at you," he said. "Enough to last until the next time I see you. And don't call me Doctor Barry. My name's Michael. And yours—yours is Amy. The loveliest name I ever heard."

"You embarrass me," she said lightly.

"Why should I deny that I have fallen in love with you?"

[*Continued on page 76*]

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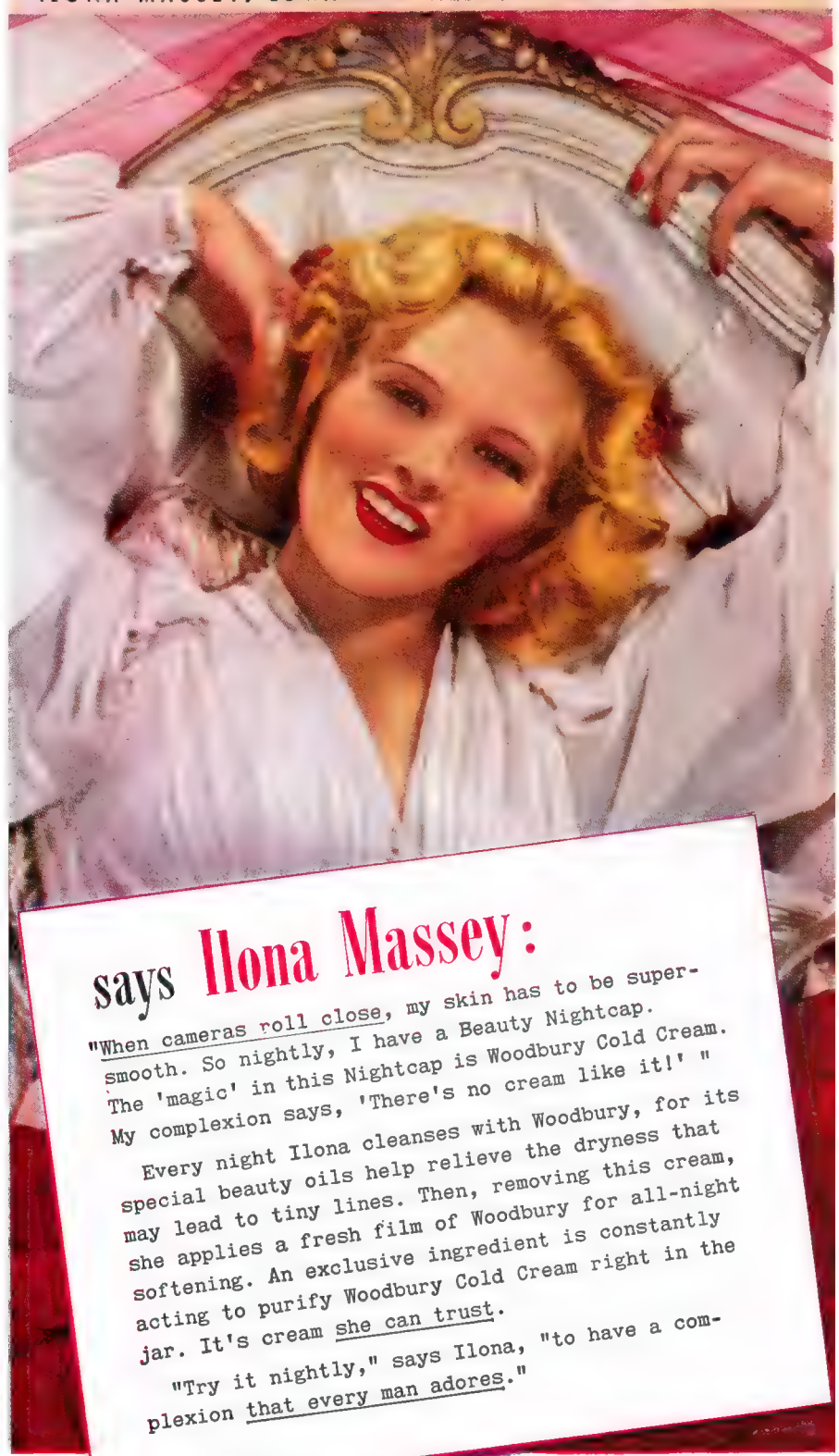

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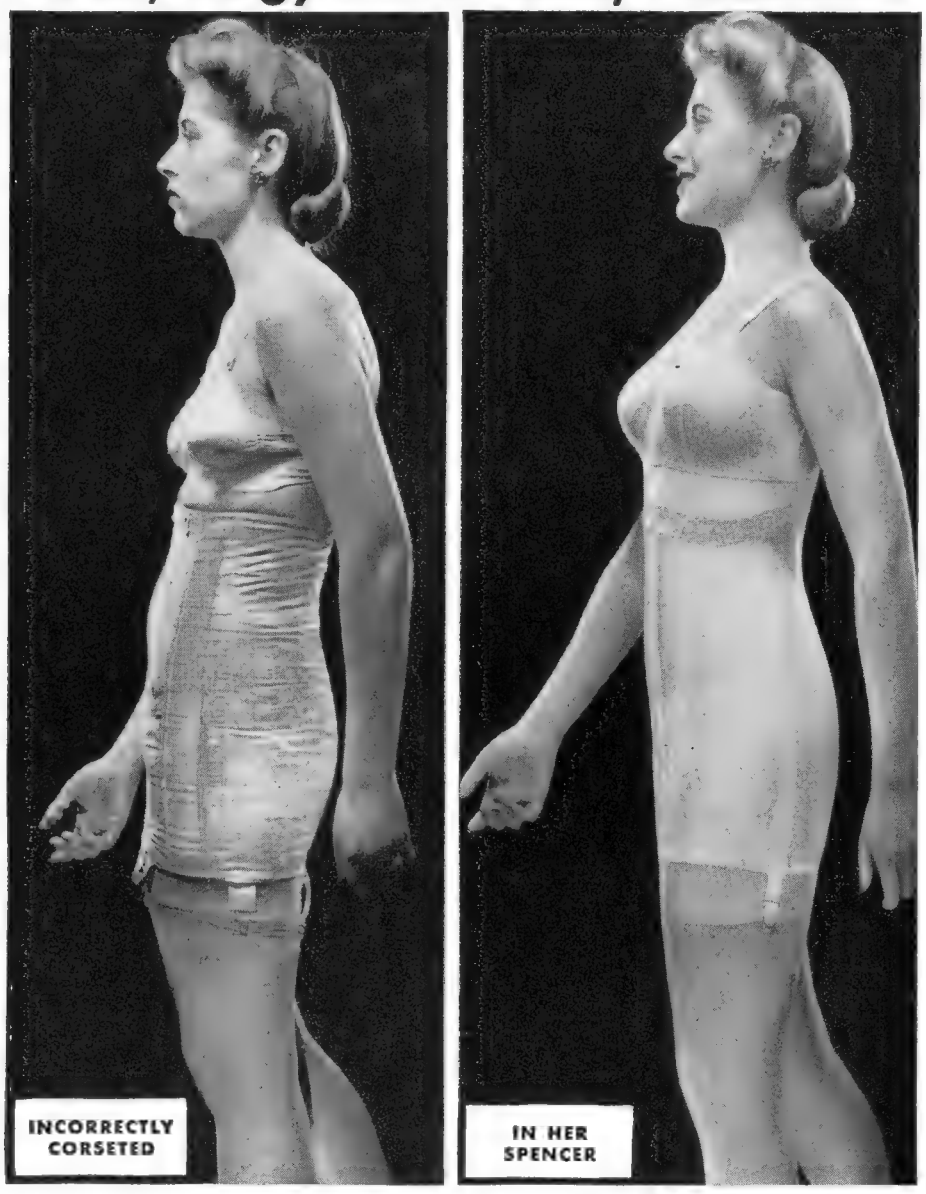

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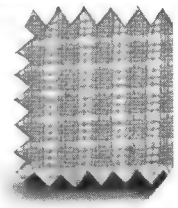

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• • •

[*Continued from page 75*]

"Michael, hush!" Her fingers lifted in a warning gesture. He seized them, kissed them. She drew her hand away hastily. "Michael, no!"

"Do you think love is a matter of growth, of months and years? It isn't. It's a sudden hot impulse in a man's blood. Amy, I never knew a woman lived like you! I wish I could make you know what it is to be a man seeing you for the first time."

"Michael, Michael," Amy said. "You must calm down. This is just a fever. It will pass. You must get over it quickly."

He looked at her, his eyes dark. "I'll never get over it, Amy."

She stood up. "Now you are talking foolishness. You must go home. You have to work tomorrow."

He looked baffled and hurt. "You'll let me come back?"

"Of course. Come back whenever you like. But . . ."

"I know. I—I'll try to be patient." His smile was young and diffident.

Amy stood at the door, watched him stride away. As if life were not complicated enough without this. . . .

SCRUBBING up, Michael had to listen to a lecture on thyroidectomy from his uncle, a masterly lecture, concluded coldly with the hope that Dr. Barry would not find the excitement of the evening before interfering with his efficiency in the operating room this morning.

"I'll do all right," the young man muttered.

Their patient was a girl of fourteen. Amy wasn't any bigger than a young girl, small, compact. . .

"If you are ready, Doctor. . ." Peter's voice was sarcastic. Michael seized cotton, swabbed the surface roughly—painting too large an area.

"I strive for a hair-line," said Peter icily. Peter held out his hand, glared at the nurse. He felt the instrument slap into the palm of his glove, he bent over the table. "Hurry the clamps," he barked at Michael.

Michael made no answer. He was a good doctor—he kept his fingers out of the surgeon's way, and that takes nice timing on a thyroid. The anaesthetist was hurrying them, too.

Peter looked worried as he took off his gloves. He ordered a special nurse.

"Should I do the dressings?" Michael asked.

"Have you had breakfast?"

Michael grinned. "No, have you?"

Peter snorted. Michael ought to know he always waited to eat when he had an early major. They went down to the cafeteria. Peter sat down, shook out the morning paper. "You registered for the Army Reserve?" he barked.

Michael jumped.

"Oh. Oh, yes, sir. Of course."

"About the time I get you shaped up so you'll be some help, they'll call you up to give shots to these boys they're drafting."

Michael flushed. Uncle Peter talked as if he were only beginning his medical education.

"Can you do a pelvic?" Michael's face grew redder.

"Yes, sir," he said stiffly.

"Before we can get about our work this morning, we have to examine Mrs. Hogan's niece."

"Mrs. Hogan? Was she there last night—at Amy's? The one with hips, and a red dress?"

Peter got up. *Amy*, was it? "You mean to say you were able to see hips *and* a red dress last night? Incidentally Mrs. Hogan is a director."

Michael looked baffled. "I'm sorry, Doctor. I—"

"So am I sorry!" Peter cried. "Sorry as hell. Oh, come on! Let's get about our job!"

They went into the examination room. Peter said he would let Michael make the examination.

He watched Michael, his own mind not entirely on the business at hand. What on earth was he going to do about the boy? It was not that he objected to his falling in love. That was a natural and desirable thing for him to do. But—not with Amy Fleming. Michael was too young for Amy. Too young in years, and certainly too young in worldly experience, as the way he had behaved last night showed.

As for Michael, the worst thing that could happen to him just now, at the start of his serious career in medicine, was an attack of puppy love. Making his hand tremble, befogging the keenness of his eyes. Michael was too good a doctor to risk his being spoiled by this sort of nonsense. The way he was doing the pelvic, now, making the measurements, calling off the data to Connie—Peter himself could not improve on the job. Yes, sir, Michael was a doctor, by nature, and by long, expensive training. By deeply thought-out plans made by Peter himself. And—by Godfrey!—Peter was not going to stand idly by and see those plans ruined, or even diverted. This nonsense must be stopped, now.

While Michael washed up, while the nurse helped Lucy Mae dress, Peter went out to talk to Mrs. Hogan. He had, he said, never had as normal a pregnancy in this hospital. He said the delivery would be cared for at the proper time; he walked swiftly out into the hall, caught up with Michael and suggested that Michael join him later at lunch. "I've something to talk over with you."

Peter had a busy morning, complicated by having one of Josef's epileptics get a nasty cut on his head just before noon. It was helping Boehner with that which gave him the idea of how to handle Michael.

"You liked Miss Fleming, didn't you?" Peter said, as Michael and he were finishing their coffee.

"*Like* her! Lord, Uncle Peter, I never met a woman like her before!"

Peter nodded. "No, I expect not."

He lit a cigarette. "You don't listen to gossip, do you, Michael?"

"I'd expect you to tell me not to."

"And you'd be right to expect that. Nor would I tell any to you—if I didn't think you'd gone off the deep end over Amy Fleming."

PETER watched the young man's cheeks redden. He drew a deep breath. "Did you know that Miss Fleming and Doctor Boehner are close friends? In fact, they are having an affair. Did you know that, Michael?"

The boy went dead white.

"I don't believe you," he said.

Peter shrugged. "I'm not often called a liar, Michael."

"I still think it's a lie," Michael said firmly. "You've listened to gossip yourself . . . or—well—you've judged from circumstantial evidence. Possibly Doctor Boehner is in love with her. She is so beautiful, so fine—all men must love her, desire her. But, God in heaven, Uncle Peter, can't you see how pure she is? How—how *immaculate?*"

Peter would have made some answer, but just then the waitress came in to say he was wanted on the house phone. He went one way, Michael another. Peter scratched his jaw as he went up the stairs. What should he do now?

A week of Michael's behavior was too much for Peter. A week of knowing that Michael saw Amy whenever he was free and she would allow him to come. Michael's face, the sound of his frustrated pacings in the bedroom over Peter's own head, the boy's real physical distress—a week of all that was too much even for an impersonal, hands-off man like Dr. Peter Mason.

So he went to see Amy one Tuesday night. In neat blue serge, a blue-and-white polka-dotted tie in a bow under his chin, he knocked on the door of the little brown cottage, and smiled his one-sided grin down into the startled eyes of Amy Fleming. "May I come in?" he asked.

She stepped back. "Yes—of course. I—this a surprise, Doctor Mason."

She sat down in the small mahogany rocker before the fire. Peter eased himself into the green-and-white wing chair. "Do you mind my calling?" he asked.

Amy bent to take up her knitting. "I don't mind at all. Your call is an honor, as well as a surprise."

"I think we'll rest at calling it a surprise," Peter said dryly. Then he sat sternly erect. "Miss Fleming, I came here tonight to discuss the condition of my nephew."

"Michael?"

"Yes, Michael. He believes himself to have fallen in love with you."

"I know he does," she said. "He is quite shameless about it."

Peter nodded. "Shameless is one word I've used," he told her.

"You've found others?"

"Plenty. I am thoroughly out of patience with him. I would have thought, at his age, he would not be so—so half-baked, so unable to control his emotions."

AMY looked at Peter Mason, a faint rose color in her cheeks. "Do you think Michael is serious?"

Peter looked grave. "I think he is deadly serious, otherwise I would not have come here tonight. It is not my custom to interfere in another man's affairs. Not even my nephew's. But Michael is more than that. He is a doctor on my staff, and a promising one. So, for his sake, for his good, I've come to ask you to help me get him out of this mess."

Amy's mouth twitched a little. "You are not very complimentary—to me—Doctor Mason."

"I've no time for gallantry, Miss Fleming. I only know that Michael's infatuation for you is disrupting my Hospitals. I'm sorry if you expect me to pretty it up for you."

"I don't expect you to," Amy said steadily. "But I think you would be a more attractive man if you would cultivate a few graces."

Peter felt his cheeks redden. "All I ask is that you discourage the boy."

"You imply that I have encouraged him. I haven't."

"Well, he's fallen in love with you. For some reason."

"Incomprehensible, no doubt," she said softly.

Peter spilled tobacco on his knee and swore. "I beg your pardon," he muttered. "I didn't say it was incomprehensible. You are a very attractive woman."

"Thank you, Doctor Mason."

"I can see why Michael, why other men should fall in love with you. But that is not the point. Although I should think you would be willing to go to some lengths to get Michael out of the way if you are in love with Josef Boehner, and he is in love with you. I can tell you, Josef doesn't like Michael sighing around under your balcony."

[*Continued on page 79*]

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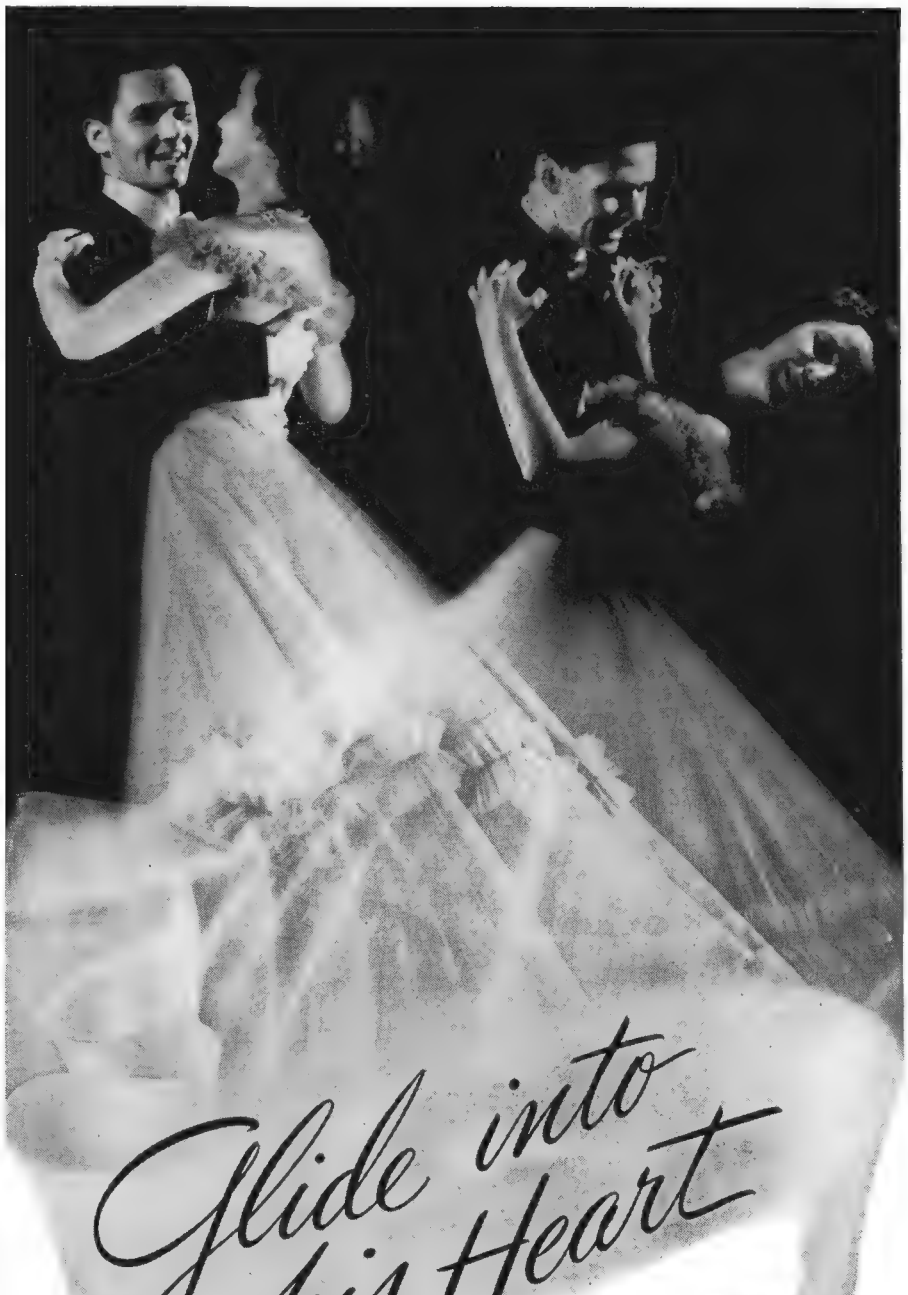

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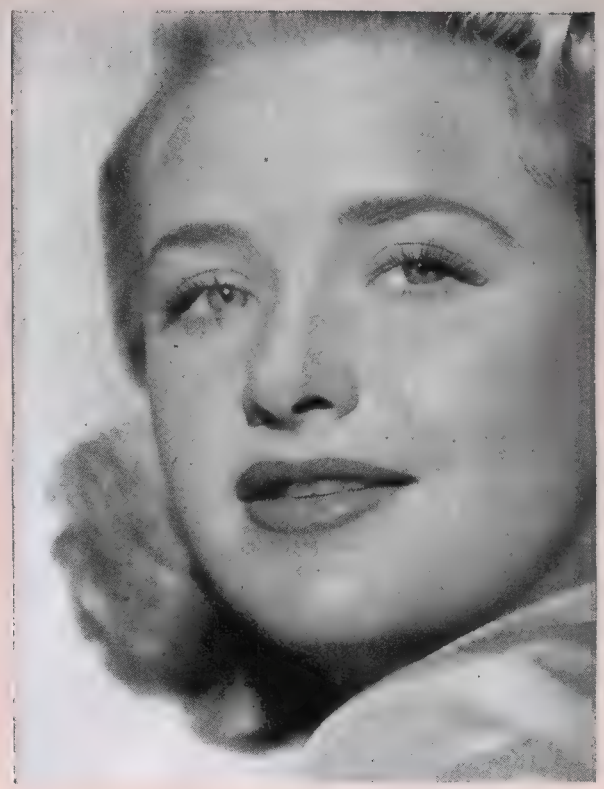

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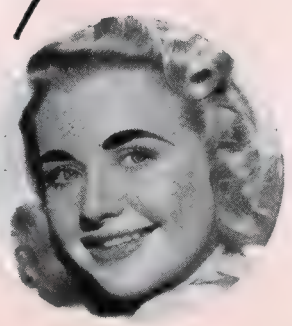
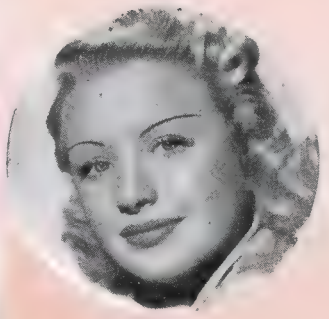


Heavy brows

Don't let them get too bushy. Be sure to pull hairs over nose. Pluck hairs mainly from underneath. Pull hair in direction it grows



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[*Continued from page 77*]

Amy smiled. "Why not advise me to get rid of Josef? I had an idea you did not condone our—our interest in each other." She watched him alertly.

Peter was admitting, though reluctantly, that Amy Fleming was a smart woman. "I don't condone it. But, since it exists—since Josef is in love with you, too. . . ."

"What a woman you must think me to be, Doctor Mason!" she mocked. "That so many men fall in love with me!"

Peter shifted uneasily in his chair. "I would rather not think of you as being any sort of woman, Miss Fleming. I would much rather your love affairs were of no moment to me."

"Perhaps they aren't."

"With Michael stamping around over my head every night? In constant danger of giving a patient strychnine instead of sodium bicarb?"

"And Josef? Does his—affection for me—require your attention?"

Peter grinned. Amy thought the man should relax more often. He had a delightful grin. "I guess you think I'm an utter fool, Miss Fleming."

"I know you much better than that, Doctor Mason." She spoke lightly. "Still what do you want me to do? For that matter, what have I done? I have never made any effort to attract your nephew."

Peter got up to knock the coal from his pipe. He said, "I believe you. But there is something you can do."

"What?" Her eyes, upturned to him, were like pools of green water.

"I have told him that you and Josef are having an affair. He refuses to believe me. He would have to believe such a statement if it came from you."

Amy gasped. "You ask me to tell that boy. . . Doctor Mason, do *you* believe that?"

Peter looked surprised. "Why, yes."

Amy stood up. Her knitting fell to the floor. "What if I told you that I were not?"

Peter bowed slightly. "As I said, I have little time for gallantry. But I would never call you a liar, Miss Fleming."

HE WALKED to the door, opened it, went out into the night. Amy stood on the low doorstep, watched him stride, with his swift, jerking gait, down the path, the white line of his collar finally blurring into the shadows.

Peter regretted having gone to the cottage. He had accomplished nothing, and he had broken down his defences, had shown Amy Fleming—of all people—that he, too, could have human worries and concerns.

Well, he had done what he could—He had talked to Michael, he had gone directly to Miss Fleming. Was there anything more? Of course, he could talk to Josef. He would as soon stir up a nest of hornets.

Thursday, at noon, Peter went over to Children's, stood in the dining room door and watched Josef attend to an ice cream treat he had promised his charges. Seeing Josef move among these children, pat this one's head, help that baby feed himself, bend with true interest over the book this thin-faced girl had brought to the table—Peter thought he could scarcely wonder at the charm this man must have for a woman he sought to attract.

When all had been served with mounds of strawberry ice cream, Josef must sing the "sheep-one." Josef turned to Peter. "It is in German," he explained. "Would you know the English words, Doctor?"

"I doubt it. And why not do it in German?"

The two maids who served the children were village girls. Josef shook his finger first at one, then at the other. "My pro-German activities are reported!" he said solemnly. "It is anti-American to sing the little lullaby Herr Brähms composed for the children of Robert Schumann I do not know how many years ago. Will you protect me, Doctor Mason, if I dare to sing such a wicked song?"

The children watched him alertly, not understanding this joke that was making their beloved doctor's eyes flash so brightly.

"Sing it, and come along," Peter said gruffly. "I want a talk with you."

He walked back along the hall, hearing Josef's song behind him.

"*Schlaf, Kindchen, Schlaf. . .*"

Josef took his pro-German reputation as a great joke. But that was another thing Peter could wish need not have touched his Hospitals.

Peter went out of doors, sat on the stone culvert and lit a cigarette. Josef ran down the gravel path, joined him there. "Did you say you wanted to talk to me?"

"Yes. Cigarette?"

Josef took one, lit it while Peter dropped the end of his to the ground, mashed it with the sole of his white shoe. "Josef, what are we going to do about Michael?"

Josef looked up in surprise. "Why his work seems very good. . . ."

"Oh, his work is all right. Or could be, if he'd put his mind to it."

"So that's it."

"Exactly. His state of blind, deaf, dumb infatuation for Amy Fleming is getting on my nerves."

"And mine," said Josef softly.

"That's why I thought you could do something about it."

"Two months ago you were suggesting I would do better to discontinue my attentions to Amy."

"I know I was, Josef. I would advise it now, too, if it were not that I want to see Michael awakened from the charm she holds over him. She's too old for the boy. She would make a very bad wife for him."

Josef's brown eyes widened. "You talk as if there were a chance she would marry him."

"Bored women have, before this, found appeal in youth."

"I do not believe Amy is bored—not to that extent."

Peter said, "I talked to her the other night—"

"About Michael?" Josef asked, amazed. "What—what did Amy say? Did she blow you up for suggesting she might be cradle-robbing?"

"She did not. In fact, I came away with the impression that she was intrigued by the thought that she might, this winter, have two lovers."

JOSEF stood up, took two steps toward Peter. His face was pearly white, with beads of moisture on his lip, on the bridge of his nose.

"If another man said this thing to me, Peter, I would strike him."

"You can—"

"I shall not strike you. I know you very well, Peter Mason. I understand the way your mind works. You are an innocent man. And I know that a man of your immaculate cleanness thinks evil of any man-woman relationship.

"You know that I spend an evening before Amy's fire, you know that we walk together in the shadows by the river—therefore you think we spend those minutes, those hours, in each other's arms. You argue: what else do they do together, all those empty minutes? Men might talk together, two women might gossip—but a man and a woman. . . ."

[*Continued on page 80*]

DEB SERVES U.S. IN COASTAL PATROL

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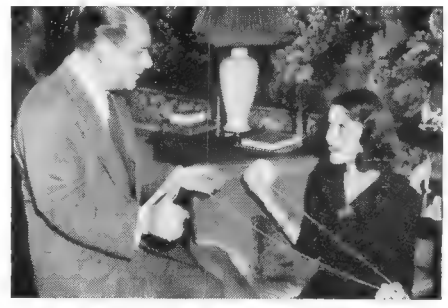

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2. "To chase grime and soiled make-up, I smooth on Woodbury's creamy lather. Over and over face and throat. Then a thorough rinse, first with lukewarm water, finally clear cold water."

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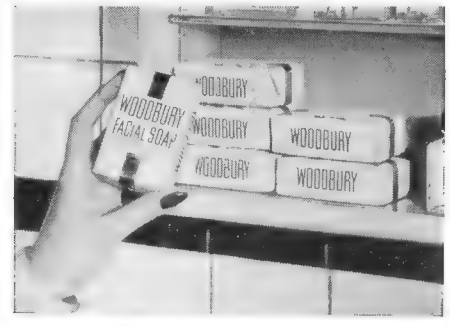

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[*Continued from page 79*]

Peter gasped, his face anger-red. Josef was angry, too.

"You demand the right to live your life as you please. Why can you not grant that same right to the rest of us? If Michael, or if I, fail to do our work in the Hospitals, kick us out with the toe of your boot. That is your right. But, most assuredly, it is *not* your right to say which man shall love what woman, and when!"

He turned on his heel, stalked back to Children's. Peter watched him go, scratched his ear. Whew!

NOW it was November; high winds rode the sky; the river froze, and moved in black secrecy beneath the ice. The nurses wore scarlet-lined capes as they hurried between the buildings of the Hospitals. And a whirlpool seemed to eddy in the very grounds of the Hospitals, in the space between Josef's cottage and Amy's, and the rooms occupied by Michael and Peter.

There were times when its movement was like a ground swell, times when Josef stayed away from Amy, spoke icily to all who encountered him. There were the times when, driven by need, by his hurt, he had to seek her out—and could not help quarreling with her.

There were times when the waters moved less violently. When Michael offered his devotion so humbly to Amy, that she took pity on him, smiled gently upon him.

It was at these times that Peter stormed through the Hospitals by day, mounted his horse and rode out the nights. Amy knew that he did so. She stood at her darkened window and watched him.

Then came the day when the directors, and the Legion Committee for Investigation of Fifth Columnist Activities in Fairfax, asked for a joint meeting at the hospital.

Mrs. Hogan purposely set the meeting on a day when Amy Fleming was out of town and Peter, with unusual intuition, gave Josef duties which would keep him busy at the Hospitals.

There were seven people gathered around the dark red table. Mrs. Hogan, with a black-spotted veil tickling her nose, Luvenia Liddle, the schoolteacher, her small eyes like those of a wood's animal. Earl Reynolds, the banker, pink and scrubbed, turning a paper clip in his pudgy fingers. Bowers with his blue Legion cap set defiantly on his balding head. Johnson, the butcher. The Reverend Arterbridge, anxious, earnest. Robert McGavock, big, burly, on the defensive.

Commander Bowers was selected as spokesman. It was the Legion, he said, who had started this movement, had been civic-minded enough. . . .

Peter lifted his voice. "If we could get the matter stated—I can't always count on my time being uninterrupted."

"Yes, Doctor Mason. Well, we have discovered that there is a man, a former soldier in the German army, working here in Fairfax, talking German, teaching our children to sing in German."

"And living in a way that is an affront to decent men and women!" cried Mrs. Hogan.

"Is this charge one of anti-Americanism or morals?" Peter asked, icily.

"It's both!" cried Mrs. Hogan.

"Yes!" Bowers shouted. "We are here to ask you to discharge Doctor Boehner from the hospital staff!"

"Doctor Boehner?" Peter repeated, as if this were the first idea he had had that Josef might be German, might be immoral.

Bet this'll catch your ear!

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A storm of explanation and justification met his wide-eyed question. Peter listened, his head bent attentively, then pushed his chair back and stood up. His eyes were very dark, very earnest. He spoke distinctly.

"Gentlemen. Ladies. I have heard your complaint against a doctor on my staff. A doctor, chosen by some of you present, for his ability. But, naturally, circumstances can change our opinion of a man. Nazism is abroad in Europe. I appreciate as fully as you do that no part of this ideology must be allowed to seep into American life. If I thought you actually were investigating a potential spy, were pointing the finger of patriotic wrath at a dangerous man, I would do everything in my power to help your cause. I would discharge Doctor Boehner immediately." He let his eyes circle the table, saw a general expression of smug gratification.

"But. . ." he said, like a sudden shot from a gun not thought to be loaded. "I do not believe you have come here as patriotic citizens but as a flock of snoopers concerned with a man's private life, rather than with his patriotism. You are not all righteous, or virtuous yourselves—as I very well know. I have, remember, been a doctor in this community for fifteen years." He stood looking at his audience. No one moved.

"In the Bible, there is a tale of a woman accused, and mention of those who are privileged to throw the first stone. I recall that tale to you. You are cruelly accusing a man whom you have seen do wonderful things here in this hospital. Think back a little to the children you have seen carried in here, club-footed, scissors-legged, backs bowed. Think of those children as they are today, because of Josef Boehner.

"But, yes, Josef swears in German. He sings his German songs. And perhaps he lives as you do not do. But are you all without sin?

"It was your boy, Johnson, who first called Josef Boehner a Nazi. But your boy has a bully for a father. A man who beats his wife on occasion—I saw the bruises on her body the time I saved her life at a miscarriage brought on by one of your beatings."

The others looked, horrified, at Butcher Johnson. His face was red, his eyes bulged.

Peter's voice was as impersonal as the white coat he wore. "As for you, Bowers, you didn't go beyond New Jersey in 1918, and you've received a couple of bonuses for that small service—yet you are, technically, a patriot. You are also that most despicable of men, an anonymous letter-writer. How do I know? I've received some of your letters, written about Josef Boehner, and for which I could have you clapped in jail on the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails."

PETER turned his stern blue eyes on Mrs. Hogan.

"Mrs. Hogan." He spoke her name firmly. "You think because you are a director that I will not dare say anything to you. You think that I value my job here—and I do. But I value more my reputation as an honest man.

"It is a matter of town gossip that your husband left you ten years ago. That, since his going, you have dressed better, been more prosperous than you ever were when he ran a hardware store in Fairfax. People wonder about this. Am I violating professional ethics when I tell that your husband sends you your money? Sends it through me so that you will never discover where he went—at my

advice—where he lives and works better than he ever did while married to a—shall I say the words, Mrs. Hogan?"

She moaned softly, and Peter let her go.

"We all behave queerly, and with reason.

"Earl Reynolds, there, enjoys pinching pennies; he thinks it's his own business if his wife does not go to church because she has the shabbiest clothes in town. They look queer, she argues, in Earl's fine car. As President of the bank, he has to drive a fine car, of course. But he economizes with old clothes on his wife's back.

"But that's Earl's business. Just as it is Luvenia Liddle's business that she has never married. It's her business and Robert McGavock's that with his big, prosperous farm, he has put off from month to month, year to year, marrying Luvenia, never telling her why he does not marry her. But I know, don't I, Robert?" He smiled down into McGavock's horrified face.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have had my say. You've had yours. What is now the will of the Committee?"

Peter sat down, rubbing his hands together as if they were smeared with dirt. No one at the table cared to meet his eyes, or his neighbor's. It was Dr. Arterbridge, the minister, who took the floor. He got to his feet, a loose-jointed man in worn clerical clothes.

"I realize what has been said in this room. What we have said against Doctor Boehner. What Doctor Mason has said against us. It is perhaps a reasonable conclusion to decide that Fairfax would be a better place in which to dwell if Doctor Boehner took his accent and morals elsewhere. Followed, of course, in dignified order by another half-dozen citizens.

"On the other hand, Fairfax is a small place. We need a banker. We need a lawyer, a school teacher, a farmer. We need Doctor Boehner at the hospital. In the past we have found ourselves willing and able to overlook our own short-comings. Is it too much to suggest that we wrap the veil of oblivion about this afternoon, that we strike the discussion from the records?"

Peter watched them go, but he sat on in his chair in the silent room. He was weary, tired as only the storms of human conflict can tire a man. He might have been justified in taking this way of ridding the Hospitals of Josef. Instead, he had fought to keep him here. Why?

Peter pushed himself to his feet. His action this afternoon needed no deep analysis. Those people had come here to hurt Josef. And Peter, a doctor to his bones' core, had labored to save a man from hurt. It was as simple as that.

LATER that afternoon, Lucy Mae Howell came into the hospital in the early stages of labor. Peter sent Michael to examine her, and Michael came back to say, briefly, that Mrs. Hogan had said no one but Dr. Mason was to touch Lucy Mae.

Peter nodded. "Well, I'll go when I'm through. I've made Mrs. Hogan mad enough for one spell. I'll pacify her with Lucy Mae."

"It's a simple. . ."

"Sure, it's a simple. I've told her that, but—"

Peter delivered the baby at seven that night, with Mrs. Hogan alternately having hysterics and coffee in the sun-room. Josef, who checked every infant born at Women's, suggested to Miss Wirt that she put a stick in the coffee.

"Doctor Boehner, if you don't say the darnedest things—and about a director. . ."

Josef grinned, turned so that she could tie his gown. "Especially about directors," he murmured.

Michael was holding the infant by its heels as Josef came into the delivery room. The baby was not reacting. Josef caught a sterile towel about his hand, took the baby from Michael. "Hot and cold water," he said sharply.

Peter looked up from where he worked. "Blue?"

"No-o, I do not think it is that." Josef worked swiftly, slipping the small body through first this pan of water, then that. Finally the infant gasped, but it did not even then really cry. "Oxygen, quickly," Josef said to the nurse.

"Will it live?" Peter asked.

Josef shook his head. "But I will do my best. And I'll need Michael's help," Josef said.

Peter went to tell Mrs. Hogan that Lucy Mae had a little girl, that Lucy Mae was fine. No, perhaps she had better wait until morning to see the baby.

Afterward, Peter thought that he should have warned her. Mrs. Hogan said that he should have, at any rate.

All three doctors worked over the baby that night. To the tiny, wrinkled bit of flickering life, these men, brought all their considerable knowledge and ability. It was not enough. Exactly twelve hours after the child had been born, Josef admitted defeat. He took his stethoscope from his ears, rubbed his forehead wearily.

"Can I do an autopsy?"

"Any case brought into the Hospitals comes under that condition."

"I didn't know about this case. . . ."

"I'd like a report to give Mrs. Hogan."

"She'll blame the birth anyway," said Michael.

"You're undoubtedly right!" Peter said.

Peter gave the report to Mrs. Hogan, but he doubted if she read it. She wept, she screamed. Poor Lucy Mae! Poor baby! "Doctor Mason, I hold you to blame. You never thought the case was important. You said it was *simple*."

"It was a simple birth."

"If it were a simple birth the baby would have lived. It would not have been injured."

"It was not injured."

Peter had a very bad morning. He felt obliged to listen to the woman, to all the outrageous things she said and suggested. It was Michael who came first to the end of his patience and asked Mrs. Hogan if she would care to call in a police surgeon to testify to the supposed carelessness on Dr. Mason's part.

Peter stared at the boy. So did Mrs. Hogan. "No, I don't want to call the police. I only want Doctor Mason to know I think he has failed me—and dear, poor Lucy Mae."

Peter took Michael away before he could say anything more. "It won't do any good, Mike," he told him. "We know what we know. And she'll say what she wants to believe. Your time will come when she decides that maybe I let you do the delivery. . . ."

"But—I didn't!"

"Can you prove it?" Peter asked. "Forget it. Let's get to work."

PETER avoided seeing Josef or Michael the rest of the day. Working together as doctors, as they had worked all that night, there had been no strain, no discord between them. But, as men, Peter knew they both

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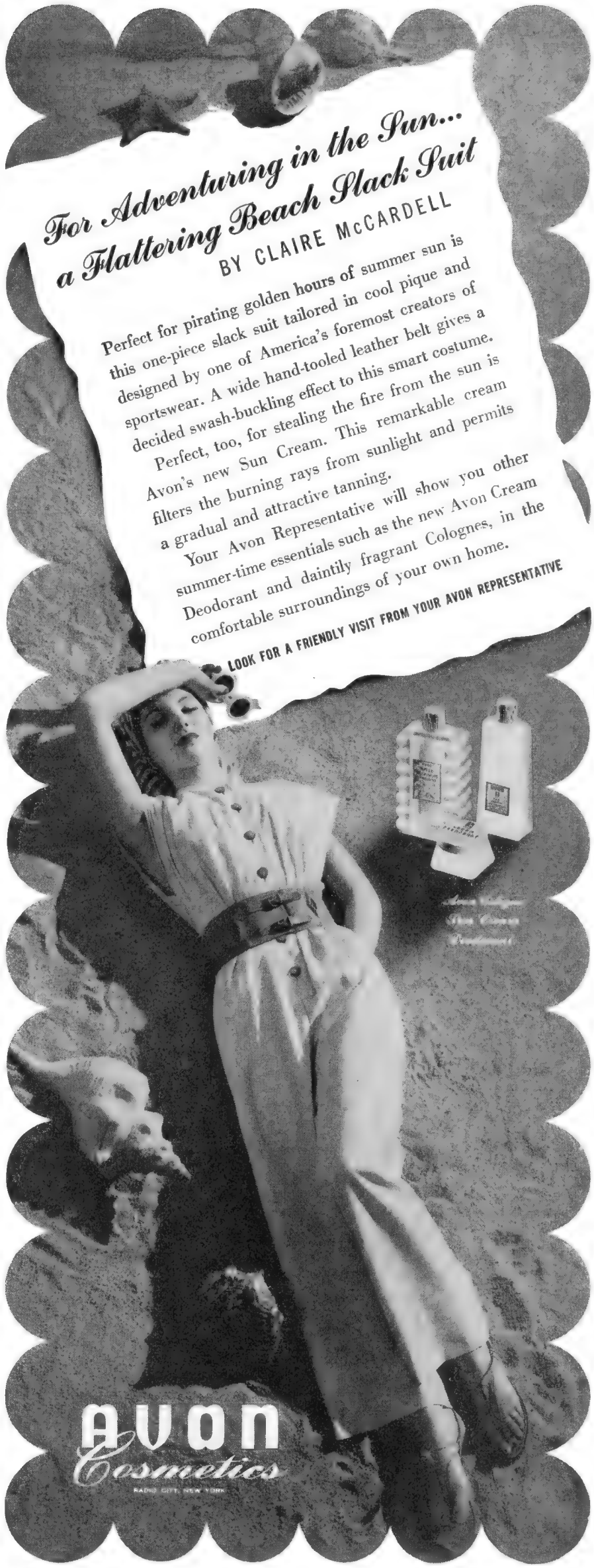
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[*Continued from page 81*]

resented him and he felt, with compunction, that their resentment was not without cause.

At twilight, he went to his rooms, changed to riding clothes but, coming out of his quarters, paused a minute, then went down the steps and cut directly across the snowy lawn toward Amy's cottage. His impulse to go there was strong, his reasons obscure, even to himself.

He stamped his boots against Amy's doorstep, rattled the knocker. Sally opened the door and Peter stepped inside. "Is Miss Fleming in?"

The mulatto girl gaped at him. "Yessir. But she say she don' want to see none of de doctahs."

So that was Amy's solution! Peter's lips twitched.

"I don't think she made that provision against me," Peter said. "I'm Doctor Mason."

"Yessir. Well—have a cheer. I'll go ask Miss Amy."

Peter sat down and waited. Amy came into the room, wearing a white tailored flannel robe, with her monogram embroidered in green on the pocket. "Good evening, Doctor Mason," she said.

"Are you ill, Miss Fleming?"

She shook her head. "A slight headache—it's almost gone. I've been in all day. The snow spoiled the skating."

"Skating must be fun."

"It is, although I envy you your riding."

He tapped his shining boot. "Is there any reason why you shouldn't ride?" he asked smiling.

She shrugged. "A woman could scarcely roam the roads alone as you do, Doctor Mason."

"I call myself the headless horseman."

She laughed. "You don't qualify. Your head is more firmly attached to your shoulders than any I know of."

Peter leaned toward her to light her cigarette. Her skin was fine; her lips curved beautifully.

She was looking at him enquiringly. "Did you want anything—particularly, Doctor Mason?" she asked. Peter looked a bit startled. "I was about to ask you to stay for dinner," she added hastily.

He grinned then. "I would be delighted."

"I'll speak to Sally."

When she had gone out Peter sat down again, picked up a book from the table, read a few pages curiously. Did Amy Fleming go in for Zinsser? He came to the end of the chapter, let the book drop to his knee. He stared into the fire, a steady, warm one. The house was quiet without seeming empty. He looked curiously about him at Amy's things—a woman's things. A framed photograph or two. Her knitting. A small mahogany sewing cabinet.

Peter sighed. This was a good sort of place for a man to be on a winter's night. With a fire, a meaty book, dinner almost ready from the rich, brown smell that was drifting in from the kitchen. Soon a pretty woman would appear in yonder door and smile at him. Yes, these things were good, were desirable. Amy was a woman with all of woman's charm. No wonder Peter Mason. . .

He caught himself. At the beginning of all this entanglement, he had scoffed at Connie's suggestion that Amy Fleming would ever look at him.

THE dinner table was intimately small, and attractive with its white cloth, red roses in a low glass bowl, fine china, thin glass. A man's food, too. Steak, brown, sizzling, fragrant. Peter was having dinner with Amy Fleming for the third time in a week.

Tonight they had talked about Peter's early days in Fairfax, and Amy had repeated several stories about the Hospitals which her grandfather, their founder, had told. They laughed a great deal, but even so, Peter's usually steady hands fumbled the filling of his pipe after dinner. For to his combined astonishment and delight, he knew he was in love with Amy. As completely as Michael. Would it be also as hopeless? His face grew hot, recalling some of the things he had said to her. But here it was, stronger, more compelling than any of the forces which had shaped his life, so far.

They went back to the fire after dessert of cheese and crackers and superb coffee. Peter refilled his pipe, blew fragrant smoke toward the fireplace, then turned to look at Amy. His flannel shirt was open at the throat and a pulse throbbed visibly there.

"I shall do this very badly," Peter said slowly, "but I should like to ask you to marry me."

"Why, Peter," Amy said, and she laughed a little but her eyes were warm. "I thought you didn't even like me and certainly never approved of me."

"I've been a fool," Peter said gruffly, "an unmitigated, pompous idiot. Why didn't you tell me so?"

He rose and came toward her,

"I should have known myself," Amy said, just before his arms enveloped her, "We couldn't have quarreled so bitterly unless we mattered to each other."

Peter kissed the hollow of her white throat. "I hate all other men who have ever touched you," he murmured.

"I have never really loved anyone —but you," Amy said. "For a little while, I thought I loved Josef, it is true. But I always knew he was second-best. I didn't dream you would ever notice me. You seemed so self-sufficient, so apart from human weaknesses and needs. . . ."

"Great Heavens," Peter said. "I'm just a man."

"I know that—now."

They were silent, then Peter said, "Josef can take this. He's adult. Besides, I have felt recently as if Lisa, his wife, were emerging from the almost dreamlike state she has been in, like a statue coming to life. Josef once loved her deeply. I think he can again. But Michael will be hurt. Emotionally, he's still so young. . . ."

Amy put her head on his shoulder. "Don't worry about him," she said. "He will find consolation."

IT WAS the day of the quarterly directors' meeting. Peter, checking a blood count with Connie, confessed he wished he need not attend.

"The last time I talked to some of these people, my tongue ran away with me."

"I heard it did," she laughed.

"I'll have to give them something else to think about," he told her. His cheeks colored. "I—I might tell you the news before I go in there, but don't blab it around the hospital. I want to get the job done first."

"What job? You sound as if you were going to rob the Post Office."

"Guilty, you mean? That's an exaggeration, but I confess to embarrassment. Which I am told is legitimate for a bridegroom."

"Bridegroom! You?" Connie almost screamed the words. Peter shushed her hurriedly.

"I told you not to blab. Yes, Miss Fleming and I are to be married after the meeting, this evening."

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50 CARDS WITH NAME $1

"You're joking, aren't you?"

"I'm doing nothing of the sort. Why should you be so surprised? You told me to marry her, just a few weeks ago."

"I did not!"

"You did!" He thrust out his lower lip pugnaciously. "I remember distinctly. I was reading a book on aneurism, and you told me I ought to marry Amy."

Connie waved a helpless hand. "Crazy as a loon!" she whispered. "It's two o'clock, you'd better go to your meeting. The silly way you grin, I begin to believe you're telling the truth. But, my goodness. . ." She watched the lab door close behind him. "What will Doctor Boehner do? What will Michael think? Oh, gee! And I *did* tell him marrying Amy would straighten out the mess. Am I ever the sap!"

THERE was tension in the air of the directors' room when Dr. Mason entered it that still, gray December afternoon. Amy sat at the table, her eyes lighting at Peter's entrance. She was dressed in a frock of cream-colored wool, a touch of gold jewelry at her throat, a fur-edged brown hat over her clear forehead. Peter spoke gravely to the assembled directors, sat down. Miss Fleming called the meeting to order. The business proceeded.

"Is there any new business?"

Robert McGavock cleared his throat. "It looks as if every meeting we have to pay some attention to gossip," he said uneasily. "At any rate, we again have to take notice of town talk about a baby dying in the Hospitals."

Mrs. Hogan gasped, took out her handkerchief. Peter frowned. Amy looked at her hands folded on the table before her. Peter had given her no engagement ring. She wondered if he would remember to. . .

She looked up. Josef was on his feet, tall, slim, his red-brown eyes sparkling. Josef loved a fight. He had barely spoken to Amy when he came into the directors' room. But he smiled at her now. He took a folded piece of paper from the pocket of his white linen jacket, stood measuring it between his long, clever fingers.

"I suppose Mr. McGavock is asking for a report on the death of the Howell infant," he said, looking around crisply. "Do I have the floor, Miss Fleming?"

Amy nodded.

"Doctor Mason delivered the child. I took the infant into my care before it had drawn breath," Josef said. "It was not in a good condition. But we induced it to breathe and after that we used various methods to foster life—oxygen, adrenalin. We worked for twelve hours. But the baby died at seven that next morning. Following our custom, I performed an autopsy in an effort to determine the cause of death. I have the report here. I will read a portion of it; the entire report is to be had if you care to see it. This paragraph will be most understandable to you."

Josef read: "'The infant's brain was saturated. Survival under those conditions was impossible. Such a condition is probably due to a state of acute alkalosis—as brought on, in all probability by a faulty prenatal diet of the mother. I have found that pregnant women, wishing to keep their own weight down and to minimize the size of the infant, regulate their diet to the point that it alkalizes the foetal body. It is my opinion that such a fault caused the inevitable death of an otherwise normal infant.'"

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Peter turned in his chair. "Thank you, Josef," he said clearly.

Josef shrugged. "I pay my debts," he said gravely. Then he looked toward Amy. "Madame Chairman, if this matter is disposed of. . ."

Amy looked inquiringly at the other directors, who nodded assent. She smiled faintly at Josef. "What is it, Doctor Boehner?"

"I have another matter to present to this meeting. I wish to offer my resignation."

He stood very tall, very straight. Like a man facing a firing squad, Amy thought. "Do you care to elaborate, Doctor Boehner?" she asked. "To explain your decision?"

He dropped his head slightly, met her gaze steadily. "No, Miss Fleming," he said clearly.

Peter got to his feet, glanced at Amy, jerked his head at Josef. "I move that we table Doctor Boehner's resignation; that we suggest he reconsider his action, and either withdraw it or elaborate upon it. I am sure the hospital would find his services difficult to do without, or to replace. Personally, I wish to go on record as being unwilling to allow him to go unless his reasons for leaving are undebatable."

He glanced at Josef who sat very still, his face stern. The motion was seconded, carried, without Peter's having resumed his seat. He turned again to Amy. "Madame Chairman, I wish to make an announcement, not within the business of this meeting."

Amy smiled at him.

"My announcement is a brief one —Miss Fleming and I are to be married today."

Mrs. Hogan said, afterward, that the minute she had seen Dr. Mason in a dark suit she had suspected something unusual. But even she was so stunned by the announcement that Peter and Amy had left the room, and were driving away in her car, before anyone at the directors' table moved.

THEY returned to the Hospitals at dusk. Peter put the car in the garage behind Amy's cottage, took her arm and walked with her down the path a little way to the river. They stood, arm in arm, and looked at the old snow on the river ice, the trees, the bushes, the blank, gray sky—all was like a dry-point etching of winter. The sun was setting in a rim of gold on the horizon.

Amy looked up into his face. "Have you told Michael?"

Peter shook his head. "I couldn't find the words," he confessed.

"You're a coward."

"I know it."

"What about Josef? Did you tell him? Was that why he offered. . . ?"

"No. He was resigning because of the Legion investigation. I'd hate to have him go, but I can't make him stay against his will."

They walked slowly back to the cottage. "Don't worry, Peter," Amy said. "The Hospitals will be all right, with you there."

Peter laughed. He pushed the door open, picked her up, set her across the doorstep. "In you go, Mrs. Mason. You begin to sound exactly like a wife."

Amy pushed her hat back and off her hair. "Just what do you mean, Doctor Mason?"

"You sound smug," he told her. "Domestic. All the things I never thought you could be, Amy, darling."

Amy went eagerly into his arms. "However I sound, I—I never guessed my wedding day would be like this. I thought there had to be danger to produce this sort of excited happiness."

[*Continued on page 86*]

Makes herself over—startles her friends!

"I feel as different as I look"
—says Emily Jackson

"Last June I weighed 163 and could just squeeze into a size 38," says Mrs. Emily Jackson, teacher, of Norwalk, Conn. "During summer vacation I took the DuBarry Success Course. When school opened, I had changed so much many did not recognize me."

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"Now I weigh 120, wear a size 14, my once dull skin is satiny, and I *feel* like an absolutely different person!"

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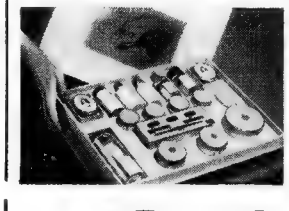

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Fit as a Fiddle...

Remember when the boys used to say that girls are "made of sugar and spice and all things nice"? Those days are gone forever . . . you're no sissy now!

You and a million other volunteers have learned the meaning of give and take. You *give* your time and energy, and *take* your assignments as they come. Every day they need you . . . every day of the month. Even when it seems your smile is frozen on your face!

Many's the night you used to hobble home, dead tired. But *now* you're a veteran! You've learned how to be a good soldier . . . to keep going, keep smiling . . . no matter what!

The greatest triumph of all—now even "difficult days" don't slow you down! Not since girls-in-the-know put you wise to the *greater comfort* of Kotex sanitary napkins.

Keep going—every day!

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You'll take Kotex for *mental comfort*, too. Because its flat, pressed ends keep your secret safe whether you're wearing a uniform or your favorite formal. And its moisture-resistant "safety shield" gives a girl *extra* protection and poise.

So it's no wonder that Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together! After all—that's *proof* that Kotex stays soft! The best proof!

Be confident . . . comfortable . . . carefree —with KOTEX*!

FREE HANDBOOK OF DO'S AND DON'T'S. The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another", tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Discusses such subjects as bathing, swimming, dancing, social contacts, good grooming, etc. Mail name and address (a penny post card will do) to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MC-8, Chicago, Ill., for copy FREE!

(★ Trade Mark Reg. U. S Pat. Off.)

Picking the Winners

YOU ARE A YOUNG GIRL of high school age, and you can have one more dress this summer. What shall it be? Flip over the pages that follow and pick a winner! It's that red jumper-effect frock on page 87. And it is a winner because it's your beloved dirndl in new guise. We know of another nice way to make it up, in case you are all stocked up on red dresses—navy linen and white organdy.

YOU ARE A COLLEGE GIRL home for the summer, and you are about to choose a dress for July and August, but it ought to be good for college next fall as well. Flip the pages and pick a winner! It is a red dress again, that one on page 88. This is an important dress because it is a slim dirndl and because its tuck-and-pocket design is original and different. Make it of shantung.

YOU ARE A BUSINESS GIRL and you are looking for something for five o'clock dates that will be all right in the office all day too. Don't flip the pages this time, but choose the checked dress here, No. 4840. And don't decide that it is too tailored until you hear what it is made of—*taffeta*, checked, tested rayon taffeta. The material, the big glamorous hat, the bright accessories, make it very dressed up; the pencil-slim tailored cut makes it very smart.

YOU ARE A YOUNG WIFE with a B1 gas card. What dress would be a winner for meeting a husband at the station tomorrow night? Don't flip the pages for this one either, but settle on the pink chambray at the right, No. 4857. Its little bow tie and deep yoke are going to look very charming framed in the window of your car. And when you step out, there you are in the newest silhouette, the straight-and-narrow silhouette. If this dress is to be finished by tomorrow night, better get started right away. And wear that popcorn snood with it.

YOU ARE THE MOTHER of a soldier, and you are getting ready to visit your boy at his training camp. What shall you arrive in? Flip the pages and pick something distinguished. It is that black rayon-gabardine suit-dress on page 98. It looks like the softer type of suit, but it is more flattering than a suit, and it is cooler to travel in than a suit. You will look so nice in it that he will be terribly proud of you. Better take along the purple dress on the same page, in case you get invited to something or other. It is a winner too.

YOU ARE A CITY DWELLER and very style conscious. Already you have your mind on something new for early fall when, hot weather or cool, summer clothes disappear from the streets. Flip the fashion pages and put your beautifully manicured finger on the brown bengaline dress of page 88. This, too, has the new slim silhouette, and you will get much pleasure wearing this dress all fall, and all winter as well.

YOU ARE NOT A STOUT LADY, but, at the same time, either you will have to give up second helpings or else concentrate on some good slenderizing lines. Better do both. So flip the pages and find the wine colored frock on page 99. In a dark sheer this is ever so slenderizing and, incidentally, beautifully cool looking.

MARIAN COREY

NEW WAY TO SUMMER-TIME BEAUTY

TOUSHAY

Protects hands in soapy water . . . softens dried-out skin

YOU WANT TO BE at your loveliest, all through these summer days! Toushay helps you in *two* wonderful, easy ways.

Your hands protected, even in hot, soapy water! Dainty summer cottons, frequent changes, mean lots of little washings—your hands are constantly in and out of water. Just a few drops of Toushay smoothed on your hands *before* you tackle your summer washables, *before* you do dishes, will protect them from roughness and dryness.

Be smoother, be softer, all over! Don't let summer dry your skin and make it coarse and old. Smooth creamy, fragrant Toushay on your body wherever it has been exposed. Your shoulders, knees, elbows, even your face, will respond to Toushay with smooth, supple loveliness. Toushay brings greater freedom from "summer-dryness."

Toushay is a thrifty luxury—a *little* will help your skin a *lot*. So start your summer *right*. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Trade-marked Product of Bristol-Myers

[*Continued from page 83*]

"And there doesn't?" He was laughing at her.

"There doesn't," she told him. "All that's needed is a big, stubborn man, with red hair—I never dreamed I'd marry a red-head, Peter."

"Maybe it's a mistake. . ."

She shook her head, so that the smoothness of her hair roughened against his sleeve. "It's no mistake. I love you. Peter, I find myself thinking and talking like Connie Cronin. I say I'm thrilled. I say I adore you. And I mean—just what I say."

He kissed her, murmured to her, his voice on a low note; his eyes became a deeper, darker blue; his arms drew her closer, possessed her. Outside the winter night stretched its thin gray blanket, shivered with the wind that had risen, rattled the dead limbs of the cleft oak tree.

Within the little cottage, the hearth glowed red, a woman smiled at a man with warmth, with love, with welcome.

PETER rose at six the next morning, stilled Amy's sleepy protest with a kiss. "Doctor's have short honeymoons, sweet," he told her.

"Sally won't come until seven. I'll get up—make coffee."

"Not this morning. I'll get it at the hospital. What's even worse, I go on twenty-four-hour duty today."

"Oh, Peter," she wailed.

"I don't let the others make exceptions," he told her.

"You mean—I'll have to stay here alone tonight?"

He nodded, grinning. "You've done it before."

"That was different," she told him.

Peter, dressed and ready to go, bent to kiss her again, his freshly shaven cheek cool against her warm one. Her bare arms drew him close.

"We'll have a honeymoon later," he promised her.

"Yes, your vacation. Where shall we go? Give me something to plan today. Peter, couldn't I come over and stay with you at the hospital?"

"You know you can't. Where the hell is my coat? Here—I've found it. I get my vacation in May. I was planning to go to Rochester."

Amy laughed helplessly. "A honeymoon with the Mayo brothers! Peter, when you're through, don't forget to come back here. You might go to your old rooms through force of habit."

"I'll be back," he told her. "I like it here."

It was bitterly cold and dark, outdoors. Peter walked rapidly, then began to run with his one-sided gait. He wondered if Amy minded his being crippled. She had said nothing about his brace. Amy was a woman who made fine distinction between intimacy and personal intrusion. He almost stepped on little brown Mitzi. Lisa Boehner was with her.

"You're out very early," Peter said.

"I waited to speak to you, Doctor Mason."

"Yes?" He glanced at his watch. "Do you have hot coffee you can offer me? Then, let's step inside."

Josef would not be there; last night he had been on duty. Lisa poured coffee for Peter, pushed a plate of crullers toward him.

"What was it you wanted, Mrs. Boehner?" Peter asked.

"To tell you that Josef will not leave the hospital. That you must not worry."

"Well, I'm glad he has decided. . ."

"It is I who have decided. He must not run away again. This matter of his being German—why, Doctor Mason, he becomes an American citizen in a few months."

"I know that," Peter agreed.

"Anyway, I have learned, if he has not, that the thing to do is to face your troubles, to live around them."

"Are you suggesting that you should have stayed in Vienna?" Peter dared ask her.

She shook her head. "No, Josef could not have worked in Vienna. Work is necessary to him. If he can work here, he should stay here. I have come to believe, too, that if we get past this new trouble together, we may also heal that old wound."

"Are you going to help him, Lisa?"

She looked at him. "Yes, I shall help him. I am his wife. If he has me, and his work—"

He stood up, smiling at her. "You're on the right road. I'll keep Josef busy for you."

"Thank you. I—I trust you will be happy in your marriage, Doctor Mason. You should be; Miss Fleming is beautiful, and she is wise."

He bowed. He could think of no answer to make. Josef's wife was also beautiful, and wise.

THE hospital was amazed that Peter, a bridegroom, meant to take his regular shift. Miss Wirt indicated that such behavior was not decent. Connie was openly shocked.

They were not operating that morning. Michael did the first-floor dressings while Peter did the second. The two doctors need not meet until noon, nor did they. Peter, suspecting that Michael might go without lunch rather than face him, sent word for him to bring a certain patient's report to the dining room with him at twelve. Michael could not disobey a direct order from the chief surgeon.

The young man came into the dining room looking like a marble statue. Peter ran his tongue along his cheek. This was going to be hard. "Good morning, Doctor," he said briefly and turned his attention back to his salad.

Michael opened his folder of papers, turned them so that his uncle could read the charts. "This is what you wanted to see, sir," he said coldly.

Peter picked up the top sheet, read it through. "I had hoped we could use thyroid . . ." he murmured. At the far end of the dining room, the house telephone rang loudly. Both men jumped, waited for the waitress to answer.

"It's sixty-three," Peter said before she had hung up the receiver. "Finish your lunch and come along."

Michael pushed back his chair. "I'll come now," he said. "I'm not hungry."

Peter said nothing, striding along the hall. Michael caught up with him. "Why did you eat here?" he asked in a tense whisper. "Why didn't you go home to your—*wife?*" The tortured way he said it twisted Peter's heart.

"I'm on duty," he said steadily.

"I thought you might break that rule. I hoped you would break it. Show that you are human after all."

Peter stepped into the small elevator. Michael closed the door, pressed the button. "Did you believe I was not human, Mike?" Peter asked.

"I didn't believe you were less than human!" the young man said hotly.

Peter drew in his lip. "It was because I was afraid you would feel that way, Michael, that I did not tell you of my plans."

"Connie did your dirty work for you. She rode herd on me yesterday evening, kept me from acting like an ass. You can be grateful to Connie."

"Perhaps you don't understand, Michael. . ."

"I understand enough! The thing I can't forget, or forgive in you, Uncle Peter, is all the stuff you fed

[*Continued on page 89*]

4833

4845

4844

Pencil Silhouette

EARLY FALL BLACK—The first dress of fall is invariably a black one, and this year is no exception. So we nominate this black dress for that distinction. It deserves it, being a dressy two-piecer with the pencil silhouette. No. 4833.

MAKE-BELIEVE JUMPER—The beloved dirndl appears above, disguised as a blouse-and-jumper set. It's a dress, really, with the yoke and sleeves of print, and it's just one more instance of this print-in-new-places mode. No. 4845.

THE NEW BASIC DRESS is the dickey frock. And the best dickey frocks are ones that can be worn dickey-less too which describes the green frock perfectly. This dress with several dickeys is equal to three dresses at least! No. 4844.

For back views and yardage see last page.

Smart, Economical, and Patriotic

For back views and yardage see last page.

THE BEST LOOKING suit-dress of all time is that brown one. In bengaline it's a wonderful one for next month, and for months to come. The sun-burst pleats are its extra special touch. It's pencil slim in the skirt. No. 4798.

A BEST-BEAU DRESS worth considering seriously, is the yellow one. It's soft. At the same time it has a pretty fitted line. And it's very very feminine. The high neckline wraps so far no fastening is used to close it. No. 4839.

THE RED DRESS is an improved dirndl. Less fabric went into it, and more design. It's gathered at front, with just a suspicion of a peg-top line in the pockets. If red is your color, there is nothing like a red dress. No. 4859.

SLIMMER DIRNDLS are the smart ones now—every type of dress is slimmer. The hemline of the black dress, for instance, measures 66 inches, which comes well within Governmental restrictions. Notice the new neckline. No. 4851.

[*Continued from page 86*]
me about her. She was too old for me, too sophisticated, Josef Boehner was her lover. . . ."

"I was mistaken about that," Peter said hastily. "She—"

"You know what I think?" Michael cried. "I think you told me those things because you were jealous. You wanted her yourself. You didn't care what you said to get her, to keep other men away. You already had Boehner to fight, then I came."

Peter was shocked. "Michael, will you believe me when I say that I've known for less than two weeks that I loved Amy and wanted to marry her?"

Michael looked at him coldly. "No, I won't believe it. Nor anything else you may ever say to me." He opened the elevator door and stalked down the corridor.

THROUGH the next few days of work with Peter, Michael maintained an air of complete professional courtesy, of proper deference to his chief. He would not speak to his uncle on any other occasion. He cut Amy dead when he met her on the street in Fairfax. Peter and Amy shook their heads over his behavior.

"I feel like calling him into the wood shed," Peter said helplessly.

"Let him alone," Amy advised. "If he's that young, he'll get over this."

Josef said no more about leaving the hospital. He was gravely polite to Peter, to Amy. He was like a man recovering from an illness, and unwilling to discuss his malady. Peter, a shy man, welcomed Josef's attitude. He even ventured to speak of Michael's behavior to the other doctor.

"We cannot hold the young, Peter," Josef said. "We all lose our children —in some way. There are worse ways in which you might have lost Michael. . ."

"He's taking it hard," Peter said.

"He will get over it. He is hurt, frustrated. His ideals have been battered. Try to understand, Peter. Give him work to do. Plenty of work. That is what will help him. That—and perhaps another girl."

Peter smiled, nodded. He had seen Connie that morning, her hands filled with mail, meet, and stop to talk to Michael. Her red scarf had blown in the wind as Michael turned and walked away with her.

"Uh-huh." Peter agreed. "That might do it. Josef, were you that young at Michael's age?"

"No. And you were not. We were of another generation. Michael, and my son, we protected them. We did not wish that they would experience what we had gone through. We had had too early responsibility, and war —now, of course, those same responsibilities have come to them. If they find themselves young and raw, it is our fault."

"Yes," Peter said soberly. "I suppose it is."

"They will act the same to their sons, when they have sons. And youth has its points, Peter. Youth can adjust its ideas, its pride to fit conditions under which it has to live. You and I have lost that flexibility."

Peter looked up, frowning. "What do you mean by that?"

Josef shrugged. "This perhaps I must say—I have mentioned my son to you. I have implied that he is dead. He is not dead. Or was not, when last I heard. I came to America in 1934. Already the Nazi doctrine was being preached even in Austria. Already we who taught were asked to subscribe to it. I could not, so I left. My son could. He stayed. I died to him, he died to me."

Connie's mail had contained a letter for Michael. An official letter. He brought it later to Peter; met him and Josef as they came along the hall of Children's after a consultation. Michael's eyes were shining, his cheeks red. "Could you give me a minute, Doctor?" he said to Peter.

"Certainly," Peter said.

The young doctor gave him the envelope. Josef opened his office door. "If you would care to use my office . . ." he said.

Peter went into the room, absorbed in the letter. "Don't go, Josef. This is—Good Lord, Mike, you're being called for service!" He handed the letter to Josef.

"I know!" Michael's voice was eager, excited. "I'm to report the fifteenth."

"You *want* to go?" Peter asked.

"Of course he wants to go," Josef said. "He is young. He does not know what it is all about."

"Great guns, Doctor Boehner!" Michael cried. "You talk as if we were at war. This is just preparedness—I'll only be gone a year or two—"

Josef nodded, his eyes dark, tired. "Yes. I have heard all those things said before."

Michael slapped his knee impatiently. "That's a crazy way to talk. I know you've been hurt, Doctor Boehner, by what Germany did to your country. But it's to prevent those things happening here in America that this army is being trained. Doctors are the first things we need to get this country ready for anything that may come up."

He spoke with an air of authority. Except for a uniform, he was already a doctor in the Medical Corps. Doctor Lieutenant Barry. Peter and Josef watched him stride down the hall, and their eyes were envious of his cocky youth and strength.

"At any rate, you are forgiven," Josef murmured to Peter.

Peter nodded, prepared to rise, rubbed his stiff leg. His smile was rueful. "It took mobilization to do it," he said. "I'm thinking we'll have to find a man to take Michael's place —and not a young one. Did you ever see such conceit?"

Josef laughed. "We old ones will be allowed to do double duty. I trust we shall find ourselves able."

AND then it was Christmas eve. The Hospitals were enjoying a comparative lull and Peter was able to come back to the cottage at four that afternoon, to sit with his pipe before the fire and watch Amy fasten red and silver balls on a small fir tree. He was free with comment, but refused to get out of his chair to put his suggestions into effect.

"You're plain lazy," Amy told him. A bit of tinsel had tangled in her hair. Her face was flushed. She looked like an intent, eager girl.

"I like the view from here," Peter told her. "And I'm not lazy. I'm tired."

Amy looked at him concernedly. "Are you really, Peter?"

He grinned. "I certainly am. That new assistant is so damned efficient, he runs me all over the place."

"Is he going to do?" Amy asked.

"I hope so. Josef says the trouble is, I race one way, he races the other and naturally, we collide. He means I get along better with an easier-going guy."

"I expect Josef knows. What about Connie?"

"We've a new girl coming the day after Christmas. Of all the cheek, for Michael to send for my technician!"

[*Continued on page 90*]

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• • •

[*Continued from page 89*]

"He says technicians are scarcer than doctors and nurses. It was a chance for Connie."

"Sure. But she's going because she'll be near Michael."

"Peter, do you suppose. . . ?"

"Connie's no fool. She'll get him. Look, you've got the whole tree cock-eyed now. You keep putting all the stuff on this side."

"I like to be near you," Amy told him shamelessly. Peter opened his mouth to answer, stopped at the sound of the knocker.

The door opened before either he or Amy could reach it. Connie poked her glowing little face around it. "May I come in?" she asked.

"Hello, Connie," said Amy. "Merry Christmas!"

Connie set a tissue-wrapped box on the table. "Christmas cookies from Mom," she explained. "They aren't as good as Mrs. Boehner's. Did she bring you some?"

"Yes she did. Won't you sit down, Connie? Peter, clear a chair for her."

Connie sat on the edge of the couch, looked about her with bright eyes. "It's awfully nice in here. It looks so—so lived in."

"A sign of an indifferent housekeeper," Peter teased Amy.

"We don't always have such a mess," Amy explained. "But don't let him fool you, Connie. He likes it."

Connie smiled. "I know he does. It seems as if you and he had always been married—or at least, that you had been for a long time."

"I want to thank you for the traveling bag," she added shyly. "It was a very big present."

"Sort of farewell and Christmas present combined," Amy explained. "We want you to go off in style."

"Everybody's so nice," Connie told them. "I was afraid maybe I shouldn't leave the Hospitals—Doctor Mason had done so much for me."

"A fat lot of good you'd be," Peter growled, "with your heart in an Army camp. Even before Mike sent for you, you mooned around like an abandoned lamb on the heath."

"I didn't."

"You did! You spilled enough dye those first days to stock a lab."

"Don't let him tease you, Connie," Amy said. "He'll miss you."

CONNIE stood up, buttoned her coat. Her eyes were blissful, as Peter and Amy went with her to the door, stood arm in arm on the step. "Give my love to Mike, Connie," Peter told her. "And merry Christmas!"

She trotted along the path, disappeared. Amy and Peter stood on for a minute, looking toward the river. Against the glow of the setting sun they saw Josef and Lisa and Mitzi. Josef was twining twigs, small vines, bright berries, into a wreath. He had already placed one on Lisa's golden braids. Now he stopped and hung a smaller one about Mitzi's neck. He stood, Lisa drawn close to him, and watched the little dog strut before them. A crisp breeze brought his laughter back to Amy and Peter.

Then Josef and Lisa walked up along the rising river path. Josef was singing, softly, and Amy looked up at Peter, smiled. He bent and kissed her.

THE END.

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For back views and yardage see last page.

THE DOTTED DRESS is a long-waisted dirndl. Not very long in the waist, but just enough to give the dress a touch of quaintness. The bodice is fitted, the neckline surplice. No. 4836.

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a Slimmer flare

For back views and yardage see last page.

PENCIL SILHOUETTE — The slim suit-dress, left, uses the least material and gets the best effect. It's as useful as a suit and you don't have to bother about a blouse. The white collar is a dickey. No. 4831.

ONE SMALL DETAIL makes a big difference in the dress at the left. It is that tapering tuck which edges the yoke. It looks new, and it is new. This is a soft shirtfrock, and a very pretty one, too. No. 4846.

WIDE TUCKS are the small detail that distinguishes the black shirtfrock above. This is another soft one, with its six-gore skirt patriotically measuring less than two yards around the hemline. No. 4796.

TWO COLORS are often more satisfactory than one. If you find this so, you will like the dress above with its unusually shaped contrasting top. Another good combination for it is rosy red above black. No. 4792.

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BUNDLE FROM HEAVEN

[Beginning on page 26]

homework? Who was going to buy him kiddie walkers and bicycles and second hand jalopies? Who, even now, was footing the bills? Man had his role and woman had hers. That was the immutable law of nature.

Secondly—he was not only a father and breadwinner, he was also a husband. And now a crisis was upon him, and had Alicia done anything about it? She had not.

Bristling, Robert put on his bathrobe and stalked into the nursery. In a huge crib, personally selected by his father, thrashed a vibrating bundle which seemed to be all open mouth and flailing legs. The bundle abruptly ceased its complaints, opened its eyes and gazed at Robert foggily.

"Well, well," said Robert, taking the entire credit. "Know your old man already, don't you?" He proffered a tentative finger and the baby's fist closed around it and clung.

Well he mustn't be too hard on Alicia, Robert reflected generously. After all she had produced this wonderful creature in his image and should receive full commendation. It had been a hectic few weeks but once the menace of Miss Smithins was removed, Robert would have his house, his wife and his son to himself.

A happy thought hit him. Miss Smithins was leaving today! No more threesomes at the dinner table or mysterious feminine conferences from which Robert was excluded. No more ganging up on him. Whistling, Robert ran down the stairs and burst into the kitchen.

THERE, up to her pink ears in bottles, bottle brushes, nipples, caps, jars, sterilizers, graduates, strainers, funnels and various other weird utensils, Robert found his wife. And, standing by, was Miss Smithins.

"Look out," said Alicia sharply. "Everything's sterile."

Robert took a hasty step backward. "What are you doing?"

"Learning to make the formula, of course." She pointed proudly to the clock. "Eleven o'clock: formula. Right on the dot, according to the schedule. And if you had got up, you could have learned how, too."

"Oh, no," said Robert. "This is my day of rest."

"When," inquired Alicia. "Is *my* day of rest?"

"You can take naps in the afternoon which is more than I can do."

Alicia's green eyes betrayed her suspicion of this theory but she changed her line of attack. "Suppose I got sick or something?"

"If that happens," said Robert grandly. "I'm sure I'll be able to rise to the occasion."

Miss Smithins cleared her throat. "When I was with Mr. and Mrs. Poultney in Great Neck, Mr. Poultney always took care of the 6 A.M. feeding. A great one around the house, Mr. Poultney was."

Robert gave her a black look.

"See?" said Alicia. "And the Book says 'Making the baby's formula is a fascinating occupation which the father will undoubtedly want to take upon himself.'"

"If it's such a fascinating occupation, why are you so eager to get rid of it?" And then the boa constrictor suddenly squeezed his stomach. "Alicia," he cried. "Have you forgotten what we were going to do today?"

Alicia competently removed the sterilizer from the stove. "What comes next?" she asked Miss Smithins.

"Well the milk's boiled long enough. Now measure your malt sugar."

Robert flinched as the steaming pan whizzed under his nose. "Don't you remember what day this is?" he said faintly.

"Really, darling, of course I know what day it is. Our new maid, Energy, is coming at one today. And Miss Smithins is leaving today. And at three o'clock I'm going to begin taking care of the baby all by myself. Now Robert, dear, I don't want to seem nervous but I do wish you wouldn't be so distracting. *Darn.* I laid this sterile measuring spoon on the germy table and now I'll have to boil it again. See what you've done!"

"Why didn't you boil an extra spoon for just such an emergency?" Robert knew he was treading dangerous ground but he proceeded recklessly. "There's a lot of waste motion in the way you're going about this, anyway."

Alicia's eyes kindled, her spine stiffened. "Now, Robert, I've told you again and again to stop supervising my kitchen. It's fine if you want to do things *for* me but if you're just going to stand around and give directions I wish you'd save it for the office."

Office. A spasm seized him. "Today," he said, "you're going to help me with my report."

"Now," said Miss Smithins hovering. "These bottle caps are a little hard to get on, but I think if you *push* them on, instead of *pull* them on . . ."

Alicia raised a hand to her flushed forehead. "Just a minute. I simply can't concentrate on so many things at once. Oh, yes, darling, I remember. But why do you always let everything go till the last minute? *You* write it. This is going to be a busy day for me."

ROBERT quivered. "Last minute! May I remind you that you've known about this for weeks. Besides you promised definitely. You know how much this opportunity means to me. You said you would help me write it, you said you would type it, you said . . ."

"You must have said a mouthful," Miss Smithins told Alicia.

"Funny, I don't seem to recall," murmured Alicia vaguely.

"When I married you," went on Robert firmly, "I took into consideration that you were an intelligent woman. I counted on your help. Are you going to let me down now the test has come?"

"I thought," Alicia's face lengthened, "that you married me for love."

"Well, naturally, I love you, darling. I love you madly. But marriage is a partnership. Other things enter into it, too. And incidentally, where is my Sunday morning breakfast? We don't have to sacrifice everything for the baby, do we?"

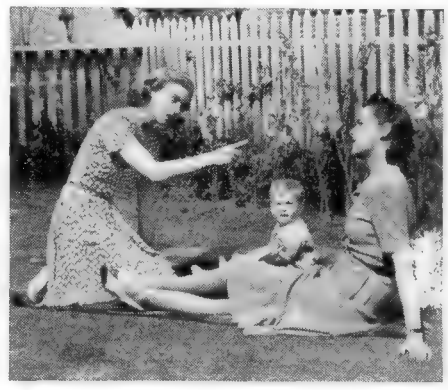
Miss Smithins snared a nipple with a pair of sterilized tongs. "You go ahead and get his breakfast, Mrs. Keith. Might as well take advantage of me while I'm here. You'll have to do this soon enough, anyways. You know how to do it now, don't you?"

"Well, yes," said Alicia doubtfully. "Are you *very* hungry, Robert?"

[*Continued on page 94*]

"The whole neighborhood's laughing at how you're raising that child!"

1. I was amused at my "baby" sister, acting so important with a baby of her own. But when the neighbors started snickering about her pampering the child, I decided to step in. "Sis," I said, "come down to earth about young Ted. You're going to spoil him with all this 'special' business. Special toys, special soap, special powder . . . even a special *laxative*."



2. Then Sis flared up and called me a back number. "Up-to-date mothers," she said, "know that babies *aren't* just miniature adults. They're *different*. And just as they need special *foods*, they need a special *laxative*, too!"

3. "Why, our own doctor approved Fletcher's Castoria, because it *is* made especially for children. It's mild and gentle . . . and *safe* for a child's delicate system. Yet it's effective and thorough, as a laxative should be."

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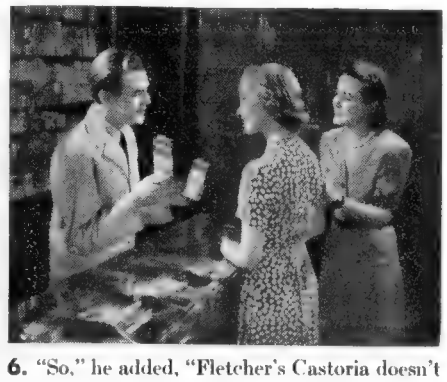
5. The druggist said Sis was right about Fletcher's Castoria. "Its chief ingredient," he told us, "is senna, officially recognized in the U. S. Pharmacopeia. Senna is not habit-forming, and works mostly in the lower bowel."



6. "So," he added, "Fletcher's Castoria doesn't upset a baby's stomach. It works almost naturally, in about 8 to 12 hours, so it won't disturb sleep. I always recommend Fletcher's Castoria . . . and suggest the economical Family Size."

7. Later, I happened to be there when the baby needed a laxative. He took Fletcher's Castoria without a fuss . . . seemed to *love* it. Hmmm. Guess a kid sister can be pretty smart!

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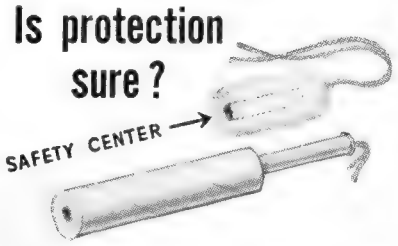

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[*Continued from page 93*]

Robert resisted the soft appeal of her glance. "Starved."

With a sinking feeling he saw her eyes narrow and he realized that the skirmish was about to end in a draw. "Would you," she asked, "rather have me help you with your report or get your breakfast?"

"My breakfast, I guess," he said, miserably.

Robert rose from the breakfast table, slightly aggrieved. The meal had shown every sign of hasty preparation. The eggs had been hard and frizzled around the edges. The toast had been scraped, the coffee strong. And Robert had eaten alone. Sunday morning breakfast, he recalled wistfully, had once been a meal on which tender care was lavished and at which Alicia presided with a gratifying concern for his every need. A sigh escaped him.

HE WANDERED into the living room in search of the plump Sunday newspaper. He finally found it lying pathetically at the foot of the sofa. It was in a sorry state. "Where's the rest of the paper?" he shouted.

Alicia fluttered to the stairs. "I left all the important parts, dear. The unimportant parts I wrapped around a pail to insulate it."

"Why didn't you use some old papers?"

"Boy Scouts," explained Alicia. "Are you missing something?"

"Only the Sports section," he moaned.

"Too bad," said Alicia lightly. "Tell you what you do. The pail's in the kitchen tied with twine. You can take off the Sports section. But mind, fix it up again for me. Put on Real Estate or something."

"Mrs. Keith!" called Miss Smithins.

"Coming! And Robert, when Energy arrives you might show her around. Tell her to make out the best she can today, I'll have more time for her tomorrow."

Heavily, Robert plodded into the kitchen. He located the pail and struggled with the twine. He managed to remove the tattered Sports section and wrapped the pail up again. The time he had allotted for a pleasant perusal of the paper was about gone if he was going to get at his report.

He tramped up the stairs and into the bedroom to dress. He opened the bureau drawer. The first shirt he drew out lacked a button at the collar. The second lacked a button at the cuff. Doggedly he pulled out shirt after shirt and spread them on his bed. Well, here was one, he observed forlornly. The collar tips were frayed but it would do for Sunday.

Alicia really hadn't had time to get at these shirts yet, he told himself—not without appreciation for his tolerant point of view. But tomorrow, he'd positively have to see that life got back to normal. The decision fortified him. Leaving the shirts out as a gentle reminder, Robert went into the bathroom to shave.

Then a slipping and slithering in the hall outside aroused his curiosity and he opened the bathroom door.

He beheld what he presumed to be Miss Smithins bearing down on him like a tank. Several men's suits weighted her arms and a pair of purple and white striped pajamas coiled around her double chin. Alicia trailed after her dropping and retrieving what could only be Robert's shoes.

Robert found his voice. *"What's going on?"* he roared.

"Why, darling," said Alicia over her shoulder. "We're putting you in the guest room."

"*So*," bitterly, "It's come to that, has it?"

"Now dear, don't get excited. I just don't want to disturb you if I have to get up at night to look at the baby. I hope I won't have to get up but—"

"The baby's broken of his 2 A.M. feeding, all right," said Miss Smithins complacently.

"But he wakes up so early," went on Alicia. "I would have moved myself but I can't hear him from this room."

"The baby doesn't disturb me," said Robert stiffly.

Alicia gave his arm a soothing pat. "And he's not going to. You need your rest."

"It's time for me to leave if I'm going to catch my train," announced Miss Smithins. The feeling of relief that surged through Robert almost caused him to look upon her with good will.

When she had gone Robert smiled indulgently. Both mother and son needed his protection and the benefit of his advice. It gave him a warm glow to think how dependent they were on him. He put a comforting arm around Alicia's shoulders and led her to the sofa. "Now look, honey," he said. "If you plan your day wisely you won't have a bit of trouble. After all, you have Energy . . ."

"I *always* plan my day wisely," sniffled Alicia. "But things come up. If you tried it once you'd understand . . ."

A token objection, Robert realized, for of course she knew he was right. Perhaps, though, this wasn't the propitious moment to mention the shirts. He deposited a kiss on Alicia's pale forehead and settled back with satisfaction. Tomorrow, ah, tomorrow . . .

Alicia opened her eyes bleakly on Monday morning. Not, however, for the first time. Surely Miss Smithins had said the baby was broken of his 2 A.M. feeding? Then what had gone wrong? Groggily her mind went back through the long hours to 10 P.M. She had fed Junior, bubbled him, diped him—according to plan. At twelve she had gone to bed—but not to sleep. Junior had loudly demanded attention throughout the night.

AT SEVEN o'clock Robert dove into her bedroom. "Time to get up," he said cheerfully.

Alicia shuddered and opened one bloodshot eye.

"The baby slept right through the night, didn't he?" stated Robert brightly.

"Uhg," said Alicia.

"Now you won't forget to type the report, will you? I'll need it tomorrow," he continued briskly.

"Uhmnn," said Alicia.

"Also I wish you would order some coal. We don't want to run short and freeze the little fellow. And look, I think the baby's room needs storm windows. If you have a minute call up a carpenter, will you? Are you listening, Alicia?"

"Glug," said Alicia.

"Now be sure to weigh the baby. I didn't put that on your schedule but you can fit it in somewhere. See that he gains an ounce a day. I thought he looked a little peaked yesterday. Maybe you should increase the formula."

"Goway," muttered Alicia. "Lemmesleep."

"But it's time to get up," insisted Robert. "What on earth is the matter with you this morning?"

Alicia swayed to a sitting position. "I don't think I'll be able to type the report," she said thickly.

"Nonsense. It's short. It will only take a minute." He bent to kiss her. "And tell Energy," he added as he hurried out the door, "not to stop all the electric clocks the way the last maid did."

ALICIA'S head dropped back on the pillows, her eyes closed. Just for a minute, she told herself drowsily. The chug-chug of the car aroused her. Robert had gone off without his breakfast! And Robert Jr., after dozing over his 6 A.M. bottle, was summarily requesting that the hour of his next bottle be advanced.

Well she was on her own now. Not even Robert to fall back upon. That helpless creature with cloudy blue eyes and toothpick legs was in her keeping and she had to make good. According to Robert, if she just followed the schedule faithfully everything would work out all right. Alicia reeled to her feet.

8 A.M. Breakfast. Preparation of baby's orange juice, etc.

Alicia turned a deafened ear to the nursery, went downstairs and hurriedly swallowed a cup of coffee. She briefly considered ordering her groceries but thought better of it as the overture swelled. She squeezed an orange and diluted the juice with boiled water. She boiled a spoon for the codliver oil. She went upstairs forgetting to carry only the baby's clean clothes. So far so good, she complimented herself.

9 A.M. Orange juice. Codliver Oil. Bath, etc.

The tendering of the orange juice ran slightly overtime, Alicia noted carefully. Could Junior have an allergy? The codliver oil slid down satisfactorily although it managed to leave a haunting reminder of its presence on Junior's clothes and Alicia's fingers. Now the bath . . .

Alicia filled a pail with warm water, emptied it into the baby's rubber bathtub and tested the water with her elbow. Just a cozy temperature, she decided. Supporting Junior's unsteady head she cautiously lowered him into the tub. Instantly a roar burst from his throat and his skin turned crimson. "Oh gosh," said Alicia in dismay. "I've cooked him!" Snatching him out she croaked, "There, there, mother didn't mean to hurt 'um." Junior refused to put any faith in this assertion.

Knees wobbling, Alicia went for a pail of cold water and diluted the bath. She mustn't let this unfortunate incident throw her off her stride, she told herself sternly. Robert wouldn't approve.

10 A.M. Feeding. Etc.

Mercy, it was already ten-thirty! Hastily Alicia put the nursing bottle in the electric warmer and stuck the rubber hose into the pail to empty the tub. The telephone rang.

"Alicia, dear, how are you making out?" It was her mother.

"Just fine," managed Alicia. "Just fine."

"Well I'm glad to hear it. Now Alicia, dear, I don't want you to think I'm interfering but don't you think it would be better for Junior to wear booties on his cold little feet? I'm knitting some for him now. In my day . . ."

"Golly!" Alicia sprang to her feet as a trickle of soap water nudged her toe. "I can't talk to you now. I tried to squeeze two pails of water into one pail!"

Alicia cleaned up.

11 A.M. Formula. Etc.

And she was still feeding the baby! Alicia realized with a trace of panic. If he wasn't full by this time he would have to wait for the next

[*Continued on page 97*]

BOW-TIE Shirtfrocks

For back views and yardage see last page.

STREAMLINED SHIRTFROCK—The bow-tie dress above has the new slim measurements, but its straight skirt is pleasantly eased by its center pleats. This is an endlessly useful dress in any fabric, from wool to cotton. No. 4834.

BAND-AND-BOW NECKLINES are furiously popular, especially these little crisp bows illustrated here. The orchid dress, which has this neckline, has also the patriotically slim skirt, but this time it is cut with a flare. No. 4837.

DOTTED DICKEY—By fall you will see as many printed dickeys as white ones. We mentioned before this vogue for print in new places, and this is one of the places. This dickey dress can also be worn without its dickey. No. 4824.

AMERICAN UNIFORM—The shirtfrock goes everywhere, and there are so many different types that everybody can certainly find a becoming one. The classic type is shown at the far right, with a new long line in the collar. No. 4858.

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4850

4847

4827

4848

4802

A NEW V—It isn't often that one finds a new idea in V necklines. But discover one in this brown dress—a V outlined by a tied-down collar. The dress is made of tested rayon crêpe. No. 4850.

SQUARE NECKS are seen here and there. The red dress has a most unusual one, flanked on either side by a dart-like tuck. This dress is a nice variation of the shirtwaist style. No. 4847.

TESTED RAYON JERSEY is the fabric of the green dress—the gathers are especially nice in this material. A young dress, and one that will stay in style as long as it lasts. No. 4827.

BLACK BACKGROUND—The youthful black dress is a good background for bright accessories or just your own fresh young complexion. It's another of the new semi-dirndls. No. 4848.

THE GREEN DRESS has a different version of the soft V neckline, crushed down by the tied ends. If you are looking for an easy dress to make, and a quick one, this is it. No. 4802.

For back views and yardage see last page.

Any Neckline that suits You

[*Continued from page 94*]

feeding. No time for pampering. No time to linger over bubbling, either. She heaved Junior to her shoulder and achieved a more spectacular result than she had anticipated. Well, she could change her dress later, she decided.

She ran down the stairs, washed her equipment, put the sterilizer on the stove. A squeal wafted from the nursery. Alicia flew upstairs remembering she had failed to provide Junior with a dry diaper. The doorbell rang.

As Alicia opened the window a cadaverous individual occupying her front steps raised a mournful face.

"I represent Acorn Memorial Park," he informed her. "Can I interest you in a beautiful cemetery lot—?"

"Something's burning!" cried Alicia. She dashed downstairs to find the sterilizer scorched.

Alicia cleaned up.

12 P.M. Lunch. Rest. Etc.

That was what Robert's schedule said, but she still had to make the formula! Alicia rewashed and resterilized her equipment and put the milk on the stove to boil. The doorbell rang. It was Energy.

"Didn't I give you a key yesterday?" Alicia demanded.

"Yes, *Maam,* but aw dun forgot it."

"Well, I'll have to see if I can find another one. I . . ."

A sizzling sound met Alicia's ears. She rushed into the kitchen and turned down the flame. Well, she had saved most of the formula, anyway. She pressed a hand to her burning cheek and closed her eyes the better to calculate. If, she thought feverishly, I make the formula before, instead of after, the ten o'clock feeding tomorrow, I ought to come out even.

She stared at the dusky face of her handmaiden unseeingly. "Energy," she barked. "Make out the best you can today. I'll have more time for you tomorrow."

1 P.M. Shopping. Household management. Etc.

Now what could they have for dinner, pondered Alicia? What had Robert asked for last night? She couldn't seem to recall. The back doorbell. The milkman. The front doorbell. The laundryman.

She panted into the nursery to be greeted with a yelp of hunger.

2 P.M. Feeding. Training. Etc.

Alicia held up the bottle. Still three-quarters full and the baby had been chewing on it for half an hour. Could he have an intestinal obstruction? Perhaps he just wasn't hungry. Well . . .

She set aside the bottle and picked up a round pink receptacle which occupied a prominent position in the decor of the nursery. She placed it on her lap and added Junior to it. Junior resisted. Alicia insisted. Suddenly Junior bounced from her lap with Alicia in desperate pursuit. She recovered the fumble and went dizzy with relief. Unfortunately, though, Alicia, Junior, the bathtub, the crib, the floor, the curtains and incidentally the receptacle were liberally bedewed.

"And to think," Alicia told her son. "You'll just grow up and marry someone I don't like."

Alicia cleaned up.

ROBERT entered his castle buoyantly. "Well did the carpenter come?" There was no answer. Alicia was there all right. Sitting on the sofa. But her eyes were glazed. She didn't seem to see him.

"I said 'Did the carpenter come?' " repeated Robert loudly.

Alicia stirred. "Carpenter? Oh, I didn't get around to calling him."

"But you had time to order the coal, didn't you?"

"No, I'm sorry. I didn't."

"Now see here, Alicia. I depend on you to attend to those things. After all you're home all day with time on your hands . . ."

"I want," said Alicia, "a double Scotch. And quick."

"Do you think," said Robert, "now you are a mother that it's quite the thing . . ." The expression on her face frightened him. "All right. All right."

"Don't bother with the ice," said Alicia. "Or the soda. I'll take it straight."

Robert eyed her with growing suspicion. "Alicia," he said, "you did have time to type my report, didn't you?"

"I have the queerest feeling," Alicia went on conversationally. "Sort of fading away and coming together again. Like an accordion. I stretch out. Way, way out. Then suddenly I jam together, if you know what I mean."

"I asked you a question," said Robert.

Alicia trembled violently. "Schedule," she quavered. "Schedule! But no time allowed for the Etceteras. You don't seem to have any conception. You haven't the vaguest idea of what I've been through today . . ."

"Don't pounce on me," said Robert, "the minute I get home from a hard day's work at the office, with the petty details of the house. Just answer this yes or no. Did you sew any buttons on my shirts?"

"No," said Alicia.

"Miz Keith." Energy loomed darkly in the doorway. "Aw hopes you doan mine waiting another hour for yo dinnah. That old chuck steak got heah so late aw dun forgot to cook it altogether." She melted away.

Robert threw up his hands in disgust as he saw his precious dreams of domestic bliss crumbling before his eyes. "No report. No buttons. No dinner. Why didn't you give her some instructions, for Heaven's sake? Why don't you check on what she's up to out there? What in Heaven's name have you been *doing* today?"

"That," said Alicia, "is just what I've been trying to tell you." She drew a convulsive breath. "The baby nearly starved today. He lost one and one half ounces."

"Now let me get this straight," said Robert carefully. "What happened from the beginning?"

"Oh I couldn't *possibly* tell you what happened from the beginning," said Alicia, warming up. "The morning was bad enough but the afternoon was unspeakable. He didn't take his 2 P.M. feeding but he kept crying. Then I discovered that the milk wasn't going through the nipples. So I punctured every nipple I had with a red hot needle millions and millions of times. And still the milk wouldn't go through them. And the doctor came and showed me how to turn the nipples inside out to wash them. And still the milk wouldn't go through them. And I ordered some more nipples from the drugstore and the delivery boy didn't come and didn't come. And the baby missed his 6 P.M. feeding. And then he came and the milk wouldn't go through the new nipples. And I called the doctor and he was at the hospital. And he didn't come and he didn't come . . ."

"You must have forgotten to strain the milk," said Robert.

"Robert!" Alicia's eyes opened in grudging admiration. "How did *you* know?"

"If you had taken a moment to think . . ."

"I didn't have a moment," said Alicia. "And I didn't have anything to think with. There was nothing but buzzing in my head."

Incredible, thought Robert. Grotesque. "And that child's fate is in your hands! For an intelligent woman . . . For a woman who . . ." He searched for the telling phrase. "*Dodo!*" he said.

"I haven't had any sleep," sobbed Alicia. "For thirty-six hours."

"Go to bed," shouted Robert. "I'll probably be up all night with my report but I'll take the next feeding. I knew it would come to this. Pretty soon I'll have taken over everything around here. That's the cross men have to bear for being superior. Men have to do their own work and women's work as well. Men . . ."

"All right. I'll go to bed if you insist," said Alicia. She turned at the landing. "And Robert, you can bring my dinner up on a tray. And you'll have to do the dishes because Energy has already worked overtime. And don't forget to warm the bottle to wrist temperature, put on a double diaper, put on a sweater, and bubble the baby. And," she added, "put the cat down cellar."

Alicia started out of a sound sleep and snapped on the light. Three-thirty. Was the baby crying? No, it was quiet, strangely quiet. Then what had awakened her? She lay back and forced her eyes shut but they kept flying open. Perhaps she had better get up and just take a peek.

She tiptoed into the hall and softly opened the nursery door. Quiet. Quiet as a tomb. She approached the crib stealthily and leaned over the bars. There was nothing there . . . the crib was empty . . . the baby was gone!

Horror ran cold fingers down Alicia's spine. Keep calm, keep calm, she advised herself. She leapt for the light switch, ripped off the covers. No. The baby was positively not there. Nor was he under the crib. Nor in the bathtub. Nor in the closet. Nor in any of the bureau drawers. He was gone! *Keep calm.*

SHE flew into Robert's room. "Robert!" she shook him. "Robert, wake up! The baby's been *kidnapped!*"

"What?" said Robert sleepily, rolling over and looking at her.

"Through the open window. Quick, Robert. Call the police. *Do* something!" She was wringing her hands and shaking him.

Robert pulled himself up and raised a puzzled face. "Kidnapped?" he inquired stupidly, as though the word meant nothing.

Alicia dragged him to his feet. "You must think, Robert. Concentrate. Retrace in your mind everything you did from the instant you put the baby back into the crib . . ." She whirled and dashed back into the nursery, Robert stumbling in her wake.

"No, he's not here," choked Alicia, tossing the blankets to the floor. "But *what* is the bottle doing in the crib?"

Robert spun around and made for the stairs at lightning speed. Alicia blindly skidded after him. He pushed open the kitchen door and turned on the light. There on the kitchen table lay Robert Keith, Jr.—quite alive.

Fearfully Alicia bent over the baby. "Oh, Robert, he's all right. Suppose. . . Suppose. . ." Her voice suddenly broke. "Oh, darling, how lucky we are. . ."

Robert's knees buckled as he sagged onto the kitchen chair. His voice came in gasps. "Do you know what I must have done? I must have brought the baby downstairs instead of the bottle and put the bottle to bed instead of the baby. How could *I* have done such a thing?"

"If you had taken a moment to *think* . . ." said Alicia.

"I concentrated so hard on my report I guess I didn't have anything left to think with." Robert looked up at her and then shook his head wonderingly. "Why—there was nothing but buzzing in my head!"

Alicia's gaze shifted from the peaceful red face of her infant to the stricken white face of her husband. Her lips parted in disbelief. A confession of weakness—was it possible? Had the efficiency expert of the Keiths finally recognized the human element?

"Can't understand it," he was muttering to himself. "Just can't."

Oh, opportunity of a lifetime! At long last she had Robert where she wanted him. "For an intelligent man," she began with unconcealed triumph. "For a man who . . ."

"Just a minute, please." Color flooded back into Robert's face. His eyes glittered with scientific zeal. Assurance was once more in his voice. "You seem to have overlooked something. Don't you notice something unusual?"

"What?" said Alicia in alarm.

"The baby is *asleep,*" he declared with authority. "Tomorrow," he added blandly, "if you have a minute, I wish you would order a harder mattress for his crib."

Time Out for Heroes

Wars aren't won by people sitting and talking. But the men who win this war have to take time out, every now and then, to do just that—sit and talk. They need the rest; they need the nerve-relaxation. Most of all, maybe, they need the reminder and reassurance that, wherever they are, we're with them.

And we are with them, everywhere on the face of the earth, through the USO. This great national service organization provides for the men's needs at home and abroad, maintains club houses, provides camp shows, gives America's heroes well-earned minutes of "time-out." So give to the USO. Give the most you can; it's the least you can. Send your contribution to your local chairman or to the USO, Empire State Building, New York City.

Give to the USO

Just Smart

SOFT PLEATS are as smart as ever, in spite of the slimming down of all skirts. But they must fall slenderly, and they do in the red dress. (Note to beginners: It's an easy one to make.) No. 4832.

SIDE DRAPED—A new type of two-piecer is discovered in the black dress, a soft, one-sided affair. The blouse wraps over and ties together at the waist. All lines are slim, and very pretty. No. 4795.

PURPLE in grayed shades will be an important autumn color. The purple dress at the right has the prettiest neckline with all those slanting folds. Slenderizing, too. Lovely with silver jewelry. No. 4830.

ONE WITH CHARM — The green dress is the type of afternoon frock that is used for evening, too. It's soft, graceful, pretty, gracious —an any-age frock. Shown here in tested rayon crêpe. No. 4856.

WINE RED is another of fall's best colors. Across the page the graceful wine dress is illustrated in heavy tested rayon crepe. The curved insets at the waist repeat the curves at the shoulders. No. 4808.

SOFTEST SHIRTFROCK—The gold dress *is* a shirt-waister, but its formal draped sleeve and the very new design of the skirt lift it out of the utility class into afternoon circles. No. 4829.

A GILET DRESS is a most satisfactory costume, a new gilet making a new dress of it—well, practically. The one across the page has nice, long, slimming lines, and a very attractive skirt. No. 4848.

A CONTRAST DRESS 'way ahead of all foregoing contrast dresses, is shown on the opposite page. Here is the streamlined silhouette again. Another combination for it, black and red. No. 4857.

AN AFTERNOON DRESS that is neither a soft shirtfrock nor a draped dress, appears opposite. It's a nice black frock with good lines, lightened at the neck by the crossed pieces of its pink gilet. No. 4828.

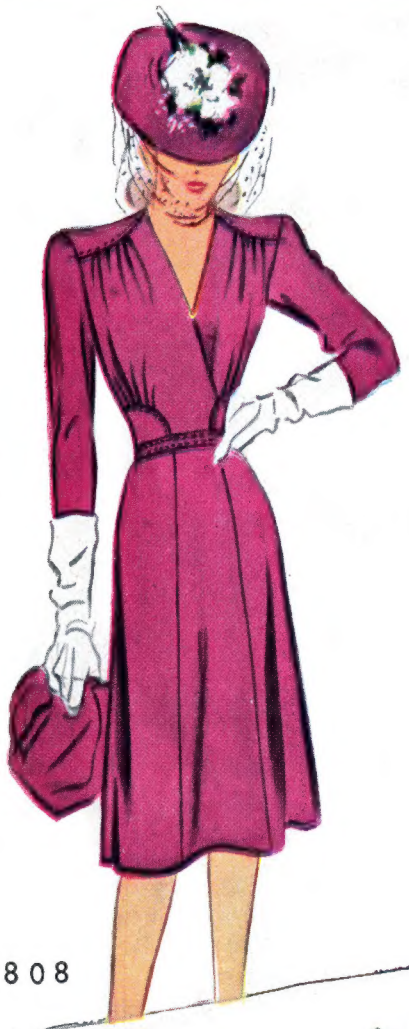
For back views and yardage see last page

4832

4795

4830

4856



4808

4857

Blanche Rothschild

4829

4848

4828

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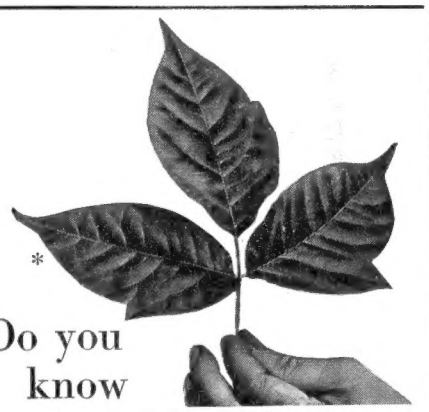

Do you know POISON IVY . . . when you see it?

Here's how to spot this "snake in the grass"! Poison Ivy has 3 leaves. The leaves are *oily* — have a waxy appearance. And, as seen above, they are *pointed* like spearheads.

Beware! Poison Ivy grows everywhere—from backyard to back woods. KNOW IT WHEN YOU SEE IT! AND KNOW WHAT TO DO IF YOU GET IT!

Don't scratch those Poison Ivy blisters. That spreads it. Instead use ANTIPHLOGISTINE! Apply ANTIPHLOGISTINE, at room temperature, ¼ inch thick on gauze or cotton cloth. Change the dressing every 8 to 12 hours. ANTIPHLOGISTINE eases the itching. It helps to promote healing.

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*Save this picture to help you identify Poison Ivy

[*Continued from page 4*]

in a fair way to win against Lady Beldon (Dame May Whitty) whose roses the judges never let wilt in defeat. And that's where Teresa Wright comes in. As the aristocrat's granddaughter, Miss Wright begs Miss Garson to persuade Mr. Travers to forget the whole matter—and then, meeting Mr. Ney, forgets it herself. For they fall in love, just long enough after war has been declared for Mr. Ney to have won his wings. And on the night they become engaged, Mr. Ney is called into action. Less than twenty-four hours later, Mr. Pidgeon embarks for embattled Dunkirk at the wheel of his own motor boat, and Miss Garson, single-handedly, deals with a wounded German soldier who has crawled into her garden. If you think by now these charming people should be let off anything more, that's not Hitler's idea as interpreted by the scenarists. Miss Wright and Mr. Ney are given time to be married only between air raids; Mr. Travers, for one brief hour, lives to glory in his victory in the local war of roses; and Mr. Ney's bride stops a machine gun bullet just as he takes to the air on an emergency flight. Some of the finest scenes Director William Wyler has contrived, in this altogether superlative motion picture, show how Miss Garson and Mr. Pidgeon (fortunately returned from Dunkirk in one piece) stand up to the punishment called "the people's war." It is not only true to English tradition, but puts into understandable form the ideals all true men live by and for. When you see "Mrs. Miniver," take along two handkerchiefs. Those sounds you'll hear all around will have nothing to do with colds caught on the Fourth of July picnic.

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4795	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60
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4802	12-20, 40, 42	.35	.40
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4808	12-20, 40-46	.25	.25
4824	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60
4827	12-20, 40, 42	.35	.40
4828	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60
4829	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60
4830	12-20, 40, 42	.65	.75
4831	12-20, 40, 42	.45	.50
4832	12-20, 40, 42	.45	.50
4833	12-20	.50	.60
4834	12-20, 40, 42	.45	.50
4835	2, 3, 4, 6	.25	.25
4836	12-20	.50	.60
4837	12-20, 40-46	.35	.40
4838	12-20	.25	.25
4839	12-20	.35	.40
4840	12-20, 40-46	.50	.60
4841	6-14	.35	.40
4842	2, 3, 4, 6	.35	.40
4843	8-14	.35	.40
4844	12-20	.50	.60
4845	11-15, 12-18	.25	.25
4846	12-20, 40-46	.50	.60
4847	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60
4848	12-20, 40, 42	.50	.60
4849	2, 3, 4, 6	.25	.25
4850	12-20, 40-46	.45	.50
4851	11-15, 12-18	.35	.40
4852	12-20, 40-46	.35	.40
4853	6-14	.35	.40
4854	12-20, 40-46	.35	.40
4855	2, 3, 4, 6	.25	.25
4856	12-20, 40, 42	.65	.75
4857	12-20, 40, 42	.65	.75
4858	12-20, 40-46	.50	.60
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No.	Sizes	Price U.S.A.	Canada
987	14-16; 36-38; 40-42 Yellow, blue	.25	.25
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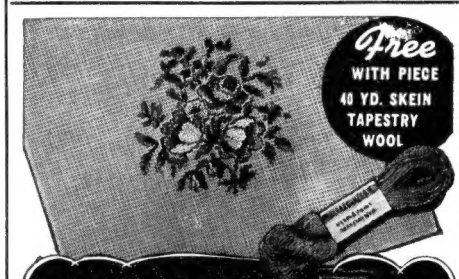

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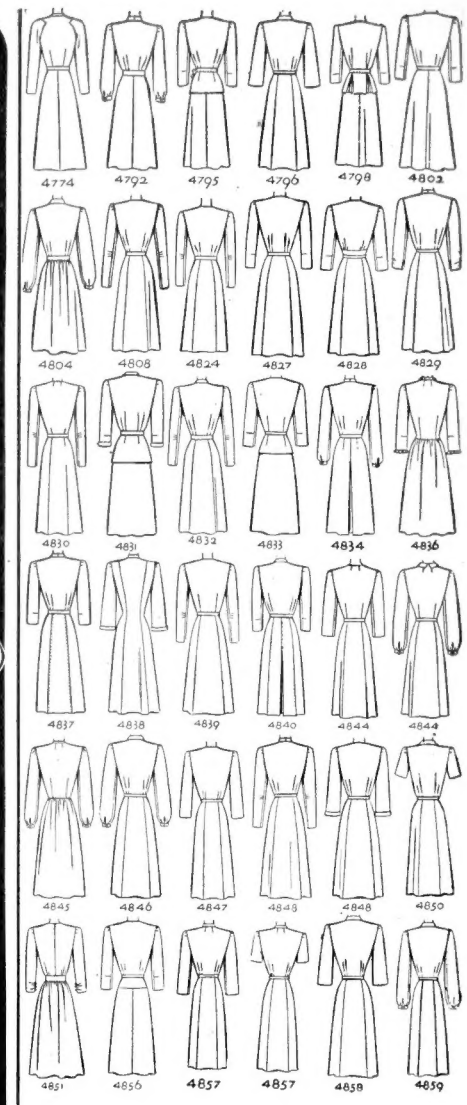

4774. Size 16, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4792. Size 16, 2⅜ yards 39-inch material or 1¾ yards 52-inch; contrasting, 1 yard 39-inch material or ⅞ yard 52-inch.

4795. Size 16, 3½ yards 39-inch material or 2½ yards 52-inch.

4796. Size 16, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material.

4798. Size 16, 3⅝ yards 39-inch material or 2⅝ yards 52-inch.

4802. Size 16, 3 yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 52-inch.

4804. Size 15, 3⅜ yards 39-inch material or 2¾ yards 52-inch; collar, ¼ yard 35 or 39-inch material; tie, ½ yard 35 or 39-inch material.

4808. Size 16, 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4824. Size 16, 3 yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch; ⅝ yard 35 or 39-inch contrasting.

4827. Size 16, 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4828. Size 16, 2⅞ yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 52-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch material or ⅜ yard 39-inch.

4829. Size 16, 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4830. Size 16, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 52-inch.

4831. Size 16, 3⅝ yards 39-inch material or 2⅝ yards 52-inch; ⅝ yard 35-inch contrasting.

4832. Size 16, 3⅝ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4833. Size 16, 3½ yards 39-inch material or 2½ yards 52-inch.

4834. Size 16, 3⅜ yards 39-inch material or 2⅝ yards 52-inch.

4836. Size 16, 3⅜ yards 35-inch material, 3⅛ yards 39-inch or 2¼ yards 52-inch.

4837. Size 16, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4838. Size 16, 3⅜ yards 39-inch material or 2⅝ yards 52-inch.

4839. Size 16, 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 52-inch.

4840. Size 16, 3⅜ yards 39-inch material or 2⅝ yards 52-inch.

4844. Size 16, long sleeves, 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch, ⅝ yard 35 or 39-inch contrasting; ¾ sleeves, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4845. Size 15, 2¾ yards 35 or 39-inch material; contrasting, 1⅛ yards 35-inch material or 1 yard 39-inch.

4846. Size 16, 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4847. Size 16, 3½ yards 39-inch material or 2⅝ yards 52-inch.

4848. Size 16, ¾ sleeves, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 52-inch, ⅝ yard 35 or 39-inch contrasting; long sleeves, 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 52-inch.

4850. Size 16, 3⅜ yards 35 or 39-inch material.

4851. Size 15, 3¼ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch.

4856. Size 16, 3⅛ yards 39-inch material or 2¼ yards 52-inch.

4857. Size 16, one material, 3 yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 52-inch; two materials, 2¾ yards 35-inch material or 2⅛ yards 39-inch, ¾ yard 35 or 39-inch contrasting.

4858. Size 16, 3½ yards 39-inch material or 2⅝ yards 52-inch.

4859. Size 16, 3½ yards 39-inch material or 2½ yards 52-inch; ¼ yard 35 or 39-inch contrasting.

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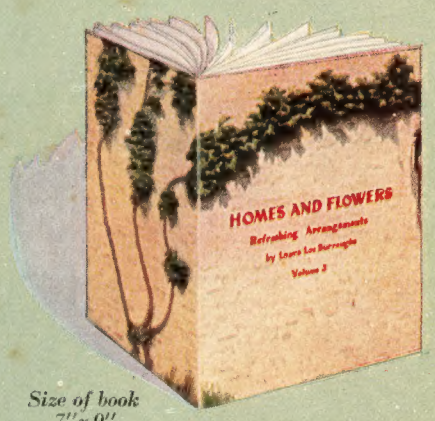
Laura Lee Burroughs

All on a summer's day



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